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THE CHRISTIAN JOURNAL;

OR,

COMMON INCIDENTS, SPIRITUAL INSTRUCTORS.

BEING A

SERIES OF MEDITATIONS

ON A

SPRING, SUMMER, HARVEST, WINTER, AND SABBATH-DAY.

By JOHN BROWN,

LATE MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT HADDINGTON.

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

Aſk now the beaſts, and they ſhall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they ſhall tell thee; or ſpeak to the earth, and it ſhall teach thee; and the fiſhes of the ſea, ſhall declare unto thee. JOB XII. 7, 8.

The ear that is always attentive to God, never hears a voice that ſpeaks not of him; the ſoul, whoſe eye is intent on him, never ſees an atom wherein ſhe doth not diſcern her beſt beloved. CADHA.

Let us begin with God; all things are full of God.
HESIOD.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw
What nothing leſs than angel can exceed;
A man on earth devoted to the ſkies;
He ſees with other eyes than ours; where we
Diſcern a ſun, he ſpies a Deity:
What makes another ſmile, makes him adore.
YOUNG.

PHILADELPHIA:
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MDCCXCVI.

THE

PREFACE.

TO be ſpiritually minded,—to be habitually diſpoſed, with pleaſure and attention, to think of and deſire after ſpiritual objects, *is life and peace.* It implies an intereſt in the life-giving covenant of *peace,* which cannot be broken; a purification of conſcience with Jeſus' *quieting* blood; and an inward poſſeſſion of his quickening and peaceful Spirit. It promotes habitual ſerenity and meekneſs; it rendereth us active and lively in the ſervice of God: By it we live as angels on earth, and are fitted to join them in heaven: By it we improve the whole univerſe as the temple of a preſent Godhead. In our deepeſt plunges of trouble and want, we converſe, we walk with the "high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity, and dwell in the high and holy place." Every viſible object commenceth preacher, concerning things which do not appear: in every creature we diſcern a Maker, a Saviour's perfections: we hear his voice, that our ſoul may live.—Deteſting the romantic, the too faſhionable amuſement of folly, of lewdneſs, and blaſphemy, we recreate ourſelves with contemplations, which neither defile for the preſent, nor ſting for the future; and "have our converſation in heaven from whence we look for the Saviour.

To promote this happy attainment, this delightful temper of mind, is the ſacred page crowded with emblems: to promote this is the deſign of the following *attempt*.————Let not the natural incidents be accounted too mean for the ſuperſtructure. Are not all things mean? nay, equally mean if compared with the Most High? But if he made them, if he preſerve and manage them for his own glory; is it below us, the offspring of duſt, to improve them to his honor, and our eternal advantage! Doth not the divine Spirit, in his invaluable oracles, conſtitute the puny ant, the lazy cur, the wallowing ſow, the troubled ſea, with its mire and dirt, our ſpiritual inſtructors? Doth not Jeſus, the Wiſdom of God, draw his inſtructive, his ineſtimable parables, from ſparrows, fiſhes, nets, bottles, grains of muſtard-ſeed, dough, and other common objects? Why may not we, though at infinite diſtance, follow his bleſſed example; and, with the ſkilful chymiſt, extract a precious ſpirit from things outwardly baſe and contemptible?

To exhibit in every journal, not the exerciſe of a ſingle day, but a particular form of the Chriſtian life; and to adapt the ſtile to the traveller's varying frame, hath been attempted. To have quoted every, even ſacred authority, would have crouded the margin: a thouſand inſpired phraſes are therefore ſolely marked in *Italic:* a thouſand more left to the mere obſerval of the attentive reader, well inſtructed in the oracles of Chriſt.

THE

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THE
CHRISTIAN JOURNAL
OF A
SPRING-DAY.

"NOW I am half awakened; but feel "a ſtrong inclination to ſleep." Alas! my ſluggiſh ſoul; how long wilt thou ſleep in thy ſins? How often hath God rouſed my conſcience by ſharp trouble, ſtinging conviction, and alarming terrors of his law? How often hath he half awakened my affections by the pleaſant gales of his ſpiritual influence? but have not my ſloth, my ſtupidity, ſtifled and checked thoſe impreſſions? Have not I, times without number, cried out, "Lord, have PATIENCE with me, and I will pay thee all: yet a little ſleep, a little ſlumber, a little folding of the hands to ſleep?" How long have I "ſtaid in the place of the breaking forth of children? How often have I, like Zarah, put forth my hand toward a ſpiritual birth, and then drawn it back? What numerous convictions have I ſtifled by childiſh paſtimes, carnal buſineſs, preſumptuous ſinging, or by legal prayers, vows and attempts towards duty? How often hath paſſing concern for eternal ſalvation, inward raviſhment in prayer, in reading or hearing God's word,* and fearful returns to wallow in ſinful practices, alternately prevailed with me!

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* *Iſa.* lviii. 2. Matth. xiii. 20.

"AGAIN fallen aſleep, I have dreamed the moſt "unſubſtantial and incoherent fancies." Nay, alas! my life, my religion, my hopes of heaven, are but an empty dream! Quickly ſhall this world, which I make my portion, my ALL, be as a dream which paſſeth away; and theſe eternal things, which I have reckoned unſubſtantial dreams, become ſad earneſt. "One calls me to ariſe." Ah! how often! how loudly hath God called to my ſoul, "What meaneſt thou, O ſleeper? ariſe and call upon thy God: it may be he will think upon thee, that thou periſh not. It is high time for thee to awake out of ſleep; for now is thy damnation or ſalvation nearer," much nearer, than at thy birth. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of ſalvation. To-day if thou wilt hear his voice, harden not thy heart; boaſt not of tomorrow; for thou knoweſt not what a day may bring forth."

"MY ſtrength is not yet fully recovered: ſince "my late fever, I find my body is never ſo freſh "and vigorous, as once it was." And feel I not the weakneſs of my ſoul, that ſhe is no way recovered from the ſinful, the dangerous fever, which I contracted in my mother's belly? More than twelve years have I lien in the fever of outrageous luſt, and flaming enmity againſt the Moſt High: even now, that quinteſſence of hell reigns and rageth within me. Lord, was not I in baptiſm early,—deeply, ſworn to be *wholly* and *only* thine? Haſt thou not all my life, loaded me with thy benefits? And do I *thus* fooliſhly, thus wickedly *requite* thee, with treachery and hatred for thy love? Of thy mercy, my late dangerous ſickneſs was *not unto death*: and if it had, where had my ſoul now dwelt? Certainly "with devouring fire,—with everlaſting burnings." But what am I better of either trouble or deliverance? Have not I been bleſſed and chaſtiſed, ſmitten and ſmiled upon, by providence; and yet ſtill an outrageous enemy to God, a flagrant rebel, ſtill? Have not I hardened myſelf, both by mercies and judgments; made my heart, my "face, harder than a rock, and refuſed to return?" What droſs have I gathered even in the hot furnace of my late affliction! What a precious ſeaſon of grace, a concurrent time of youth, trouble, and of the ſtriving of God's Spirit, have I irrecoverably loſt!

"The clock ſtrikes five." It is the knell of my departed hours; it informs me, that ſixty more minutes of my time are departed from me; gone to the judgment ſeat of God, to bear witneſs againſt my ſloth and wickedneſs: Alas! how many millions had before poſted thither on the ſame errand? Now my time is ſhorter; and yet my work of preparation for eternity is, by my countleſs crimes, larger than ever. "Though the ſlumbers of the night have ſtopt my "hearing of the hours, yet neither the clock, nor "time her foundation, have a moment retarded their "courſe." Are there no midnight ſlumbers of time? Alas! in this ſtate, whether I ſlept or waked, now of a long time my judgment lingereth not, and my damnation ſlumbereth not.* "Hark, the morning "bell rings, to rouſe mortals from their lazy couch." Preſage this, to me, of the mighty angel's uttering his awful voice, and ſwearing, "that time ſhall be no longer:" memorial to me, of the great arch angel's ſummoning me up from the grave, to receive the juſt ſentence of my eternal damnation. Make it, my ſoul, a preſent alarm, to cauſe me haſten to eſcape for my life; and tarry no where in the plain of a natural ſtate, leſt I be conſumed. Oh that I knew what to do to be ſaved!

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* 2 *Pet.* ii. 3.

"Now I have got up from my bed; hard and un-"eaſy have I lien on it." Is this a prelude of an uneaſy, an eternal bed of flaming fire in hell for me; who, inſtead of lying with Jeſus, in his bed of everlaſting love, on his *green bed* of the well-ordered, ever-pleaſant, and flouriſhing new covenant, have all my life lien in the arms of a fiery law, and a deceiving devil?* How unwillingly doth this polluted, this natural bed, ſo long bear her corrupt burden,—an enemy to God! How often would ſhe have gladly cleft in twain, to drop me quick into infernal flames! How aſtoniſhing, that the patience of an abuſed, an angry God, ſhould ſo long bear with me! "Now the ſoles of my feet, and no more ſtand upon, "or touch the ground." But, woes me, the earth, the world, fills my heart and is fixed in it; there it is touched, loved, choſen, and delighted in, as my God and portion †.—The ſpirit of life from God never entered into me, to make me ſtand on my feet, ready to walk in his way; never made me ſtand on Jeſus' righteouſneſs, that *ſea of glaſs mingled with fire*, before the throne of God.

"My clothes are put on, and the nakedneſs of my "body is covered." But the filthy nakedneſs of my ſoul ſtill appears: never did I *put on the Lord Jeſus* for righteouſneſs and ſtrength; never did I *put on the new man* of a holy nature; never was I *cloathed with humility*, but am wrapt in *filthy rags* of ſelf righteouſneſs, abominable corruptions, and fearful curſes. Who knows, how ſoon I may be dragged out of life; dragged from the grave to the judgment ſeat of Chriſt in this condition; and driven from his bar clothed with ſhame, confuſion, and curſes; to be ſet up an everlaſting ſpectacle of wickedneſs and woe, to angels and men! Oh! it is heartleſs work to adorn a dunghill body, and deck it for eternal fire! Clothes, you monuments of my ſin, had I never tranſgreſſed againſt God, I had never needed, never worn you: memorials of my meanneſs, what are you, but the offspring of the dunghill, the old caſtings of the flock or the excrements of the ſilk-worm? Why then ſhould I be proud of *you?* Why adore *you*, as my God? Why make *you* my great care and honour? How often, within theſe twelve years, have I changed my clothes? but never my ſins, my curſed evil heart of unbelief!

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* *Song* i. 16. *and* iii. 7, 8. † 1 *John* v. 19.

"Now I have read a portion of God's word, and "ſaid my prayers." Alas! I have but SAID, not from the heart poured forth, my prayer: and ſince "I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me: *my* ſacrifice is an abomination to him;" how much more when I bring it with this wicked heart? I have ſet up the *ſtumbling block* of beloved luſts *in my heart*, and of monſtrous deeds in my life; therefore ſhall the Lord wrathfully *anſwer me by himſelf.* I waſh myſelf. Unhappy hands, and head; to little purpoſe, and with ſmall pleaſure, do I waſh you for unceaſing woe, for endleſs fire; while my inward parts remain filled with all unrighteouſneſs, uncleanneſs, pride, deceit, debate, malignity, hatred of God, and every other abominable luſt! Corrupt heart, *wilt thou not be clean? when ſhall it once be?* How long, by attempts to ſelf-righteouſneſs, ſhall I waſh myſelf into deeper ſtains, greater filth! I can neither perform ſelf-righteouſneſs, nor flee from it. Oh! Jeſus, canſt thou not waſh me in thy blood, that *cleanſeth from all ſin?*

"MY mirror, thou ſheweſt me a youthful counte-"nance, ſparkling eyes, and roſy cheeks." But *beauty is vain:* quickly ſhall theſe eye-holes be the beaten path of noiſome vermine: quickly ſhall the lothſome worm crawl, lodge, and feed upon theſe lovely cheeks: then ſhall "my comelineſs be turned into corruption."—Unhappy face! how have I eſteemed and looked at thee more than at JEHOVAH's *countenance*, and the *brightneſs of his glory*;—and as my reward, muſt the abominable inſect, the flames of Tophet, and the inward anguiſh of my ſoul, hereafter deform thee? "My countenance falls." No wonder: I am condemned to have my everlaſting portion with the devil and his angels; "He that believeth not, is condemned already; and the wrath of God abideth on him." Already I feel myſelf in the caſe of Cain; the Lord hath no reſpect to me, or to mine offspring: already I am under his curſe, driven out from the preſence of the Lord. "How "often have I examined the ſkin of my face, and "adjuſted my hair and mine apparel, in this glaſs." But have I never examined the ſtate and frame of my heart, and the courſe of my life, and adjuſted theſe by the mirror of the divine word; the holy law of the moſt high God! If I had, ah! what an awful and abominable appearance ſhould I make to myſelf! —Alas! I never beheld the glory of the Lord *Jeſus in the goſpel glaſs*, to be changed into the ſame image, from glory to glory, as by the ſpirit of the Lord." Ah! how death and hell will bring down my well-dreſſed head, and ſtain all my raiment. "This medicinal juice of herbs, I drink for my health; how bitter; but uſeful!" Happy they, who drink the bittereſt convictions, the bittereſt cups of tribulation, for the healing of their ſoul! But woes me, I never drank the healing juice of the *Plant of renown*, to make me whole unto ſalvation.—If I remain in this curſed, this Chriſtleſs ſtate, what avails it, whether my body die or live? The ſooner I go to hell, I ſhall go with the leſs guilt; and the more quickly know the extent of my future miſery: If my days are lengthened, I but ripen myſelf for deeper damnation. —Alas! "is mine iniquity greater than it can be forgiven? " Doth my unparalleled guilt confine the choice of God!—of INFINITE LOVE, to wrath alone? Better I had never been born; or had been formed a toad, or a ſerpent; that I might have been huddled up in everlaſting forgetfulneſs. But I have been made *for the day of evil.* Ah!—Stop, my racked, my grieved ſoul! righteous is the lord, and righteous are his judgements, though this moment I ſhould deſcend to the pit.——Oh! may not I, with the ſorcerer, "*pray God, if* PERHAPS the thoughts of my heart may be forgiven me?—IT MAY BE the Lord will be gracious."

" I SIT down to breakfaſt." Surpriſing, that God gives me a crumb of bread to eat, or a drop of water to quench my thirſt! But, alas! though it is a bleſſing in itſelf, it is *curſed already,* becauſe I lay not to heart the one thing needful: my proviſion is but the food of the condemned; it fattens me for the ſlaughter of eternal wrath. How often, how plentifully, have I nouriſhed my body, but never, never taſted of the bread which came down from heaven? Is not this to live as a beaſt; a devil?

" Now the worſhip of our family hath been eſ-" ſayed." But how can they proſper, how can their prayers be heard, while ſuch an Achan, a Beelzebub, is among them? Alas! I am an offence to God, a curſe, a plague to all around me!

" WITHOUT ſtaff, or horſe, I depart from this " houſe." Oh houſe! ſo often polluted with my filth! ſo often witneſs to my guilt! how gladly wouldſt thou cruſh me in thy ruins, and caſt me forth into damnation! O earth, ſo often defiled under me, how gladly wouldſt thou be delivered from the bondage of corruption, and eaſed of thy ſinful load! Infernal lake, how art thou moved to meet me at my coming! Already, with horror, methinks I hear the damned angels welcoming my ſoul, and in cruel deriſion aſking me, "Art thou alſo become like one of us? art thou become *wretched* as we?" Is this the fruit of all the inſtructive pains taken for thee by men? Is this the effect of all the favours of God? of all the offers of Chriſt? of all the ſtrivings of his ſpirit with thee?—Wretch that I am, I never made the Lord my refuge, the moſt high my habitation! While I ruſh forward into eternity, no ſtaff, no rod of God, is to comfort me: not one ſentence of inſpiration dare I claim, as the ground of my hope of eternal life. Theſe *twelve years* have I run with footmen, and contended with horſes, in poſting towards everlaſting ruin.

"Now that I look out to the open world," every thing obvious flaſheth confuſion and terror into my conſcience: every creature ſeems ready to appear before God, as a witneſs againſt me. "How wholeſome and pleaſant is the morning!" What a loſs for health do thoſe ſuſtain, who lie ſlumbering on their beds! Thrice more awful loſs hath my ſoul ſuſtained, by ſleeping away the morning of life in Satan's boſom, amidſt ſtupidity and unconcern! Oh dreadful! to live *twelve years* without God, without Chriſt, and without hope in the world! How impoſſible to recover theſe countleſs moments, ſo vilely caſt away in the ſervice of ſin! Of what precious experiences of fellowſhip with God have I loſt the ſeaſon! What opportunities of ſerving God have I waſted! Curſed paſtimes, which detained and drew me from prayer, from reading of God's word! Never hath Jeſus, "the day-ſpring from on high, viſited" my ſoul, with his enlightening, his refreſhing, his heart captivating influence: but how ſhocking a viſit do I expect from him, in the morning of the laſt day!

"How pleaſantly the dew falls!" Lord Jeſus, canſt thou not be as the dew to my ſoul! canſt thou not make me one of thy young converts, who are like "the dew from the womb of the morning?" Curſed unbelief, how haſt thou reſiſted the power of this divine promiſe! and robbed Jeſus of the honour of accompliſhing it! "Here the worms creep out of the "earth, to acknowledge their debt to him that wa "ters it, and to ſip this early dew." When, my ſoul, wilt thou creep forth from thine earthlineſs and carnality, to thank the divine Father of the dew, for all his kindneſs towards thee? When wilt thou deſire and feed on Jeſus, who is *as the dew of Iſrael*, and refreſh thyſelf with the influences of his grace!

Lord, how long ſhall I deſire, ſhall I ſip up every thing but thyſelf! how long ſhall I remain more brutiſh than the baſeſt inſects! "Heedleſsly I have trodden out the bowels of one of theſe innocents," Rather, think my ſoul, Jehovah became *a worm, and no man*, that he might purchaſe and offer an everlaſting ſalvation to me, his enemy; yet, through wretched careleſſneſs, have I, *times without number*, trampled him under my feet, trodden on the bowels of his infinite compaſſion. What guilt! what unparalleled guilt is this! "Yonder creeps the ſlow-paced "ſnail, with her ſhell, her priſon on her back: how "ſweetly ſhe feeds on the moiſtened product of the "earth!" Far, far ſlower, is the motion of my ſoul towards God: in *twelve years* I am not an hair-breadth nearer him; nay, mine evil heart of unbelief makes me daily depart from him.—Not ſo much with the priſon of a frail body, as with the entangling load, the unſupportable burden of iniquity, and law curſes, am I retarded, or rather ſtopped from every good motion. Oh! could I, under this awful preſſure, creep towards Jeſus Chriſt, for refreſhment and relief!

“ YONDER, in this early hour, the mole caſts up “ the earth : it is in purſuit of a poor worm, which “ yonder bird awaits to devour as ſoon as it appears “ on the ſurface.” Ah ! what a buſtle hath my ſoul made, for that which is more inſignificant than a worm ! and how often, like this worm, am I purſued on the one hand, and waited for on the other ? From below, Satan hunts for my precious life ; from about, the world waits to devour me : from within, unnatural luſts promote my ruin ; from above, God is *angry with* me *every day*, he watcheth for the evil to bring it upon me, and is ready to “ tear *me* in pieces, while there is no deliverer ;” from below, hell is moved to meet me at my coming ; and from above, the heavens wait to reveal mine iniquity, and pour deſtructive vengeance on mine head. “ Whither ſhall I flee for help ? and where ſhall I leave my glory ?”

“ YONDER ſow returns to her wallowing in the “ mire.” And when I was in a fair way to “ eſcape the pollutions of this world, through the knowledge of Jeſus Chriſt,” how often have I returned to the vile courſes, which once occaſioned deep remorſe to my conſcience ? How this ſtanding pool ſwarms “ with the vernal fry of toads, frogs, and like abo- “ minable beaſts !” How like my heart ! It is “ of old, as a ſtanding pool of water,” never hath it been “ emptied from veſſel to veſſel.”—Some early outward proſperity I have enjoyed ; and it ſwarms with luſts and their offspring, which Satan hath engendered in my bowels. Oh *unclean thing* that I am! ſpring-tides of youth, and goſpel opportunities, have but increaſed and nouriſhed my abominations, and the ſpawn of hell within me ! “ Yonder crawls the high “ ſwollen toad ; her ugly aſpect I cannot behold.” If I cannot behold her, as ſhe came from her Maker’s glorious hand ; how ſhall JEHOVAH look on me, ten thouſand times more lothſome in his ſight, how full of abomination; and yet ſwollen big with ſelf-conceit! Vain heart, flattering friends, why puff me up, with the poiſon of pride? " The proud the Lord knoweth afar oft."

" Here comes the dull, the lazy aſs." O that condeſcending Son of God, who came, " meek and lowly, having ſalvation, riding on an aſs, a colt the foal of an aſs!" O my aſtoniſhing ſtupidity and dulneſs! " the ox knoweth his owner, and the aſs his maſter's crib;" but I do not know; I do not conſider; I think not " whoſe I am, *nor* whom I ſerve," nor where I may reſt and feed; nor can I, a wild aſs, *drink my fill* of the ſpiritual life, the *living waters* which run among the hills of divine ordinances.

" Here paſs me numerous loads of coal: already, perhaps, they provide for the winter cold: perhaps ſome drive home the fuel, which ſhall conſume their dwelling, and burn their fleſh." But, what have I laid up for death and eternity? Nothing but fuel of curſes and corruption, to conſume me for ever in hell. " How is the way broken with the wheels of carriages?" Rather think, my ſoul, how the almighty is *preſſed under* me! how he is broken " with my whoriſh heart," and ſinful life! how he is abuſed by millions every day! by millions whom he formed, preſerves, and feeds! O his ſtupendous patience " and long ſuffering, towards *even* veſſels of wrath fitted for deſtruction?" Here the weary " beaſt falls under his load: his body is weak, his back galled, his way bad, his burden heavy; yet how cruelly the driver laſheth him, becauſe he cannot ariſe!" Behold a picture of myſelf! how am I fallen by mine iniquity! devoid of ſtrength to perform what is good! how often galled with conviction and trouble! how laden with guilt and corruption! how laſhed by Satan and my luſts into ſinful courſes! how laſhed by conſcience, becauſe I am unwilling and unable to obey the law! how quickly ſhall devils drive me, under mountainous weights of guilt, where "I ſhall be tormented for ever and ever!"

"How yonder houſe ſmokes! doubtleſs it is on "fire." No ſmoky pillars of love to a Saviour appear in my life*; but ſinful practices teſtify, that the fire of corrupt luſts rageth and burns within me! and that the fire of eternal wrath is kindling, and prepared for me†. "One of this family hath been "burnt with the houſe." How eaſily can God make our created comforts our croſſes, our torments! When my heart is inflamed with the hatred of God, how dangerous is my caſe! who knows, how ſoon I may awaken in everlaſting fire! how ſoon death may burn me out of this world! how quickly, amidſt raging flames, I may riſe from the grave to enter into *everlaſting burnings?* Lord Jeſus, if it be poſſible, pluck me as a *brand out of the burning,* and quench me in thy blood.

"Here is a ſhambles; congealed, abuſed blood "lieth every where." What is my life, but a "field of blood? deſtruction and miſery are in all my ways."—What, but a *field of blood,* is my whole attendance on religious duties? what have I done, but murdered the ſon of God, and trampled his blood under my feet? What terrors ſeize my heart!—Can ſuch crimſon crimes be forgiven? "The tender "lamb is ſtretched for the ſlaughter; yet opens not "his mouth." With what thoughtleſs unconcern doth my ſoul lie bound with cords of wickedneſs, ready for the killing ſtroke of divine wrath!——Without gainſaying, Jeſus, the lamb of God, ſubmitted to all the bands of guilt, all the ſtabs of infinite indignation: "he was led as a lamb to the ſlaughter," to ſave me; and yet, more than any, have I *deſpiſed and rejected* him: he was "deſpiſed and rejected of men, and I eſteemed him not." "Hark "how yonder ſlaughtered bullock roars!" Smitten with the ſtroke, pierced to the heart with the ſword of his Father's juſtice, how did Jeſus, *the fatted calf* pour forth ſtrong cries and tears to him that was able to ſave from death! "My God, my God; why haſt thou forſaken me? why art thou ſo far from the words of my ROARING?" If I die without him, how muſt I for ever roar in hell?—Lord, give me Chriſt, *or elſe I die.*

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* *Song* iii. 6. † *Iſ.* xxx. 33.

"Now the butcher ſhaves the neck of yonder ſow, "that he may give her the killing ſtab." So Satan tickles and flatters my ſoul, that he may murder her; and hurry me into the *ſecond death;* into endleſs damnation.

"HERE enters one, I ſuſpect, with ſtolen or ſmug"gled goods." Still the eye of the adulterer, and of the thief waits for the twilight; they are in the terrors of death, if morning overtake, or men know them: but doth not the Lord know? doth not the God of Jacob conſider? What avails it, that my ſins are moſtly hid from men? the Lord is entirely *acquainted with all my ways:* what am I before him, ſo much am I, and no more.

"YONDER ſtands, a *whited,* a painted *ſepulchre,* "outwardly beautiful, but inwardly filled with rot"tenneſs and dead mens bones." Ah *whited wall,* painted hypocrite, that I am! with ſome outward ſhadows of early piety, but inwardly ſwarming with devils and filthy luſts. Was ever heart ſo vile! ſo dead! ſo rotten, as mine!—"Lord, if thou wilt, "thou canſt make me clean."

"How crooked is this path!" And, how have I gadded about to change the way of my life! and whither do all the turns of my practice lead me, but to the lake which burns with fire and brimſtone!—"Them that turn aſide to crooked ways, ſhall the "Lord lead forth with the workers of iniquity."

"YONDER burns the old, the withered, moory "heath, that freſh paſture may ſpring for the flocks." To make way for the new heavens and the new earth, at Jeſus' ſecond coming, ſhall the "elements melt "with fervent heat, *and* the earth and the works "therein be burnt up." Thrice awful conflagration for me! When I, with multitudes, who, like old "heath in the deſert, know not when good cometh; *who hath been* unprofitable, *and* unto every good work reprobate," ſhall flee from the the kindled world; and the flaming pit ſhall receive us; "there ſhall be weeping, and wailing, and gnaſhing of teeth."—But was not the bleſſed Jeſus burnt with his Father's wrath, that ſweet nouriſhment might ſpring up in him for his choſen flock?—Cannot he give me the "ſpirit of judgment, and the ſpirit of burning," to conſume my old luſts, that a new growth of grace may ſpring up in their ſtead? But why ſhould I thus ſtill flatter God, and lie unto him with my falſe tongue? An awakened conſcience, and raiſed affections, indite good words; but my heart is not right with him: my taſting of his good word, and of the powers of the world to come; my being enlightened, and receiving the word with joy; my delight in approaching to God; my requeſts for the deſtruction of ſin, are attended with the ſuperlative love of it*. Self-love is the ſource of all with me. I ſupplicate for grace, juſt becauſe I cannot be ſaved without it; I beg deliverance from ſin, juſt becauſe it diſquiets my conſcience, and condemns me to eternal fire. Woes me! If I reſtrain prayer, my conſcience rageth, and aſſures me of damnation; if I perform it, I "compaſs God about with lies and deceit." My religious exerciſe, if THUS continued in, will *break out into a viper;* ſhould I NOW fall away from it, it will be impoſſible *to renew* me *again to repentance.* Lord, to what a fearful criſis is my ſoul brought? Oh! make haſte to help me! O God, make no tarrying? "Probably ſome "compaſſionate moor-fowl ſits amidſt the fire protect-"ing her young, till herſelf be conſumed." So my heart cleaveth to my luſts, her accurſed brood, that though the fiery law, entering my conſcience, threatens me with certain ruin on their account, yet I cannot, I will not leave them, nor forſake them.—Mine *end* is therefore *to be burned;*—with them to *ſuffer the vengeance of eternal fire.*—But did not Jeſus, like her, for the protection and ſafety of his choſen ſeed, ſuffer the flames of his Father's wrath—O were I the meaneſt of their number, to waſh the feet of his ſervants! Lord Jeſus, hide me *under the ſhadow of thy wings:* cover me with the *feathers* of thy almighty love: let thy faithful promiſe be my *ſhield and buckler; ſpread the ſkirt* of thy bleeding righteouſneſs *over me, for thou art a near kinſman.*—Was it not for *ſinful men alone,* thy blood was ſhed? Is it not *ſinful men alone,* whom thy ſalvation, thy goſpel, ſuits? Is it not to their eternal life, that grace muſt for ever *reign through righteouſneſs?* Is it not *ſinful men alone,* whom the Father ſent thee to ſave? Is it not *ſinful men alone,* whoſe ſalvation is thy meat and drink?——Why then not ſave me? Am not I *ſinful* to a wonder? am I not the *chief of ſinners?* Can ever any have a fuller, a clearer warrant to claim the ſalvation,—the goodneſs prepared for *ſinful men?*—Thrice marvellous! that the greatneſs of my ſin ſhould prove my full right to apply the Saviour!——What if I am *appointed to*

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* *Iſ.* lviii. 2. *Matth.* xiii. 20, 22. *Heb.* vi. 4, 5.

wrath? what if my inability to believe proceed hence? No; it proceeds from my own wickedneſs.

"Here the potter makes out of the ſame lump *veſſels to honour, and others to diſhonour.*" Never fret, my accurſed heart, at the predeſtining purpoſe of God: hath not God power to make of the ſame human nature, ſome veſſels *prepard to glory*, and others *fitted for deſtruction?* The deepeſt ruin in hell is my due reward: if I receive it, God can do me no wrong: if he beſtow undeſerved happineſs on others, do I well to be angry! Is mine eye evil, becauſe his is good? may not a ſovereign God diſtribute his favours as he pleaſeth?—But decrees apart; *ſecret things belong unto the Lord.*—Oh! Jeſus, cannot thy mercy make an uncommon ſtretch to ſave me? If I am the greateſt ſinner that ever breathed, O let not mercy ſlip the opportunity of erecting an unparelleled monument of her power in ME? Mercy, Lord, is all I want: mercy is all that I crave: What profit is in my blood, though I ſhould go down to the pit?

"Doubtless the ſun is riſen, though unſeen by me." And if the *goſpel* of Chriſt, the Sun of Righteouſneſs, "be hid, it is hid to them that are loſt; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them who believe not, leſt the light of the glorious goſpel ſhould ſhine into their hearts."—Alas! am I ſtill one of theſe who *believe not?* a mad refuſer of the great ſalvation? a wicked rejecter of the divine Saviour? a faithleſs diſcreditor of the goſpel report concerning Jeſus, *that in him there is eternal life* for ſinful men, and even for ME, the worſt? a vile blaſphemer, who have, times without number, made the God of truth a liar? an outrageous and malicious enemy of the God of love? a murderous trampler on, and crucifier of the Son of God; a diſpiteful quencher, and reſiſter of the Spirit of grace.—Be aſtoniſhed, you heavens! Were ever ſins like mine?

“ Now at laſt the ſun appears: how beautiful “ and charming his aſpect! how enlightening, quick- “ ening, refreſhful, and fructifying his influence!” Thrice more glorious Sun of Righteouſneſs; now I ſee thee clearly in the promiſe of the goſpel! “ It pleaſed God to reveal his Son in me.” O what a ſight! a Saviour dreſſed in divinity and blood! a ſight; enough to melt a rock, and make an heart of iron move! Bleſſed Jeſus, how tranſcendently ſweet to behold thee! aſſume my guilt, and take my chains! to ſee thee, “ who knew no ſin, made ſin” for me; that I, who knew nothing but ſin, might “ be made the righteouſneſs of God in” thee! to behold thee, “ God bleſſed for ever, made a curſe” for me, “ that the bleſſing of Abraham might come” on curſed me! to ſee thee riſing again, aſcending up on high, to “ receive gifts for men, even for the rebellious, that God the Lord might dwell among them!” to behold thee, “ exalted to be a Prince and Saviour, to give repentance and remiſſion of ſins! ſent to bleſs us, in turning every one of us from *our* iniquities!” given of God, “ for a covenant to the people, a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the ſalvation of God to all the ends of the earth!” How ſweet to behold thee, made of God to ME “ wiſdom, righteouſneſs, ſanctification and redemption!”—How my heart melts to hear thy powerful voice! “ My ſon, give me thine heart. Open to me, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for my head is filled with the dew, and my locks with the drops of the night. I will betrothe thee unto me forever; yea, I will betrothe thee unto me in righteouſneſs, and in judgment, and in loving kindneſs, and in tender mercies. I will even betrothe thee unto me in faithfulneſs, and thou ſhalt know the Lord.”—Amen, Lord; amen, ſo be it.—Was ever rebellious ſinner ſo courted, in ſighs, in groans, in blood, of an expiring God? Did ever pity thus ſtoop, to gain the heart of ſuch a devil?—How my ſoul is melted! how it yields to thine almighty love! how much ſweeter thy promiſes, than honey to my taſte! Oh! how they ſink to the very centre of my heart! CONTENT, a thouſand times *content*, to be an everlaſting miracle of thy redeeming grace; *content*, that God, in ſaving me, "ſhew forth, to the ages to come, what is the exceeding riches of his grace," and virtue of his righteouſneſs. Bleſſed, O Jeſus, be thy name, that thou never ſaidſt, Give me a ſincere, a pure, a holy, humble heart; but requireſt me to give it as it is! I am aſhamed, confounded, and affrighted at the view of my heart; but at thy call, ſuch as it is, I give it thee; "a myſtery, Babylon the great, the mother of harlots, and abominations in the earth; a habitation of devils, and cage of every unclean and hateful *luſt*." Lord, accept the monſtrous preſent; waſh in thy blood, and transform into thine image, a heart "deceitful above all things, and deſperately wicked. But will God indeed dwell" in it, and make it a *fit habitation* for himſelf *through the Spirit?*—Aſtoniſhing condeſcenſion! ſtupendous love! but, let his "will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." My very heart and fleſh cry out, "Come in, thou bleſſed of the Lord, why ſtandeſt thou without?"—How ſweetly a fiery law, dreadful juſtice, a guilty conſcience, an accuſing devil, at once, are all ſilenced by one draught of bleeding love! Love-touched, captivated, all-awed, all-ecſtaſied, all loſt in trembling wonder! I meet my dread, my dear *Bridegroom;* my life, my lover, my ſweetneſs, and my ALL. O wonder! wonder! an eſpouſing God, and I the worthleſs bride! Be wholly his, that heart, that ſoul, that life, his blood, his pity ſaved.

“ How quickly doth gazing on this natural ſun “ dazzle mine eyes ! how it renders ſublunary things “ to me without form or comelineſs ?” Sweet Jeſus, how baſe, worthleſs, and deformed, this paſſing blink of thy glory, renders all things beſides thee !—You world, what loſs and dung do thy honours, profits, and pleaſures, now ſeem to my ſoul ! all on earth is ſhadow ; all beyond, all my Chriſt, is ſubſtance.—Too long I claſped created phantoms, and I found them air.—Oh, had I weighed them, ere my fond embrace ! what darts of agony had miſſed my heart ! O ſin, ſelf, ſelf righteouſneſs, once darlings of my ſoul, how lothſome, vile, and abominable you now appear ! “ Whom have I in heaven but *Chriſt ?* there is none upon earth that I deſire beſides *him.*”—What am I, that “ he loved me, and gave himſelf for me !——Stop here : admire JEHOVAH’s kindneſs ! Let me ſolemnly embrace the promiſes ; the whole of the new covenant, as all my ſalvation, and all my deſire.” Let me pour out my heart into my Redeemer’s boſom, and ſurrender all my powers, all my paſſions, all my enjoyments, all my gifts and endowments to him : “ My beloved is mine, and I am his.” Bear witneſs, ye ſurrounding fields, ye warbling birds, ye liſtening angels, ye SACRED THREE, that my Chriſt “ is mine, and I am his,” henceforth and for ever : my “ Maker is my huſband, the Lord of hoſts is his name ; the God of the whole earth ſhall he be called. The Lord JEHOVAH is my ſtrength and ſong, and he alſo is become my ſalvation.”

“ HERE men go forth to their labour ; and the “ cattle are driven from the ſtall to the plough.”—Now my ſoul hath been feaſted as a calf “ in the ſtall ;” let me go forth to my “ labour until the evening” of death : let my light ſo ſhine “ before men, that they ſeeing *my* good works, may glorify *my* Father which is in heaven.” Truly, O Jeſus, “ I am thy ſervant, I am thy ſervant, thou haſt looſed my bonds." May I henceforth know my owner, hear his voice, take up my croſs, and follow him.

" Yonder runs a madman! ah! how he hath cut " and mangled his fleſh! perhaps he can neither be " tamed nor bound: perhaps he hath been often " chained and fettered, but has broken through " all.—Let me eſcape out of his way." What a mercy is the exerciſe of reaſon: how mad, how wicked, vilely to proſtitute it, to oppoſe its Maker, and ſerve our ſinful luſts? How often, ye children of men, do you thus abuſe it? Till now, what a madman was I? what a deſtroyer of my wretched ſelf? how, by every thing, Chriſt crucified, and his ſalvation, not excepted, did I cut, wound, and mangle my immortal ſoul! how untameable and unreſtrainable? how often bound by the laws and fear of men; by ſolemn vows; by awful commands; by piercing convictions; by raviſhing influence; by galling afflictions from God? But all were broken through, as threads of tow, till Jeſus brought me to myſelf, bound and drew me with cords of love, and cauſed me ſit down at his feet, *clothed, and in my right mind.*

" Here a horſe gallops off with his rider." How impetuouſly have my mighty luſts, to the endangering of my life, carried me whitherſoever they pleaſed! Into how much *concupiſcence*, how many vile abominations, have they violently hurried me! Deeply convinced, that their end would be death, I neither *could*, nor *would*, reſtrain them.—To vanquiſh ſelf, how divine; how laborious an art! nor can we feel a more dangerous plague, than reigning paſſions, and a ſubject mind.

" Yonder feed a flock of geeſe; a covey of " ducks." Let me never reſemble the firſt, in being heady and high-minded; nor the laſt, in ſpeaking much and doing little; in walking ſlow.—Chriſt doth not aſk what I *ſay*, but what I *do more than others?* “ Into what odd ſhapes do theſe angry turkeys figure “ themſelves!” Into what ſtrange ſhapes do men of violent paſſions often form themſelves! What enraged furies do they appear!—My ſoul, into what outrageous enmity againſt God, have thy paſſions often tranſported thee! how often haſt thou madly juſtified thy being angry with his word, his truth, his ordinances, his providence! how often, like a fury, have I belched forth angry words! how often have I been concerned in angry conteſts!

“ In yonder field what number of cattle is yoked! “ how harmoniouſly they walk, and draw in yonder “ ploughs!” So, let Jeſus' law and goſpel concur, in *breaking-up*, and ſoftening the *follow-ground* of my heart: ſo, let my inward powers concur with his influence: ſo, let me, with all ſaints, diligently draw in the pleaſant, eaſy, and love-lined *yoke* of his law, which *is holy, juſt, and good.* “ How the plough opens this hard earth! tears up the roots of the weeds!” So, Lord Jeſus, while I live, may the mighty convictions of thy word, the powerful operations of thy grace, open and break my hard and ſtony heart. So, may they cut up the deep-rooted luſts and corruptions within me. “ How hard to plough this ridge on the “ way ſide, which for many years hath been trod- “ den upon as a common path!” Ah! how long have Satan, and my luſts, made my ſoul an high-way, a trodden path for “ evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, falſe witneſs, blaſphemies! —what a ſtretch hath omnipotent grace made to ſave me! “ Here the plough ſtarts: it refuſeth; it can- “ not enter the rock.” But bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul, and all that is within me, Jeſus can plough, can melt, the flinty rock, the adamantine heart: “ his word is quick and powerful, ſharper than a two edged ſword, piercing to the dividing aſunder of joints and marrow, *and* is a diſcerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart: *her rocks and* mountains melt before the Lord God of Iſrael." Even at the entrance of the God of Jacob, the *flinty rock is turned into a water-ſpring* of godly ſorrow. "Here the unſkilful "ploughman, or the unruly cattle, have made a "multitude of balks, the furrows are out and in; "much ground not broken." True image of my ſoul! through ignorance of ſpiritual exerciſe, through the rage of unruly paſſions and luſts,—what hardneſs and unbrokenneſs remain in my heart! Not one ſtep can I go ſtraight forward in the paths of holineſs.—Lord, plough me fully, and let thy grace ſufficiently direct me, while I live. "Here the deluging rains, ſucceeded by ſcorching drought, and attended with much treading down, have made the "once ploughed field, almoſt as hard as ever." Alas! how many, after deep convictions, become *more* hardened in ſin! how often do men *add drunkenneſs to thirſt!*—How often, by remaining corruptions, by withdrawment of divine influence, by down-treading temptations, from Satan and the world, do ſaints loſe much ſoftneſs of heart,—much fitneſs to receive the word of God!

"YONDER ſtands a bag of ſeed, ready for caſting "into the earth. No doubt it is choice grain; per"haps it hath been carefully ſteeped, to encourage "its growth; and to preſerve it from the hovering "fowl, or crawling vermine." Lord, how precious! how fitly choſen are all thy words of truth! how fully ſteeped in Jeſus' blood! Are they not the new covenant in his blood; and *in him* all *yea and amen, to the glory of God?*—May the miniſter whom I hear, may every miniſter, thoroughly ſteep it in earneſt prayer, and ſerious meditation, before he preach it. Lord, ſave us from ſermons, which are chiefly the product of human learning, and common ſtudy. "Yonder the ſower, with heedful ſtep and ſkillful "hand, caſts abroad his ſeed." So let miniſters; ſo let every one, in his ſtation, with labour and care, ſpread abroad the ſavour of Chriſt's name. So let them ſow inſpired inſtructions, on all under their care, as to win ſouls to him. So, Jeſus, caſt abroad the influences of thy truth into our ſoul, and cauſe thy word to *dwell richly in us.* "Without ſeed, we cannot expect increaſe." And how can we expect the ſalvation of thoſe, who grow up deſtitute of the knowledge of divine truth? Without this, how apt are ſummer-ſeaſons of goſpel ordinances to be altogether in vain! how many, through want of early inſtruction, live wicked and barren, and at laſt deſcend to the darkneſs of Tophet!——There is no ſalvation in any other but Chriſt; no eternal life, without the knowledge *of the only true God, and Jeſus Chriſt* whom he hath ſent. "Whoſoever abideth not in the doctrine of Chriſt, hath not God.—If any man have not the Spirit of Chriſt, *which leadeth* into all truth, he is none of his. *God's profeſſed* people are deſtroyed for lack of knowledge. *To* a peaple of no underſtanding, *he* will ſhew no favour. All *ſhall* be damned who believe not the truth. Where no viſion is the people periſh. *While men continue in heatheniſh ignorance, they* are at that time without Chriſt, being aliens to the commonwealth of Iſrael, and ſtrangers from the covenants of promiſe, having no hope, and without God in the world." Rarely do we find any pleading for the ſalvation of heathens, groſs heretics, or groſſly ignorant perſons, but ſuch as are practically of that number*. But, O the kindneſs of God! the kindneſs of parents to me! the very truths which were inſtilled by them into my childiſh mind, have to-day been made ſeed which ſhall remain; a *well of water* that ſhall *ſpring up to everlaſting life.* " Perhaps this grain " was pretty neceſſary for its owner's ſummer provi- " ſion: but he caſts it into the earth, that it may bring " forth an abundant increaſe, may produce food to " the eater, and ſeed to the ſower for an after ſeaſon." Let me chiefly lay up for the future, the eternal period: be earthly cravings ever ſo urgent, it is preparation for eternity that will produce the true, the abundant, the happy increaſe: a *handful of* this *ſhall ſhake with fruit like trees;* let me therefore *hearken and hear for the time to come*—A *dread;* a *ſweet eternity;* how ſurely mine!—and if *eternity* belong to me, a poor penſioner on the bounty of an hour; let me not look *at the things which are ſeen,* which are temporal, but *at the things which are not ſeen* which are eternal.

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* *Acts* iv. 12. *John* xvii. 2. 2 *John* 9. 2 *Theſſ.* ii. 11. *Prov.* xxix. 18. *Eph.* ii. 12.

" Thrice uſeful fields; the ſupport; the ex- " hauſtleſs granary of a world!" Thrice more uſeful God! thrice more uſeful Jeſus! thrice more uſeful new covenant! thrice more uſeful ſcripture! —the exhauſtleſs granary of eternal worlds.—Even the ranſomed kings are for ever ſerved by this field. On what but Godhead ſhall I for ever live!—Lord, if I loſe thy love, I loſe my all.

" Here the harrow follows harſh, hides the ſeed " and ſhuts the ſcene: were not the ſown field im- " mediately harrowed, how would the fowls devour " or the froſt deſtroy the ſeed, and prevent the in- " creaſe!" And if thou, Lord, do not, with thy gracious influence, hide in my heart, that ſeed which I receive in reading and hearing thy word; if thou enable me not, quickly to cover it by earneſt prayer, and ſerious thought; quickly ſhall Satan and his agents rob me of it; quickly ſhall my blaſting corruptions rot it to my ſoul; and make it the " ſavour of death unto death."——How often have I gone from public ordinances, without one ſentence impreſſed on my heart, and with ſcarce one retained by my memory! "What numerous ſtrokes of the har-"row doth this tough, hard ſoil require!" O what a hard, a tough, an uncommon ſoil is my heart! Lord, never leave me, nor forſake me; never take thy Holy Spirit away: never ceaſe to ſtrive with me:—And never weary, my ſoul, of pondering and praying over JEHOVAH's truths: thy hardneſs, thy ſtupidity, will require ten thouſand turns.

"YONDER the clods are broken; the ſurface "levelled with the roller." By the hammer of thy word, the influence of thy ſpirit, and the roller of neceſſary trouble, O Jeſus, bring down my pride, and ſoften my heart: without this, how unſightly will be my aſpect! how barren my life!

"HERE the ſeed dies under the clod, that it may "ſpring up to a glorious increaſe." In his incarnation, Jeſus, the great *corn of wheat,* fell into the ground: on Calvary he died, that, in his reſurrection, he might ſpring forth, the joyful parent of innumerable ſaints, the root of countleſs and unbounded mercies.—In natural death, the ranſomed die, that, at the reſurrection, they may ſpring forth in endleſs glory. "In how thick; how beautiful a "breard, the ſeed here ſprings up!" So let inſpired truth, the *ſeed* of heaven, received into my heart, ſpring forth abundantly, in holy thoughts, gracious words, and righteous works.

"BUT here the weeds overtop, and almoſt co-"ver the corny breard." Lord, how often do thick and high-ſprung weeds of corruption in my heart and practice, hide, even from myſelf, every proper appearance of grace! how often do the numerous, and active, naughty profeſſors of Chriſtianity overtop, and bury in obſcurity, thy true witneſſes and ſincere friends! "Here, with filthy, but uſeful dung "they fatten the land." O to count all things but *loſs and dung to win* Chriſt!—My filthy dung of ſinful corruption, is *only evil*, tends only to hurt and ruin: but *bleſſed* for ever *be the God and Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt*, that, in his infinite wiſdom and knowledge, he hath made it the occaſion, not the cauſe, of a moſt aſtoniſhing increaſe of glory to God himſelf, honour to his Son, and happineſs to me; and that he makes it the frequent mean of driving me to the all cleanſing fountain of Jeſus' blood and grace; and of humbling me in the duſt before him.

"WITHOUT the warmth of the ſun, and moiſture "of the clouds, the care of the huſbandman could "produce nothing." Without the concurrence of Jeſus' blood and Spirit, no human labour could convert a ſoul, produce a good work, or procure a grain of felicity. Nay, he muſt do all, and we nothing; but *ſtand ſtill and ſee his ſalvation*. "How ſweetly, "in this vernal rain, the clouds conſign their trea-"ſures to the field!" God's *paths drop* down *fatneſs*. Ye ſons of men, muſe, *praiſe;* and look forth lively *gratitude:* In lively ſpring, and her ſoft ſcenes, I ſee my ſmiling God; I feel a preſent Deity, and taſte his joy to ſee a happy world. Sweet vernal fields! Thrice ſweeter ſacred word! How JEHOVAH pours his ſtores of love, his melted heart, into thy darling page, that meſſenger of grace,—where rapture flows on rapture; every line with riſing wonders filled! how from its rainy pools, my ſoul enraptured, drank the ſpirit of eternal joy;—of that unutterable happineſs which LOVE *alone* beſtows upon her favoured few!——How ſoars my mind beyond the blooming earth! On ſwollen thought, my heart flies to the boſom of her diſtant, her ETERNAL FAIR; *my Lord* and *my God*.

"Notwithstanding the winter-ſtorms, is not "this field of wheat the moſt beautiful of all a-"round?" Is not Jeſus, that ſweet ſubſtantial *corn of wheat*, after all his winter-ſcenes of woe, "fairer than the ſons of men, chief among ten thouſand, altogether lovely?"—How beautiful and comely the ſaints, who get clean, through great tribulation, into the ſpring-tide of everlaſting happineſs and bliſs!

"Now the vegetables, which ſeemed dead in the "winter, revive in their order: their lately wither-"ed roots bloſſom abundantly: the glory of Leba-"non, the Excellency of Carmel and Sharon, is gi-"ven to them." When the Sun *of righteouſneſs* draws nigh to his church, and makes the fructifying *wind* of his Spirit to blow upon her, how do her withered, nay, her dead members, revive as the corn, grow as the lily, and caſt forth their roots as Lebanon!" When he lifts up on me the light of his countenance, and ſheds abroad his love in my heart, by the Holy Ghoſt; how doth every dying remain of my languiſhing grace recover freſh life, vigour, and beauty!—And into what glorious bodies ſhall the duſt, the rotten carcaſes of ſaints, hereafter ſpring up! "This corruption ſhall put on incorruption, *and* this mortal ſhall put on immortality; *then* ſhall he change *my* vile body, and make it like unto his glorious body.—*Then, then, ſhall winter and* death be ſwallowed up in victory.

"Now, countleſs inſects, myriads on myriads "creep from parental eggs. O feeble race! but of-"ten the ſacred ſons of vengeance againſt men! how "often, at God's command, they waſte our fields, "and ſtrip our trees! Bear witneſs, Zoan's field, "and you land of Ham." What am I, the prey of inſects, to reſiſt God! Rather what am I, an inſect of an atom world, that God ſhould *love me and give*

HIMSELF *for me!* How can ever the ſinful inſect pay the mighty debt of love, which I owe to Chriſt my God! Had I ten thouſand lives, gladly ſhould I pay them, in hourly tributes, at his feet. O how my nothing-ſoul is overwhelmed with his greatneſs! What am I, to conceive the nature of an infinite God! to poſſeſs the eternal ALL! Alas! I cannot begin to think of him, but my thoughts are confounded; my heart is perplexed; my mind amazed; my ſoul is quite unhinged within me: His mercy exalts me; his juſtice depreſſeth me; his wiſdom aſtoniſheth me; his power affrights me; his glory dazzeleth mine eye: the leaſt glimpſe of him makes me abhor myſelf. When I behold his ſmiling face,—how beams divine break from his eye!—how unuſual light wraps me, at once, in glory and ſurpriſe! how I admire, embrace, and bow, till I am loſt in him! Thrice bleſſed! loſt in MY GOD; MINE ALL! How often, with ſweet reflexion on the peaceful croſs, all in his blood and anguiſh groaning, deep graſping, and dying, have, inſect I, my Saviour ſeen!——But did JEHOVAH die for the deviliſh inſect me!—What ſhall I more ſay!—O that melting thought,—FOR ME! Chriſt! my great beginning and my end! my head! my God! my glory! and my *All in all!*

“How ſweetly yonder doves feed on the new-ſown grain! they need to eat a plenteous meal. The ſummer, which pours fulneſs on other animals, will prove a time of ſcarcity for them.” You ſaints, while favoured with influences and ordinances, feed with unreſtrained appetite on the heavenly ſeed of truth. You know not what ſeaſons of famine await you. Summers of outward proſperity to all around, may prove times of ſcarcity and want to your ſoul. But rejoice, ye ranſomed doves, your harveſt of eternal plenty ſhall more than balance your preſent ſtraits. “Yonder is the pigeon-houſe, where

" theſe feathered animals lodge, and to which they " fly for refuge." So, in every ſtrait, let my ſoul fly to Jeſus, and lodge for ever in his love, that though I have *lien among the pots* of corruption and trouble, I may be as "a dove, whoſe wings are covered with ſilver, and her feathers with yellow gold;"——that I may reſemble theſe birds in ſimplicity, meekneſs, innocence, fruitfulneſs, and chaſte affection towards my huſband Chriſt. " Perhaps the crafty thief, or " ſavage beaſt, lately pillaged this pigeon-houſe." Lord, how often is thy church robbed and ruined by carnal politicians, proud ſchiſmatics, and erroneous men! how are the ſouls of young profeſſors wounded and ſlain! how often is my heart pillaged by Satan, the world, and my luſts! But let us rejoice and be glad, that in our houſe eternal in the heavens, no pillage, no violence, nor deſtruction, ſhall be in all our borders.

" HERE two ways meet; certainly one is a bye- " path: but both are ſo alike, that I cannot diſtin- " guiſh which is the high-way. Let me aſk at yon- " der houſe." How often do the ſons of men; how often doth my ſoul, walk in bye-paths, in ways which lead to deſtruction! How many things have the appearance, but not the ſubſtance of true godlineſs! How often, by the various aſpect of thing, and the unhappy diviſions in the church, am I brought to my *wit's end,* not knowing what to do, or whether to go? Lord, ſhew me the good old way; " ſend forth thy light and thy truth, let them lead me, let them bring me to thine holy hill." O lead the blind in the way which he knows not. " How fiercely " this watchful cur barks at me, and warns the fa- " mily of my approach!" Oh, were my conſcience but as faithful to her truſt! Alas, how many temptations; how many ſtrangers, have entered my heart without the leaſt alarm or angry frown from her?

How many paſtors are but *dumb dogs, lying down loving to ſlumber,* and encouraging others to ſleep in their ſins! yea, *greedy dogs, that can never have enough* of this world's enjoyments, and that *prepare war againſt him who putteth not into their mouth!* "How furiouſly the raging cur aſſaulted and threatened to "devour me!"—How often have Satan and his agents, aſſaulted my ſoul? how often have my ſinful paſſions, theſe unnurtured dogs, torn me to pieces? Lord, deliver *my darling from the power of the dogs.*

"Having the way pointed out by my friend here "I muſt attend to his direction." Lord, let me always live up to my light, leſt darkneſs come upon me: "To him that hath, ſhall be given: *if my* eye be ſingle, my whole body ſhall be full of light." "How eaſily might the benighted traveller ſlide into this ditch!" To how many near and dangerous ſnares is my ſoul expoſed! When I "walk *or* ſit in darkneſs, *Lord,* be a light unto *me.*" "Here grows the ruſh! but not *without mire;* how freſh her green- "neſs! how quick her growth! but how naughty "her inward ſubſtance, fit almoſt only for the fire?" So grows the hypocrite, by carnal motives and encouragements: his appearance of grace is often tall and flouriſhing; but his heart is unſubſtantial and naughty, only meet for eternal flames. Oh, my ſoul, *judge* thyſelf, that *thou be not judged.* "Here docks, "nettles, wormwood, and other medicinal herbs, "grow by the way-ſide: but, being free and com- "mon, few prize them." Bleſſed Jeſus, thou *Plant of Renown,* chief of all medicine, and of every thing elſe, how near! how free! how common! but, ah! how "deſpiſed and rejected of men!" "Here the "ſcabby, naked ſheep, is fallen into the ditch if a- "live, pity bids me draw her out." Lord, how lately didſt thou find me, lying naked, leprous, and vile, dead, and dying in the ditch of treſpaſſes and ſins;

and at the expence of bearing my ſin, my puniſhment, and ſinking in deep mire, where there was no ſtanding, drew me out, laid me in thy boſom, quickened my heart, and ſaid to me, LIVE! O continue thy loving-kindneſs to one who knows it!

"HERE comes my friend the courtier: I ſuppoſe "he intends to viſit his miſtreſs." Bleſſed be the Lord, that my courtſhip, my marriage, is begun with Chriſt.—Courted with groans, with bloody tears of an incarnate God, my heart ſhall yield to death for love of him. God forbid I ſhould indulge a meaner flame, till I have loved the Lord. If there be any paſſions in my breaſt I give them all away to him. Knew I the nerve about my heart, which did refuſe to beat with deſire for him, I would gladly curſe and tear it out? All nature's art ſhall never cure my heavenly pains of love; and it is beyond the power of created beauty to make a ſimilar wound. Jeſus is, he muſt be mine: he is the great object of my waking thoughts, his lovely form meets every dream. Still I find him at my heart; dwell there; for ever dwell; my Lord, my LOVE: thou art my huſband; thou my ocean of pleaſure; thou my God. In thee, all the paſſions of my mind exult, and ſpread their powers.—Not all the glittering things above, could make my heaven, if thou depart.—Life is my pain; heaven is my hell; immortality my curſe, without thy love. Remembereſt thou, my ſoul, the place where I was waſhed in his dear blood? where ſin, with all her ghaſtly train, fled to the depths of death? where I, inflamed by love divine, was all devotion, all delight?—where I enjoyed a viſit half a-day from my deſcending God; and, with enraptured heart, heard him declare his love? Away you viſits, modes, and forms: away you flatteries paid to ſinful worms: away ye vain amours; you empty ſtuff: but, Lord, thou life of all my joys, I can never enjoy enough of thee——With thee I could ſit a winter-night, a month, on froſty ground; nor think the viſit long, ſhouldſt thou but tell thy love.———O! when he begins, my ear, my heart, is the willing captive of his tongue! When he counts over that heavy load, the ſins he bore upon the tree, inward I love, I weep, I bluſh for ſhame when he talks over his bloody paſſion; how my heart is enraptured! and how drowned in tears! when he ſhews his pierced hands, and melted heart; how it ſets my ſoul on fire! with what wiſhful eyes I pry into the ſight! When he recounts his victories; how my heart heaves with joy! nor can my tongue refrain from praiſe.——No charming fair one of creation wounds my heart! I breathe a purer flame: I pant for the eternal LOVE, the INFINITE unknown: my God, my Chriſt, my heart-ſtrings break with love to thee.

"WHAT cloth is laid down to whiten on this "bleachfield!" Lord, I lay down my polluted ſelf, by thy river of life, which runs in the goſpel channel, that in due time thou mayeſt preſent me *without ſpot or wrinkle, or any ſuch thing.*" "By ſteeping, "watering, beating, and lying in the ſun, ſhall this "cloth be gradually whitened." And by bathing me in thy blood, watering me every moment with thy ſpirit, warming me with the rays of thy love, and beating me with divers afflictions, ſhalt thou, O Jeſus, at laſt make me *whiter than the ſnow; all fair, no ſpot* in me. "Some of this cloth, and eſpecially "that which hath been newly ſteeped, appears more "filthy than when firſt laid down." And ſince God began to ſanctify me, I am become more lothſome in mine own eyes: every new application of Jeſus' blood, every intimation of redeeming love to my heart, renders me viler in my own ſight.—Nay, how often do my corruptions work more outrageouſly than before! how often do they far proceed, to render my outward life more abominable! O happy day when God ſhall root them out!

"Here two mills, the one for grinding corn, "the other for thwacking cloth, are driven by the "ſame ſtream." And when God's Spirit comes down as floods, it ſets all the powers of my ſoul a going in their proper order: then my faith, love, repentance and new obedience, roll on with eaſe; whereas, at another time, it is beyond my power to make them move. "How quickly theſe wheels go round!" Such, my ſoul, is the outward lot of men; how often are the uppermoſt, the great, the noble, quickly degraded to be the offscouring of all things; while *men of low degree are exalted* to fill their place? Let me never take up my reſt, where ſuch uncertainty prevails. Why ſhould I dream of joys perpetual, in perpetual change; of ſtable pleaſures, on the toſſing wave; of endleſs ſunſhine, in the ſtorms of life! Why ſhould a vain fancy hang my morning, or my noon-tide trances, with gorgeous tapeſtries of pictured joys: joy behind joy, an endleſs perſpective?—Who ever truſted to the world, and was not diſappointed?—If Jeſus was bruiſed, was beaten with ſtrokes of wrath, that he might be my food and raiment; having this, let me therewith be content.

"Yonder are two kilns, one for drying corn or "malt; another for burning bricks." Think, my ſoul, how Jehovah's Son was dried, roaſted, and burnt amidſt his Father's indignation, that his *fleſh* might be *meat indeed*, and his *blood drink indeed*; and that he might be the *corner ſtone*, the whole ſubſtance of the building of mercy for me!—And how muſt I be faſhioned by free grace; inwardly fired with divine love, and outwardly fired in a furnace of affliction; that I may be to him a joy and rejoicing, and be made a fixed *pillar in the temple of his God*.

“ This part of my way is ſo narrow, that two “ could ſcarce go a-breaſt: and ſo dangerous, I “ could hardly ſtumble off it, without falling into “ the horrid deep below.” “ Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it ;” but without walking in it, we muſt ſtumble into the bottomleſs pit, and be for ever *pierced through with many ſorrows*. Let us therefore *keep* our *heart with all diligence, for out of it are the iſſues of life ; take heed to* our *ſpirit,* that we deal not treacherouſly againſt the Lord ; *keep* our *feet when* we *go to the houſe of God ;* and *take heed to* our *ways* that we ſin not with our tongue.—Bleſſed be Jeſus, that all his ſaints are in his hand ; and that he keepeth their feet, and will not ſuffer them to ſlide from their new covenant ſtate.

“ What a pleaſant ſound, theſe feathered tribes “ make!” Lord, flocks, herds, birds, inſects, trees plants, flowers, all Nature’s birth praiſe thy goodneſs ; all but thankleſs man ; man moſt ungrateful, yet moſt obliged of all ! O, haſt thou tuned theſe birds to ſing forth thy honour, in their warbling notes ! and wilt thou not put a new ſong in my mouth ; even Hoſannas unto him who loved me, and gave himſelf for me? “ How ſweet their morning oriſons ! how com- “ mon their wide fields of air, while man parcels “ out his little ſpeck of earth !” How pleaſant to obſerve God perfecting praiſe from the mouth of babes and ſucklings ! O how pleaſant the ſounds above, where ranſomed millions, and eſtabliſhed angels, pour forth their harmonious notes of higheſt praiſe ! How common our wide fields of heaven ! our immenſe ſalvation ! our all-containing Chriſt ! “ Is “ not this wood the peopled rookery of my God ! on “ him theſe winged tribes depend ; by him they are “ nouriſhed ; to his praiſe they rear, they teach their “ riſing brood.” Education for God ! Are thy beſt laws ſolely expelled from the hearts of parental man? ——Are theſe MEN? or are they FIENDS, who rear, who train their babes not to know, not to praiſe, but to contemn, to blaſpheme, our all-ſupporting Lord? "How curiouſly theſe pretty birds fix and faſhion "their neſts? how tenderly they bring forth their "young!" How wiſe their teacher, God! What but almighty breath inſtructs theſe fowls of heaven! what but an all-inſpiring God! Learn, my ſoul, to make Chriſt, *the buſh burning and not conſumed;* Chriſt *the munition of rocks;* Chriſt *the tree of life;* Chriſt the *ſecret place of the Moſt High,* thy habitation; where thou mayſt reſt, and ſafely bring forth thy offspring of good works. "With what inceſſant cla-"mour do their young helpleſs families demand their "food; and, O what paſſions! what melting ſenti-"ments of kindly care, ſeize on the new parents!" Cry, cry, my ſoul, for the ſupply of all thy needs: thy parent is the God of love. How his heart turns! his bowels yearn towards me! nor while he lives ſhall I die, unleſs to live; nor while he is rich, can I be poor. How exactly each knows its neſt!" Lord give me ſpiritual ſagacity, to diſcern where I may find thee: let my admiſſion into thy preſence be ſo frequent, that I may not forget where to fly for reſt and relief. "Here is a neſt with young: how cu-"rious and ſtrong its contexture! how theſe hun-"gry pullets cry! how wide they open their mouth "for food!" And is not my neſt of the new cove-nant *well ordered in all things and ſure!* O the manifold power and wiſdom of God that ſhine in it! "This is my reſt; here will I ſtay; for I have de-ſired it."—Here let my heart and fleſh cry out, *O living God, for thee!* let me *open my mouth wide;* enlarge my deſire, that thou mayſt fill it. "One of "theſe feathered nations, I am told, in caſe of ne-"ceſſity, feed their young with their own blood."

ſure I am, Jeſus feeds his helpleſs ſeed with his ſacrifice, his blood; and food *indeed* it hath been to my ſoul. "How high theſe pinioned people ſoar! "At God's command, their eagle empreſs mounteth "up; makes her neſt on high: from thence ſhe "ſeeks her prey; her eyes behold afar off: and "where the ſlain are, there is ſhe." On wings of faith, love, holy deſire, and heavenly meditation, mount up, my ſoul, as the eagle: ſet thine "affections on things above, where Chriſt is at the right hand of God: *view* the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off:" where thy ſlain Redeemer is, there be thou; and, by a life of faith on him, renew thy youth as the eagle. O happy period, when I ſhall return to more than days of youth! "Now "the birds which ſlept in winter, are revived and "wakened: the travelling tribes, who removed in"to warmer climates, are returned." When God grants deliverance to Zion, ſaints ſhall revive and ſinners be converted: when he beſtows a ſpring-tide on my ſoul, he quickens my dormant grace, reſtores my heart, and cauſeth me return to my reſt, even to the Lord, who dealeth bountifully with me. "Now "the cuckow bids the huſbandman diſpatch the la"bours of the ſpring. How ſolemnly do all things invite me to haſten to the day of God! remembering that the ſpring-ſeaſon of goſpel-opportunities ſhall quickly be ended! "Yonder the ſparrow chirps." Petty bird, but JEHOVAH's care; my Father's charge. Am not I much more ſo? though, when forſaken of him I mourn, yet let me cleave to his houſe; neſtle in the walls of divine perfections and promiſes, and in the covering of Jeſus' righteouſneſs. "How of"ten have noiſy birds decoyed me from their neſt!" Alas, how often hath Satan, by a noiſy world, decoyed me from obſerving his haunts in my ſoul!

how often, by manifold deluſion, hath he decoyed me from Jeſus, my true, my everlaſting reſt!

"HERE is a farmer's dwelling: how hard yonder "poultry follow after one, who at laſt ſhuts them "out!" But, bleſſed Lord, him that cometh unto thee, thou wilt *in no wiſe caſt out.*—Follow him, my ſoul, though he hide, though he threaten to exclude thee: knock, and it ſhall be opened—IN, Lord, I muſt be; IN I will be: though thou ſlay me, yet will I truſt in thee. "Yonder another calls them "to the hungry feaſt of a few corns, or crumbs:—"how they run! how they flighter to it!" And when Jeſus inviteth me to feaſt on all his fullneſs, ſhall not I beſtir myſelf? Without a moment's delay ſhall not I run? ſhall not I fly to him? ſhall not my ſoul long, yea, faint for God, and heart and fleſh cry out for him? "Here the feathered dam ſcarce nouriſheth herſelf, but prepares food for her young: "how kindly ſhe invites them to eat!—Anon ſhe "will call them to hide themſelves under her wings." Jeſus "became poor, that we through his poverty might become rich:" he himſelf was hungry, to prepare food for us; his morſel he will not eat alone; but helpleſs, *fatherleſs*, ſinful men, muſt *eat thereof.*—How often would he gather us, *as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings*, and we will not*! "How "fiercely ſhe flieth upon every one who attempts to "hurt her young; and expoſeth her own life in "their defence." Ye ſavage mothers, *learn her ways and be wiſe.* But, O Jeſus, how didſt thou expoſe thyſelf to the wrath of devils, and men, nay, to the vengeance of Heaven, that thou mighteſt ſave and protect me: "But why do this feathered tribe lift up their "heads when they have drunk? is it to render thanks "to their heavenly Benefactor?" Sharp rebuke to theſe, worſe than brutal men, who feed, who live without acknowledging their Maker: ſharp rebuke to my ingratitude; what mercies do I receive from God, without rendering unto him according to the benefits done me?—Aſk now, my ſoul, "What ſhall I render to him for all his gifts? I will take the cup of ſalvation, and will call on the name of the Lord: now will I pay my vows to him in the preſence of all his people.

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* *Matth.* xxiii. 37.

"YONDER appear the demoliſhed and falling cot-"tages of the poor." Alas, how our farmers add *houſe to houſe, and field to field, till there be no place* for others: but themſelves *left alone in the midſt of the land!* Read they no Bible, to inform them that ſuch conduct is accurſed of God? Know they not, that he that oppreſſeth and driveth out the poor, reproacheth his Maker, their guardian, and brings vengeance on himſelf*? But bleſſed be the Lord, that none can demoliſh the "everlaſting covenant, *our* houſe eternal in the heavens: *our God, who is* our dwelling place in all generations:" none ſhall deprive us of our poſſeſſion.—Ye children of poverty, fear the Lord, and he will make you houſes.

"HERE, in the adjacent field, the ewes bring forth "their young, and lick them into comelineſs." O my parent Chriſt, am I not the travail of thy ſoul? Kindly *kiſs me with the kiſſes of* thy *mouth*, and make me clean through the word thou haſt ſpoken to me. Polluted monſter I am; but let thy time be a time of love; let me be *waſhed*; let me be *ſanctified*; let me be *juſtified*; in thy name, O Lord Jeſus, and by the Spirit of our God. Love me, and waſh me from my ſins in thy blood. "Theſe lambs are brought "forth in good licking, and moſt are immediately

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* *Iſ.* v. 8. 9. 10. *Prov.* xxii 16. and xxiii. 10. 11.

" able to follow their dam." No creature is born ſo helpleſs as man: let therefore my help and *my ſafety come from the Lord who made heaven and earth*." Here " the tender ſhepherd carries a weak lamb in his " arms." Sweet memorial of my adored Redeemer! he carries weak and infirm ſaints, nay, all his *lambs in his boſom* of inconceivable love. God is their refuge, and *underneath* them *are the everlaſting arms* of his power and grace. " Sweetly theſe lambs browſe " on the bloſſoms and tender buds of this prickly " furze." How much more profitably doth Jeſus feed his people with his afflicting rod! How ſweetly he nouriſheth them by the ordinances of his grace, which are but deſpicable and troubleſome to carnal men!—" By theſe things do men live, and in them is the life of my ſoul: a day in thy courts is better than a thouſand." " Yonder lie the remains of ſome " member of the flock, which died of itſelf, or was " torn to pieces by the ravenous beaſt." How many profeſſed Chriſtians doth a hard winter of adverſity kill, and make them caſt off all prenteces to holineſs! How often the hurt which we do ourſelves in trouble, cleaves to us afterwards; and bringeth us to the gates of death! How often, in the ſpring-ſeaſon of deliverance, doth Satan tear and ſlay ſuch as had nobly ſuſtained the winter-blaſts of affliction! How often is a ſpring of divine influence attended with murderous perſecution! " Here is a tender lamb " whoſe mother is either dead or deſtitute of milk.— " Either another muſt ſuckle it, or it muſt be carried " home for nouriſhment." Lord, when one friend, one outward comfort, fails me, provide me another: and when all fail, receive me home to thy glory; that where thou art, I may be alſo; that *the Lamb in the midſt of the throne may feed* me, and *lead me unto living fountains of water*. " But are not the flocks " and herds, many of them, now lean." Alas, how many are the worſe of the winters of trouble!—But let them only waſte the fleſh of my old man; Lord, when ſhall he *wax lean and his ſace grow pale?*—— In this ſpring-tide of youth, of goſpel opportunity and of divine influence, how great is my leanneſs, my leanneſs!—Oh! when ſhall I be *fat and flouriſhing?* ſtrong *as David, as the angel of the Lord?*— While I enjoy a vernal refreſhment of Jeſus' love, I feel my leanneſs and weakneſs more and more.—O ſtrengthen me in the Lord my God.

"Now I have a proſpect of the ſea." How faſt approacheth that ſolemn period, when I ſhall ſtand on the ſhore, and ſee nothing before me but the ſea, the ocean of eternity! Let Jeſus' *everlaſting righteouſneſs* be mine; and ETERNITY ſhall be my glory and joy. O ETERNITY, it is thine to crown the joys above, to knit the bundle of life together. "Yonder lies a ſhipwrecked veſſel." What if in youth I, like her, ſet fair out, and carry well, till a ſtormy trial overtake me, and then make "ſhipwreck of faith, and a good conſcience?" *My ſoul*, be not high minded, but fear. "How faſt yonder roaring billows kiſs the ſhore, and die!" And what do men even the moſt noiſy, that "cauſe their terror in the land of the living," but ſalute the ſhore of life, and die? One generation cometh, and another goeth away: human life affords little more than to look about us, and die.—Do not I, lord, "deſire to depart and to be with *thee*, which is far better?" "What excellent manure for the field, or uſeful ingredient for glaſs, are theſe ſea-weeds!" Solid thoughts, fetched from the ocean of eternity are an excellent means to fructify our heart, and give us a juſt proſpect of the vanity and emptineſs of outward enjoyments.

"Here, within the watery mark, crawls the awk-"ward catching crab." How like the covetous heart, that deſireth, that catcheth at every thing it feels or ſees! How like the heart which holds faſt deceit, and refuſes to let it go! May I *earneſtly covet* Jeſus, *the beſt thing;* may I hold him faſt, and refuſe to let him go. "What a multitude of muſſels, wilks, "and like ſhell-fiſhes, abound on this ſhore! how "nicely their weak bodies are protected by their "ſhelly manſions!" Since I have no might, hide thyſelf, my ſoul, in Jeſus Chriſt; let him as my covering, my lodging, defend me from every danger of hell or earth.

"Here is a ſalt work; juſt now the pans are go-"ing." What hot labour is here, to get our food ſeaſoned! But ten thouſand times hotter work was required to eſtabliſh the new, the everlaſting *covenant of ſalt*, and to render it "well ordered in all things and ſure;" and to provide an infinite granary, filled with the *ſalt* of grace, to ſeaſon our heart, our ſpeech and converſation. May all my ſacrifices be ſalted with this ſalt of my God!—O what diligence and care it requires, to keep this "ſalt in ourſelves, and *be* at at peace with one another!"——And how terrible to be *ſalted with fire* in hell for ever!

"Here is a deep mine." Oh infinitely deeper! O unfathomable mine of Jeſus' love! of his grace and truth!—"In him it pleaſed the Father that all fulneſs ſhould dwell. In him dwells all the fulneſs of the Godhead bodily."—Can I be poor, when all is mine! Oh enrich me forever out of thy bottomleſs treaſures; thy *unſearchable riches:* out of thy fulneſs let me *receive, and grace for grace.*

"Here is a quarry of hard ſtone: what labour, "what digging is here:" O the ten thouſandfold labour! the ſweet, the tremendous labour, wherewith God digs up hard-hearted ſinners from the *pit of corruption!* Look my ſoul, to the flinty rock whence thou waſt hewn, and to the horrible pit whence thou waſt digged.—Prize, O prize the *little ſtone* Chriſt, that ſure foundation, that tried Cornerſtone, which was "cut out of the mountain *of mankind* without hands."—May he quickly ſubdue and break in pieces every oppoſition, and become a *great mountain, filling the whole earth* with his glory!

"What curious engines, moved ſome by water, "others by fire, for extracting the moiſture, or me-"tal, from the bottom of the mine; for ſeparating "the metal from the droſs; or to figure it into pro-"per ſhapes! What numbers of people are ſupport-"ed by this undertaking!" Rather, my ſoul, admire the infinitely more amazing, more coſtly, and curious engine of the new covenant; by *means of which,* my luſt, my hardneſs, my obduracy, are drawn from the depths of my heart; and I am melted, beaten, and faſhioned into a tool fit for the maſter's uſe:—by *means of which* all the ineſtimable benefits flowing from Jehovah's deep purpoſes, bottomleſs wiſdom, and unfathomable love, are brought near to us. Stupendous engine, of whoſe wheels the *rings are dreadful:* in which the unſearchable riches of God are in a manner exhauſted; ſprings not thy motion, thy efficacy, from the floods, the flames of Jehovah's loving-kindneſs!—Is it not owing to the ſtreaming blood, the fiery death, of an incarnate God? By this is every promiſe ratified; by this was Jeſus brought again from the dead; by virtue hereof ſhall all his members be drawn after him; by it are the ſtreams of grace, mercy, and peace drawn from the deeps of Godhead, and made to run among men on earth;

and to run for ever in the inheritance of the ſaints in light.—Stupendous diſcovery of God! O what dark decrees, Jeſus' covenant, his croſs, Calvary, and redemption through his blood, make plain! Never did archangels know ſo much of God before: nor dare a creature gueſs, which ſhines moſt; the juſtice, or the mercy:—the vengeance, or the love. Awake, my heart; awake at the loved view, awake; what can awake thee, unawaked by this? Godhead expended on human weal! Godhead expended on worthleſs, on ſinful, wretched *me!* Lord, how my heart glows, and trembles at thy love immenſe!—love immenſe, inviolably juſt! what heart of ſtone but glows at thoughts like theſe! ſhould ere they glance on me, unraptured! uninflamed! how my ſoul is caught the priſoner of amaze! how ſurrounded with ſovereign bleſſings, ruſhing in cluſters from the CROSS! What ſhall I render to him for his goodneſs? Praiſe flow, flow higheſt praiſe, if wonder will allow! May I breathe no longer than I breathe away my ſoul in love, in praiſe, to him who *gave* HIMSELF *for me!* You ſun, you moon, you ſtars of light, you fowls, you flocks and herds, you fields, you ſeas, all ye creatures, praiſe the name of my Almighty LOVE: ye ranſomed, extol the Lord with me; let us exalt his name together. Shall angels unredeemed have ſongs; and men no tunes, no tongues, to praiſe! O! may we loſe our uſeleſs lips, when they forget to praiſe! We are not our own, we "are bought with a price; therefore *let us* glorify God in *our* body, and in *our* ſpirit, which are God's;" God's dearly bought!—O ye idle, ye ſtarving ſons of men, dwell here, and SEE not work, *the ſalvation of God.* What an innumerable company, that no man can number, is this everlaſting covenant able to maintain?

"Now I am come to a ſmall rivulet; lo, how he "winds about, to obtain the loweſt ground for his

" channel !—and what oppoſing banks and ſtones he " muſt nevertheleſs run over !" And, into humble hearts, the Spirit, that *river of God*, delights to run ; and often moſt, when they are in the loweſt caſe ! he hath *reſpect to the lowly, but the proud he knoweth afar off.* But, alas, what pride ; what ſin ; what ſtumbling blocks he muſt run over, in vouchſafing influences, even to the beſt ?

" The current has juſt broke down yonder dam, " and ruſheth forth with unuſual force." Lord how often, when, by legal vows and endeavours, I have tried to dam up my corruptions ; or, when thou haſt dammed them up by conviction and trouble ; have they furiouſly broke through every reſtraint, and with unuſual violence ruſhed into ſinful practices !—Such reſtraints may, for a while, change the viſible channel of ſin in my outward life ; but can never check the overflowing power of it in my heart.—But when, by unbelief, ſpritual deadneſs, carnal anxiety, idolzing of frames, going about to eſtabliſh ſelf-righteouſneſs, or by ſome conſcience-waſting ſin I had dammed up the current of divine influence from my ſoul, how often hath God made mountains his way, and broken through hills of provocation, in love to my ſoul ! how often, when *ſin abounded, did grace much more abound !* how often, in the height of my wickedneſs, hath he *prevented* me *with the bleſſings of goodneſs !* Bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul, and all that is within me ; be not forgetful of all his benefits.

" At length I have got to this village.—Here two " perſons make an exchange ; and, no doubt, he " whoſe merchandize is worſt ; muſt make it up with " money." Thrice bleſſed exchange ; which Jeſus makes with me, and offers to every goſpel-hearer ! He, the *great God*, became debtor that I might be diſcharged; became "ſin, that I might be made the righteouſneſs of God in him; became poor, that I might be rich." He, to his inexpreſſible anguiſh, took upon him my griefs and ſorrows, that I might enter into the *joy of the Lord.* He takes away my *filthy garments*, and clothes me with *change of raiment.*—I give him a heart "deceitful above all things, and deſperately wicked;" he gives me a "new heart, and a new ſpirit;" I give him vanity, weakneſs, vileneſs, and wo; and he gives me ſubſtance, ſtrength, purity, and happineſs.—Oh happy, happy exchange! *grace, grace unto it!*

"WITHIN yonder houſe, I ſee a burning fiery "furnace." O would the mighty Angel, by his promiſes and ordinances, take a *live-coal from the alter* of a Redeemer as crucified for me; caſt it into my heart; that mine *iniquity* may be *purged away*, and my ſoul kindled into an everlaſting flame, a furnace of love to him!

"HERE the ſcholars are diſmiſſed:—how gladly "they come forth! how fooliſhly they leap! how "unreaſonably they quarrel!" I fear they have no apprehenſion, that they were born *children of diſobedience* and *wrath;* and that they muſt quickly die, be judged, and carried to heaven or hell. Alas? do not moſt profeſſed Chriſtians ſo come from public ordinances? How gladly are they diſmiſſed from the galling yoke of a ſearching ſermon! how carnally do their heart and tongue leap in their return home! how readily they fall into a trifling diſpute, which perhaps they underſtand not! how void their heart of every ſerious and eternal view!—How many top profeſſors live, as if religion lay in unconcern about things inviſible! in attention to eccleſiaſtic conteſts, and outward circumſtances, and no more! What avails all learning, if we learn not Chriſt; and all profeſſion if we put not on Chriſt! “Here a boy, “perhaps falſely, chargeth his fellow with theft.” Slander is a debt which the world reckons ſhe oweth to merit; and often ſhe is too careful to pay it—But, alas! How many called Chriſtians, really defraud parents, maſters, and neighbours! how often are they ſaints in the church; but the worſt of relations, devils at home, and thieves in the market!—My ſoul, if I *name the name of Chriſt*, let me *depart from iniquity*; and if men will reproach me, let me take care to live ſo, as no one may believe them. “Here ſome of them leap over a pit: alas! one “hath leapt in!” What multitudes by faint attempts to ſelf-righteouſneſs, think to leap over the *lake which burns with fire and brimſtone*; but at firſt leap in, go down to hell with *a lie in their right hand!* “Yonder “one climbs a tree, draws up himſelf by one bough “after another: all this labour is perhaps for a flown “bird's neſt.” What odd puſhes do many make in the world, to get into ſtations they are not fit for; and at laſt meet with a diſappointment or croſs! Lord let me climb toward heavenly things, by taking hold of one promiſe after another. Diſappointment here ſhall never be my lot: “the expectation of the poor ſhall not periſh.”

“HERE a crowd ſport themſelves with I know “not what.” Alas! amuſement reigns man's great demand! to trifle is to live!—Is it a trifle to die? Alas, how often profeſſed diverſions preſent us with a ſhroud, and talk of death! how often are tombs ranſacked; and ſleeping heroes, for paſtime, brought upon the ſtage! how mad, for paſtime, to contemn an awful God! twice on a day to feel an earthquake, and attend a ball! Have men their hours all numbered, all in charge, to ruſt in ſloth, to waſte in luxury, or to ſport in play!—to waſte in ſtews, where order, ties, relations, laws, are made the droll's laugh; and broke for luſtful modes of ſin! or where the drunken club, like herds of ſwine, ſit wallowing near the bowl, and talk grunting o'er their troughs! or where the thoughtleſs fops keep their ſtainful plays; their games profane; their wanton balls; their night maſquerades, thir jubilees of hell! Where, where is that avarice of time, which death ſhould inſpire, as rumoured robberies do endear our gold! how few, to think on God, ſteal a few precious moments, from the black, broad waſte of murdered time! My ſoul, let me never forgive thee, the loſs ineſtimable of my twelve firſt years of life. "Here a ſorrow fellow, "with his pipe, decoys the youth after him." Lord, how often, how obſtinately do we refuſe to be charmed by thy goſpel-invitations, though thou *charm never ſo wiſely!* but if Satan, with the moſt empty temptation, if a falſe teacher, a puppet-ſhewer, or ſtage-player, with any novelty, call us; how do we crowd after them!

"Here ſtands the hooper: juſt now he ſet up "the ſtaves of his veſſel, and was ready to drive the "hoops; but a ſmall unwary touch hath demoliſhed, "hath diſplaced all." How often, when, by manifold divine influence, and by much pains, I have got my heart into a frame, hath the ſlighteſt touch of temptation transformed me into a maſs of deadneſs, darkneſs, and diſorder! How often, when by ſelf-examination, I have got my ſpiritual ſtate and caſe pretty clearly ſtated, have I been all of a ſudden thown into the utmoſt perplexity and confuſion! ſcarcely have I ſaid, "My mountain ſtands ſtrong, I ſhall never be moved," when my proſperous ſtate hath been turned into miſery.

"My late fever, and my drinking of herbal juice, "have ſo ſharpened my appetite, that I can travel "no farther without a refreſhment." Lord Jeſus, let all my diſtreſs and deliverance, every thing which I have, or want, enlarge my deſire after thee: if I have many evil, and few good things, on earth; let me deſire thee to ſweeten my croſs, and ſupply my want: If I enjoy manifold comforts, do thou ſanctify them, and balance my heart againſt them: let me enjoy all things in thee, and uſe all things for thee: let me value no creature, but as it leads to thee; and poſſeſs all things as partaking of thee; as effluxes and ebullitions of thee, *O funtain of living waters.*—Is any thing ſweet? my ſoul, how ſweet muſt God, who made it, be! is any thing good? it is a taſte of infinite goodneſs: is any thing lovely? it is the picture of him who is LOVE: is any thing ſtable and firm? it is the ſhadow of him *with whom there is no variableneſs;* is any thing ſtrong? it flows from JEHOVAH, with whom is *everlaſting ſtrength;* doth any thing give reſt, eaſe, or refreſhment? it ſprings from the bowels of the all-ſufficient, the infinite God.

"This inn which I enter is but a ſorrow one: "probably they cannot afford me delicacies." But let me content myſelf with what they can give, rejoicing that in Chriſt there is more than I *can aſk or think.* "Many things in the form and order of this inn need to be rectified." But why ſhould I rack my wits to ſpy faults, or deviſe how to reform that with which I have ſo ſmall and ſhort-lived a connection. Let not me, like many, be always abroad, reforming other people; and never at home reforming myſelf.—This preſent world, and my lot therein, are but an inn built on the way to eternity: perhaps in a moment I muſt bid it an everlaſting adieu. Why then trouble and diſtract my heart to find fault with it;

or to deviſe how to conform it to my taſte? Let me therefore be *content with ſuch things as I have;* let me reckon every thing good which God giveth, every thing ſeaſonable which he ſends: "for he hath ſaid, I will never leave thee, nor forſake thee." Had I underſtanding, I ſhould in all things think of, admire, praiſe, and bleſs God.--To delight myſelf in God; to rejoice always in him would be liberty, riches, and kingdoms indeed.—The things of this world only make a noiſe, and cauſe trouble; her beſt gifts are but *vanity*, the mere phantom of a dream. Leave, my ſoul, theſe nothings to the low ambition, the ſordid pride of kings; let God be thy ALL and IN ALL. "My entertainment here hath been beyond expectation." Lord, how often have I feared where no fear was! how often haſt thou diſappointed my ſinful jealouſy of thy love, and my diſtruſt of thy care! how often haſt thou met with my ſoul, when I ſcarce expected it? "Farewell my hoſt." Perhaps we muſt next meet before the judgment-ſeat of Chriſt. My departure hence ſtrikes my ſoul with an awful apprehenſion of a ſpeedy exit into eternity.

"HERE I paſs a fine garden." Let me with Zaccheus, climb up this tree on the out-ſide, and take an inſtructive view of her contents: to what purpoſe ſerve my eyes, but to ſee the glories of Godhead inſcribed on herbs;—on flowers; on trees; on ſtars; and every creature? "How high its ſurrounding wall!" Not half ſo high, nor ſtrong, as JEHOVAH, who is *a wall of fire round about* his people: not half ſo comely, or uſeful, as the wall of *ſalvation*, which protects the garden of the church from thieviſh men, deviliſh foxes, and every hurtful blaſt: not half ſo regular, as the wall of government and diſcipline divinely erected about the church:—Lord, let me never concur with the demoliſhers hereof;

for if it be deſtroyed, the plants and fruits muſt be expoſed to ruin. "This large garden hath but one door." There is but "one Mediator between God and men, the man Chriſt Jeſus:" he is the only true door of acceſs to the garden of God; whether in the militant or triumphant church.

"YONDER are cions newly grafted; and herbs "newly planted." Thrice happy that ſoul which is cut off from the firſt Adam, that dead and poiſonous root, and grafted into and united with Jeſus Chriſt, by a true and lively faith; and is *planted in the likeneſs of his death*, *rooted and grounded* in him! "What medicinal herbs, as ſage, camomile, &c. are here!" All of them emblems of my glorious *Plant of Renown*, which healeth all manner of diſeaſes.

"How richly theſe trees bloſſom and bud! but "perhaps a froſt, a wind, a multitude of vermine, "may quickly render them bare." Alas! what if a careleſs heart, a blaſting temptation, prevailing ſwarms of inward luſts, ſtrip me of all my early bloſſoms of piety! What if they *go up as duſt* and ruin, and be *rottenneſs!* what if I, like many, reſemble a ſaint in youth, and a devil in old age! Lord, never turn away from me to do me good, and I will never turn away from thee. "The trees on the wall bloſſom "beſt:" and the cloſer I cleave to Chriſt, the more I flouriſh in grace and good works. "How critical "for the fruit is the ſeaſon of bloſſoms:" And is not our ſalvation at an important criſis in the days of youth!—in the day when God begins to deal with us! If theſe are not carefully improven, how ready is he to give us up to our hearts luſt, that we may proceed from evil to worſe! "Yonder lies a tree "newly cut up by the roots! the gardener's pati-

" ence could no longer bear with its barrenneſs." Now, my ſoul, *the axe is laid to the root of the tree* with me: If I improve not this goſpel-opportunity, which I now enjoy, quickly ſhall divine judgments cut me off.—O the ſtupendous patience of God! thrice four years he came *ſeeking fruit, and found none:* and what am I, even now, but a barren cumberer of his ground! yet no ſtroke of wrath hath cut me off; nay, God hath promiſed to make my barren heart to bloſſom and bring forth fruit abundantly. Lord, *do as thou haſt ſaid;* for how griveous! how ſhameful, to ſee all things flouriſhing but myſelf! " Yonder, in the midſt of the garden, ſtands a tree without bloſſoms." Alas, how many ſinners grow up amidſt goſpel-ordinances without the leaſt ſhadow of true godlineſs! they are rather baptized beaſts and infidels, than Chriſtians;—if mercy prevent not, their *end is to be burned* with unquenchable fire.——Reſolve, my ſoul, that though my outward lot be barren and empty; though " the fig-tree ſhould not bloſſom, and the labour of the olive ſhould fail;" yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will be very joyful in the God of my ſalvation. " How yonder ivy claſps about the elm! " the woodbine and jeſſamine, though weak in them-" ſelves, climb up the ſupporting wall!" Let me be truly planted in Chriſt; and being in him, conſcious of guilt and weakneſs, lean upon him as my " righteouſneſs and ſtrength, *go* up from the wilderneſs *of this world,* leaning upon *my* beloved—Curſed is he that truſteth in man, that maketh fleſh his arm, whoſe heart departeth from the livng God."

"YONDER ſtands the flowery nations: the fragrant " roſe begins to blow; the fruitful, lovely, lily, " rears her hanging head." Thrice more comely, fruitful, fragrant, and medicinal is Jeſus, my *Roſe of Sharon and Lily of the vally.* Behold, my ſoul, how dazzling the brightneſs of his glory! how raviſhing his ſmell! how infallibly he cureth thoſe that pine away in their iniquity! how he condeſcends to usward! how he *bowed his head, and gave up the ghoſt!* And be thou *a good ſavour of Chriſt* to all around thee: learn of him to be blameleſs, uſeful, *meek, and lowly.* “Marvellous paſſion-flower!” Can I think of thy yet ungrown charms, without diverting my ſoul from creation, and “determining to know nothing but Chriſt, and him crucified! God forbid, that I ſhould glory, ſave *in his* croſs;” who is, at once, my God, my prieſt, my ſacrifice. “Sweet carnation!” Can I think of thee, without entertaining my ſoul with the views of my incarnation-flower, Jeſus of Nazareth! “Without controverſy, great is the myſtery of godlineſs, God made manifeſt in the fleſh;” God, in my nature, obeying, ſuffering, bleeding, dying, riſing, and aſcending for me. Is JEHOVAH *bone of my bone, and fleſh of my fleſh!* ſurely my divine, my exalted Kinſman, will not, like the Egyptian butler, forget me in my poverty and impriſonment. —O the dignity of human nature, as exalted into perſonnal union with the Son of God! of human nature, as through him redeemed and married unto God! Let grovelling wits boaſt of ſinful worms; my boaſt, O Chriſt, ſhall be of thee: thrice wondrous! my Brother; my Huſband; and my God! “Yonder the marigold is about to open her boſſom to her darling ſun.” So my heart, open thyſelf to Chriſt, and to none but him. “Here towers the heliotrope; quickly ſhe will turn her bloſſoms towards the father of the day, and by night droop as a mourner for her abſent lord.” So my ſoul, follow the Lamb whitherſoever he goeth; follow him by faith and love, as thy Saviour, thy portion, thy ſovereign, and thy laſt end: let me cleave to him in his perſon, his offices, his word, his ſpirit, his cauſe, and people; let the motto of my life be, LOOKING UNTO JESUS. In every enjoyment, let me look to his bleeding love, to his giving hand, as the ſource; in every tribulation, let me look to him as my comfort; in every infirmity, as my merciful High-prieſt; in every prayer, as my prevailing Advocate; in every moment of life, as my ſtrength and pattern; in death, as my Saviour, ſupport, and home: when he hides, let me go mourning as without the ſun; let it be as a ſword within my bones, while any can ſay unto me, *Where is thy God?* "Yonder is "an hot-bed, which dares not riſk the cooling breezes "of the ſpring." Hath ever God warmed my heart with his love? let me fear ſin, avoid the moſt diſtant temptation, and ſhun every appearance of evil.

"How odoriferous the ſmell of this garden!" But not ſuch to my ſoul as the ſavour of JEHOVAH's word, which is a garden, a field, the Lord hath bleſſed.—Let me turn aſide from all natural ſcience, all created objects, to view this: or, lift up thine eyes, my ſoul, to the famed garden of God, eternal in the heavens. There no northern blaſt of trouble; no eaſt, no ſouth-weſt wind of temptation ſhall infeſt us: *ſalvation will God appoint* for fences, and *for walls, and for bulwarks.* There the revived plants of the Lord, the *trees of righteouſneſs*, ſhall for ever bloſſom, and bear ripe fruit; none ſhall be withered or barren among them. Ye ranſomed, how ſhall our grrces for ever bud with unpolluted praiſe! Jeſus, *thou fruit of the earth, Plant of Renown,* in what raviſhing excellency and comelineſs ſhalt thou for ever appear *to them that are eſcaped!* O our tranſporting happineſs, to ſee thee as thou art! and behold the glory which the Father hath given thee! O our unbounded fulneſs of joy in thy preſence! O our overflowing rivers of pleaſure at thy right hand for evermore! "My ſoul thirſteth for God, for the living God; when ſhall I come and appear before God? *when ſhall I immediately* behold thy face in righteouſneſs, and be ſatisfied with thy likeneſs?"—O to be loſt in good ſupreme!—to ſee and call the rich unfathomable mines of God my own! to riſe in ſcience as in bliſs!—to read creation, to read redemption's mighty plan, in the bare boſom of Godhead!—all clouds, all ſhadows blown aſide; no myſtery left, but love divine!

"Now I muſt ſhut up my views of this garden, "and proceed on my journey." Alas, how ſhort-lived are our preſent views of heavenly things; *Here we have no continuing city;*—are not ſo much as allowed to *build tabernacles.* We but touch our ſweet pleaſures, and they die: ſcarce we bid the viſits, the viſions welcome, when they bid us adieu. Lord, when we muſt deſend from Piſgah, to labour in a low carnal world, go thou down with us: while it employs my eyes and hands, let it never captivate my heart; amidſt all its hurry, let her often ſpring away a thought to thee.—How often, in thy worſhip, hath the world ſo attracted my ſoul, that I ſcarce knew what I ſaid or heard! O to have the tables turned; and, in the hurry of outward labour, to have my heart ſo drawn to God, ſo raviſhed with redeeming love, as ſcarce to mind what my hands are about! So, Lord, avenge thyſelf on this vain world, which has robbed ſo much of my heart from thee!

"There, by the way ſide, lies a poſy of once "beautiful, but now withered flowers—While in its "freſhneſs, perhaps it was immoderately ſmelled "and handled; and now it is caſt away as uſeleſs."—Too much familiarity with created things begets contempt of them: our idolizing them, either gives a ſudden ſurfeit; or provokes the Lord to blaſt or remove them. How vain to attempt the pleaſing of this world! notwithſtanding of our utmoſt complaiſance, it will quickly caſt us by, to wither in the grave, or burn in hell.

"What a crowd of bowlers play on this green!" Let me look on a little. Spectators chiefly enjoy the ſight, and riſk nothing. Lord, while others affect to be buſtling gameſters, let me *look on*, or rather *look up*. So ſhall, I at the expence of others, learn the vanity and bitterneſs of earthly things; and, by ſetting my affections on things above, ſhall win ALL for my glorious prize. "But why do theſe players "adviſe their bowls how to run or lie? can any "thing be more fooliſh!" And yet not more fooliſh and far leſs wicked, than my fretting at, and giving directive wiſhes to the divine, the unerring courſe of providence. "Surprizing! he that guided this bowl "blames it, not himſelf, for his wrong hit." Alas, my ſoul, how ready art thou to charge thy faults upon others; and even upon God himſelf! "What an "advantage is it for that unſkilful player, that he "hath a ſkilful companion to give him ground!" May Jeſus, the *Wonderful Counſellor*, always give me ground, and advice in all my motions; ſo ſhall I hit *the mark of the high calling of God* in him. "How "often the beſt directed bowls meet with rubs in "their way! theſe that lie ſhort of the mark, prove "ſtumblimg-blocks to others." Expecting manifold temptations, let me ſet off with full force towards Jeſus Chriſt, and the heavenly manſions; that nothing may be able to ſtop, or juſtle me out of my way. Let me never ſtop ſhort of this bleſſed *mark;* leſt I loſe what I have wrought; and by ſtumbling others, cauſe them to come ſhort of the glory of God. "Yonder bowl "has forcibly ſtruck home his fellow to the mark,

“ and turned off himſelf.” Lord Jeſus, let mighty ſtrokes of power, or preſſure, ſtrike me home to thyſelf, even to thy ſeat: but forbid, that I ſhould be the means of ſtriking home others, and never touch thee myſelf. Tremble, my ſoul, leſt, after inſtructing others, *I myſelf ſhould be caſt-away.* “ That the “ bowls may run right, the ground has been levelled, and the graſs cut ſhort.” How hard is it to move *towards the mark of the high calling of God in Chriſt Jeſus!* Through manifold variations of lot; or through rank, and abundant outward pleaſures and enjoyments; Lord, *lead me in a plain path*; and becauſe I am weak, and apt to wonder, *make thy way ſtraight before my face: lead* me *not into temptation, but deliver* me *from evil.* “ Here one far gone in a “ conſumption, lies to divert himſelf with the ſight “ of the game.” Poor ſoul, his cloſet is fitter for him than a bowling-green; prayer more proper than diverſion: but moſt men will die as they live; they will never be ſerious, till the flames of Tophet make them ſo.

“ Now the ſun is quite overclouded.” Alas, my God is overclouded! Vile, careleſs, carnal heart, how haſt thou baniſhed him from my ſight! what lenghts of diſtance lie between me and him! what clouds; what hills of guilt! Ah, how crimes have blotted my conſcience! how they fluſh crimſon confuſion into my face! I bluſh, and am aſhamed, to lift up my face unto God. How my conſcience ſtarts with terror! how my heart-ſtrings grow with deep complaint! how my fleſh lies panting for the Lord! how mute with concealed diſtreſs! how forſaken by care's cheerer, hope!—how long joy-widowed!—an hour is an age without his ſmile. What is lightleſs day without his beams! what is lifeleſs life without his quickening grace! When he abſents, what fills my ſoul; what but rank envy's gall; the leprous ſpot of pride; dropſied ambition; mad pleaſure's feveriſh heat; and the ſoul's conſumptive thirſt of earthly bliſs!--Alas, while my ſoul burnt with deſire to ſee him again, what troops of rivals tempt me off before his face! what new crowds of vanities and luſts, do I, with grief, and wonder ſee between him and my ſoul!—Oh, mad fooliſh heart, to leave thy God, to chaſe a ſhadow! O fickle, falſe breaſt, to entertain, to be fond of, every gueſt, rather than thy God! Lord, pity a ſoul that would fain be thine. O arreſt, priſon me round in thy embrace. O let thy power, thy love, confine my thoughts, my love to thee.—My ſoul, I charge thee to *wait on the Lord, that hideth his face*, and to *look for him.*—"Here "runs a beautiful ſtream." Thrice more beautiful river of Jeſus' blood, and bleſſed Spirit, which makes glad the church, the city of God! O the plenty, the purity, freeneſs, and eaſy acceſs to thee! here we may drink and waſh; all may drink and waſh; filthineſs can never pollute thy ſtream. Waſh here, my ſoul; *waſh ſeven times and be clean.*

"WHAT numbers fiſh in this river!" Lord, how great is thy goodneſs! at thy command both earth and ſea prepare us food: and when the one proves churliſh, the other often gives with a more liberal hand. "Here is a net drawn, which hath caught "nothing." Alas, how often do miniſters caſt the goſpel-net among multitudes, and yet draw none to Chriſt!—Alas, how many caſts of the net have I ſinfully ſhifted! "But here comes a net full of fiſhes, "ſmall and great." O the ſovereignty of God, in the converſion of men! he quickens and gathers whom, and when, and by whom he will. O when the day of Jeſus' power comes, how eaſy, pleaſant, and ſucceſsful is miniſters works!—When he draws, how cheerfully we run after him! but, alas, that Satan's net is ſo often full, and Chriſt's empty! "Here "others fiſh with bait." With bait of divine love didſt thou, Lord, catch me; and with loving kindneſs haſt thou drawn me. Redeeming love was line, was hook, was bait. But, ah, how often has Satan caught me; caught multitudes, with baits of ſinful, or carnal pleaſure, profit, or honour! Sad gain, which entails everlaſting ruin! "What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and loſe his own ſoul? *and*, what ſhall a man give in exchange for his ſoul!" "How greedily ſome fiſhes catch at "the bait; while others only look at it, and ſtart "back!"—Greedily may I ſwallow down, and apply Jeſus' love to my heart: but, at the firſt ſight, ſtart back, my ſoul, from Satan's baits. Never chuſe "the pleaſures of ſin, which are but for a ſeaſon. Love not the world, nor the things of the world; for if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him: for all that is in the world is but the luſt of the fleſh, the luſt of the eye, and the pride of life."—But, Lord, how often have I greedily ſeized Satan's baits; his moſt curſed, his moſt inſignificant baits; and no more than vainly gazed at, and wickedly ſtarted back from thine! "How ſimply theſe fiſh ſwallow the bait, without obſerving the hook!" Too juſt emblem of my folly, my ſtupidity! How often do I ſwallow ſinful baits, without conſidering the conſequence! O that I were wiſe; that I underſtood this; that I would conſider my laſt end! "but "when the fiſhes have bitten, why do not the an"glers immediately draw them out? It is to give "them line, that they may ſwallow the hook into "their belly, and ſo be more certainly caught." How craftily hath Satan, times without number, given me line; ſeemed to ceaſe from me, go out of me and given me my will, till I had ſwallowed his hooks, and pierced myſelf through with many ſorrows! Alas, how many of them are within me, which will inwardly rend and tear my ſoul while I live!——What a miracle is it that I live! what more than a miracle is it, that after all, not Satan, but Jeſus has caught me! What a mercy is it, that death haſtens to diſſolve my frame, that I may be perfectly freed from all the hooks of hell, all my corruptions and the conſequences thereof! "How yonder eel, in labouring to free herſelf, "hath ſo warped the line about her, that it is ſcarce-"ly poſſible to diſentangle her." And how often have I, by my ſinful toſſings, and irregular attempts to get out of trouble, ſo entangled myſelf in it, that God alone can conceive how I could be delivered!—Oh! if, in conſequence of my having received the heart-cultivating word of his grace, God would enable me ſo to warp his promiſes about all the powers of my ſoul, that neither ſin, nor hell, nor earth may be able to diſentangle them! "Some fiſh ſimply bite "at the very likeneſs of a fly; others barbarouſly "catch at the fleſh of their own tribe." What multitudes doth Satan catch with the moſt empty ſhadows! and if he enſnare us, he regards not how deſpicable the means be. How many feed upon their neighbour's fleſh; rejoice in his affliction; employ their tongues to tear his character; and their heart and hands to ruin his property!——Ah! that like the fiſhes of the ſea, we ſhould be eaſily *ſnared in an evil net;* and yet voracious devourers of our fellows! "What multitudes of baited lines, are in this part of the ſtream!" What multitudes of fiſhers hath Satan every where! how numerous are his temptations in every place, every circumſtance, and for every perſon! how aſtoniſhing his diligence; his deſtructive ſubtlety! —How often he makes uſe of the meaneſt things, or the beſt things, to catch and ruin men! Jeſus Chriſt is made a *ſtum-*

bling block, a *favour of death*, and his grace an occaſion of laſciviouſneſs. " But they chiefly fiſh in troubled waters, where the line is leaſt ſeen." So Jeſus often cauſeth us to *paſs under the rod*, and *bring* us *into the bond of* his *covenant*.—And in a day of deſertion, perplexity, ignorance, and confuſion, Satan chiefly lays ſnares for our ſoul. " Straws, and feathers, ſkim along the ſurface of this river; while " gold, or jewels, would ſink to the bottom." Let trifling thoughts, let carnal cares have ſmall impreſſion on, ſcanty reſidence in my heart and life: but let the golden Saviour, the weightier, the eternal things, ſink her whole depth, and reſt within. " Full " heaven, and but a narrow brink of earth, is painted by reflection in this ſtream." Scanty be the ſhare of earthly concerns in my heart and life: but let wide, wide views of heaven, be figured, be deep ingraven in my ſoul, and reflected in my life.—— " How quickly yonder foam dieth away into the " peaceful liquid!" So may the foam of my diſcontent, my angry paſſion, ſubſide into the calmeſt reſignation, the moſt peaceable patience, and a cheerful ſmile. " How reſtleſsly this current puſheth his way " to the ocean! No bars, no rocks, no ſtraits, ſtop " his courſe; no flowery banks tempt him aſide " from his channel." With patience and reſolution, puſh forward, my ſoul, to thy true centre, thy great ocean, God. Let no oppoſing temptation, no ſtraitening trouble, ſtop thy way: let no flowery bank of created enjoyments decoy thee from thy proper courſe. " At once, the ocean feeds this river's ſprings, and receives his watery tribute." And is not inexhauſted Godhead the ſource of all my bliſs? the final mark of all my praiſe? my great beginning, my middle, my end, my ALL?

" LET me aſcend this ſloping hill." How like the Chriſtian path! a ſweetly pleaſant, but laborious way. " Around I gaze on flowery regions, on proſpects fair.—All below appears a picture; a divine carpet ſpread below my feet; and nought is above but ſkies." Get down, you guilded duſt, let nothing be above my ſoul, but my heaven, my Saviour and my God: yet in creation ſearch, my thoughts, ſtill ſearch for your beloved: he is all ſhewed; all near; all preſent; yet unſeen.—If he pours into matter ſuch fullneſs to gratify our fivefold ſenſe; if he ſo royally furniſh this earthly priſon, this lodging of his meaneſt ſervants; what muſt be the glories of his preſence-chamber! Rather, if theſe faint copies are ſo glorious, what muſt be their ſource, their fair original of unbounded goodneſs, eſſential glory, and excellency!—But am I prieſt for this mute creation? what thouſands on every hand, urge me to offer quick their ſacrifices of praiſe to their maker!—Am I his ſon; his friend? let me ſurvey the earth, as the kingdom of my Father, where he meets me in every view, in retirements, and ſhades, till I ripen for the open glories of my coronation-day.

" FROM yonder cloud the thunder roars." In vain ſhould I hope to hide myſelf from it below theſe ruinous walls: more vainly ſhould I attempt to ſecure myſelf from the incenſed judge, from the omnipotence of wrath, by a ſhadowy profeſſion, and ruinous ſelf-righteouſneſs. " How terrible is this clap!" How tremendous is JEHOVAH's frown! how ſevere, though but the frown of love!——It is my Father's thunder; himſelf is here; my help is returned; he is come: he is come; fears check; pain's balm; the healing viſitant; the ſympathizing friend! after long abſence, how divinely ſweet is his felt return!—Let nature be ſeized with her expiring pangs; let hell arm her furies; roar on, you thunders; you lightnings flaſh; my untrembling breaſt is compoſed to peace; is ſweetly calmed; is quite aſſured with the felt pledges of a Saviour's love. "Thunder-ſtruck, now falls yon ſtately oak." O the danger of the proud; the great! how often God caſts abroad the rage of his wrath, and abaſes them!

"The thunder ceaſed, the fields unuſual brightneſs "wear." After what awful terrors has my comfort abounded! When Jeſus found me in my blood, ſtained through with every ſpot of hell; when he found me trembling and condemned; in my own thoughts undone; and waſhed me in his bleeding love; how his ſoftening Spirit melted my inward rock!—— how, with all my guilt, with all my fears, to him I turned; and felt him ſoon, my peace my joy!— how I feel him ſtill, a quickening head to me, his meaneſt member; his weak foot defiled! how am I pleaſed in him! how fixed; how ſafe; not in my hold of him; but in his of me!—Why ſhould I pine for earth? why languiſh for the ſhadow of a world? why envy others their ſhare of *vanity and vexation of ſpirit?* What is pleaſure, but a foam raiſed by our rapid ſenſe! what is diverſion, but the froth of a vain world! what is beauty but an outward toy, worn for the ſake of others! what is wealth, but the ſanctuary of baſe guilt! what is fame, but an empty breath on others lips! what is learning, but an hard gained boaſt of knowing what was known before!

"But being weak, and wearied with my journey, "I muſt reſt a while on this eminence." Hail, hail my ſoul, there remaineth a reſt for the people of God: there remains an eternal reſt for me: when weary and heavy laden with guilt and corruption, Jeſus hath called me; hath given, and promiſed reſt unto my ſoul.—He hath given me reſt in his covenant, in his blood, in his power, and in his love; and promiſed me reſt for ever on his throne.—This is my reſt, my refreſhing; here will I ſtay; for I do like it well.—But while my body ſits on this heap; let my ſoul fly aloft, and admire the Giver, the means of her reſt.—Was HE, who made arch-angels, ſent forth in the likeneſs of ſinful fleſh for ME; that I might become like the angels in heaven; might for ever ſit with thrones and dominions; for ever vie with them in ſongs of praiſe: Did HE that ſtretched out the heavens; HE, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain; lie in a womb, in a ſtable, in a manger, in a grave for ME; that I might have an houſe eternal in the heavens; that the Moſt High might be my everlaſting habitation? Did the eſſential brightneſs of the Father's glory; HE, who made the ſhining ſtars; HE, who decked the ſky with theſe bright oceans of flame; lie concealed in deſpicable Nazareth, lie contemned on earth; that he might plant the heavens with new ſtars, of men redeemed, and even with wretched ME; Did HE, who gilt the dazzling ſun, give his bleſſed face to ſhame and ſpitting; that I might for ever ſhine as the ſun in the firmament of his Father? Did HE, who decked the changing moon, bright empreſs of the night, put on our robes of clay; of guilt; and dip his veſture in his ſacred blood; that my *Sun of righteouſneſs* might no more go down; and that my moon of ſubjective grace and happineſs, might no more withdraw her ſhining? Did HE, who launched the wandering planets, appear on earth as a reſtleſs fugitive; that he might ſeek and find a loſt, a wandering wretch, and fix ME in eternal bliſs? Did HE, who, with unerring hands moves, and guides the flaming ponderous comet, whoſe ſhock is nature's wreck, bear ſuch fiery, ſuch confounding ſhocks of woe; that I might be delivered from endleſs, from almighty ſhocks of divine ire; and from the horrid tempeſt of the unruly, jarring paſſions of my heart? Did GOD, who tunes the thunder's awful roar, weep, ſigh, groan, roar, and die for ME; that my endleſs anguiſh, and infernal roaring, might be changed into notes of everlaſting praiſe? Did HE, who caſts abroad the rage of his wrath, in lightnings fierce deſtructive flame, kindly ſubmit to all his Father's wrath, all his enemies rage; that he might obtain forgiveneſs, everlaſting peace, and life for ME? Did HE, who made the ſcowling pregnant clouds, pour out his prayers, his tears, his blood, his ſoul for ME; that unſeen ſkies might pour down righteouſneſs, and the opened windows of heaven, for ever rain ſalvation upon ME? Did HE, who rules the ſtormy tempeſt, endure the winter-blaſts of boundleſs wrath for ME; that I might enter into endleſs calms of peace, and ſtormleſs manſions of felicity? Did HE, who arms the baleful peſtilence, ſubmit himſelf to all the ſhame, to all the pains of death; that he might be the plague of death, the deſtruction of the grave for ME? Did the *Creator of all the ends of the earth*, who *fainteth not, neither is weary*, labour under the load of my guilt, my griefs and ſorrows; and, being weary, ſit thus on Jacob's well, lie in a garden, and in a grave, for ME; that my ſoul, my fleſh, might reſt in hope; that I might reſt for ever in JEHOVAH's boſom, be eternally loaded with his benefits, and have all my earthly wearineſs working for me an *exceeding and eternal weight of glory?* Did HE, who weighs the mountains in ſcales, ſink beneath our loads of woe, to heave the more than mountainous burden from a guilty world? Did HE, who made the ſpacious deep, ſink in deep waters, where there was no ſtanding; drink oceans of divine fury; that I, the rightful heir of endleſs woe, might eternally ſwim in oceans of redeeming love, and quaff rivers of unmixed, and immortal bliſs? Did HE, whoſe is the heavens, the earth, the ſea, and fulneſs thereof, become poor, that I through his poverty might be come rich, *filled with all the fulneſs of God?*—What melting! what ſtupendous truths are theſe!

Creation, liberal of comforts to guilty, worthleſs men,—to me, why withhold them from thy great, thy rightful Lord? Bethlehem, why not allow him a chamber for his birth, a cradle for his bed? Canaan, why deny the holy child Jeſus, the innocent, the heavenly babe, a peaceful reſidence? City of God, why refuſe him an habitation? Ye fertile fields, why ſuffer him to be hungry? Ye rivers, ye fountains of water, which allow wild aſſes to drink their fill, why refuſe to quench his thirſt! Ye houſes, ye chambers, why deny him a *where to lay his head?* Ye cattle, which feed on a thouſand hills, why all your tribes, but one dull aſs, refuſe to grace his ſolemn triumph? Ye inexhauſted mines of gold and ſilver, why allow but the rate of a ſlave for his *goodly price?* Judas, why betray thy friend? Peter, why with curſes deny thy God, thy Saviour? Ye diſciples, why forſake your kind, your adored maſter? Ye prieſts, rulers, Gentiles, and people of Iſrael, why reproach, condemn, and crucify your Maker? Ye angels, who ſlew the Aſſyrian hoſt; who delivered Lot from the overthrow; why, as idle ſpectators, look on your ſuffering Lord? Almighty Father, why deſert the Son of thy love? thy only-begotten Son? why ſo far from his roaring? why exhauſt thy flaming fury upon him, in whom thy ſoul delighteth?—Why does my fancy rove!—Ah—my ſins did all!—for ever ſhamed, loathed, curſed, and confounded let them be.——And O for-ever prized, loved, admired, adored, and bleſſed let Jeſus be.——I am loſt in wonder and inflamed with love.——Had I ten thouſand ſouls, my Lord, I give them all away in love to thee.

“ But I muſt now riſe, and proceed on my journey.” And may not I, with the patriarch, cheerfully lift up my feet to walk, and my heart to rejoice; for the day of my *redemption draweth nigh?* Let me call this ſpot Bethel. To me it hath been *the houſe of God, and gate of heaven:* I have ſeen God *face to face,* in the perſon of his Son, the Man who is his fellow, and am preſerved. O children, come hither, *taſte and ſee that the Lord is good.* “ Now I I am come into a very deſert place.” But I am not alone, for the Father is with me; he will never leave me nor forſake me: let me improve his preſence, walk before him, and be perfect: let me never be leſs alone, than when ſequeſtrate from the world: let Jeſus converſe with me, and let his comforts delight my ſoul.—Ye troops of angels, by faith I diſcern your preſence: may I walk in your company, as with *wiſe* ſpirits, that can judge what I do or ſay; may I walk as with *holy* ones, that hate every falſe and wicked way.

“ Yonder is a burying place.” Her retired ſituation ſuggeſts her ſolemn language: let me turn aſide and converſe a while with the dead: let me be previouſly acquainted with my future companions. O what a volume of divine ſenſe is the grave! duſt and aſhes loudly preach man's infinite concern. Here lieth the infant, hurried from the belly to this dark vault of death. Yonder lieth another, cut off in the bloom of youth.—Here is a young man, who died in his prime.—Yonder lieth one that departed in the noon-tide of life, and in the fulneſs of his ſtrength, amidſt the hurry of his buſineſs, and the flow of his wealth.—Here lieth the kind huſband, the laborious parent, who ſupported his numerous family by the toil of his hands, and now hath left them deſtitute.—Yonder is interred the man of grey hairs, who a thouſand times reſolved reformation, and at eighty died in his wickedneſs.—Here lieth the fine lady; the rich; the learned; the great; the honourable.—Falſe marble, where? O madneſs! is there ſtate in death? mockery too ſevere for my worſt foe! deep proof of pride in man: nothing but ſcattered aſhes, nothing but waſted ſpoils of old mortality, nothing but ſordid duſt, and noiſome vermine, lie here. How many graves here hold my younger? with what ſolemn awe every grave addreſſeth me, Make haſte, and come away!—Relentleſs, iron-hearted death, careſt thou not for the perſon or concerns of any? Keepeſt thou no ſtated time? Let me then *be always ready* to receive thy ſtroke: let Jeſus who died for his murderers, Jeſus thy plague, thy death, be mine: let him ever ſtand at my right hand, that I may not be moved: then at thy pleaſure ſtrike; with gladneſs I kiſs thy rod; *O death, where is thy ſting? O grave, where is thy victory?* "In theſe graves nature is huſh'd; proud diſturbers make no more noiſe." Be ſtill, my ſoul, and know that the Lord is God: when I tread on duſt, once honoured duſt, let me tread my pride, my youthful vanity, and the moon of this world, under my feet.—But think, my heart, with what ſolemnity theſe dead ſhall, at the latter day, ariſe, ſome to everlaſting life, and ſome to everlaſting ſhame and contempt.

"WITH no ſmall difficulty, I am at laſt come to "my friend's houſe, and the ſalutation is over." Who knows how ſuddenly I muſt go to my *long home*: to my friend Jeſus' manſions! how quickly angels, nay, divine perſons, ſhall welcome me to my everlaſting abode! Lord, haſten it in its time.

"IN yonder corner, the ſuſpended ſpider, from "her bowels, ſpins and weaves her web of vanity "and miſchief: already the unweary fly is entangled "to her ruin." Ye ſons of men, what is our righ-

teouſneſs, but a *ſpider's web?* it may entangle and ruin us, as yonder fly; but can nowiſe recommend us to the favour of God. Count, therefore, my ſoul, all things but loſs and dung, to win Chriſt, and be found in him; not having my own righteouſneſs, which is of the law, but the righteouſneſs which is by the faith of Jeſus Chriſt, the righteouſneſs which is of God by faith. "But the venomous *ſpider ta-*
"*keth hold with her hand, and is in kings palaces.*" So let me, a worthleſs worm, an envenomed ſinner, by the hand of faith, take hold of the new covenant, that I may dwell for ever in the palace of King Jeſus; and even now thruſt myſelf into the moſt intimate fellowſhip with him: let me *in no wiſe* conſent to be *caſt out*.

"THE fever threatens to return upon me; my "fleſh warms; my breath ſhortens; my pulſe beats "high." Good is the will of the Lord; for I know, that in love and in faithfulneſs he will afflict me; but let me praiſe him for ſo timing my trouble; for preventing it while I was in the deſart, where no man was to care for my ſoul; and now let my faith in Jeſus beat high; let my heart warm with love burn with deſire, and break with breathing hard after him. O to have his love ſhed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghoſt, to inflame and ſicken my ſoul with love to him that loved me, and gave himſelf for me!

"CALL a phyſician." But firſt call Jeſus the Phyſician of value, the Lord my God that healeth me: pray for me; *if you find my beloved, tell him that* the worthleſs *he*, whom HE loveth is ſick of a fever, and *ſick of love*. Happy am I, ſeemingly dying amidſt ſuch as fear God, and have moyen with him. Rather would I die among wild beaſts than among carnal men, who but harden and defile their departing friend, by unconcerned looks, carnal converſe, and deſtructive flattery.——Ah, companions only fit for dying brutes.

Physicians, do not diſſuade me from thoughts of death: adviſe not my friends to conceal from me their fears of my approaching diſſolution. Moſes the man of God, the adept of knowledge human and divine, and Iſrael's mighty ſovereign, the man according to God's heart, prayed for ſolid views of death. Iſrael's God repreſents the conſideration of death as the ſchool, the ſum of true wiſdom: dare you then repreſent it as hurtful? Is it for any to venture on a blind leap into eternity;—to leap into heaven or hell by gueſs?

“ My life is doubtful.” Alas,—ſo now is the ſalvation of my ſoul; now the ſweet promiſes which once refreſhed me, are to my heart as a barren wilderneſs, and a land of drought: innumerable and fearful challenges oppreſs my conſcience; guilt racks my waking heart, and frights my ſlumbering eyes: the iniquities of my youth muſter themſelves in array againſt me: with horror I behold my whole life filled with vanity and wickedneſs: Overlook ſins of youth as trifles, who will, now, in the jaws of death, they appear to me, sins, stinging sins, indeed. Satan fearfully tempts and aſſaults me: God hides himſelf from me; and frowns upon me; while I ſuffer his terrors, I am fearfully diſtracted: my hopes of future happineſs are torn up by the roots; I apprehend God is ſwearing that I ſhall never enter into his reſt, and that ſince I am filthy, I ſhall be filthy ſtill.—Lord, ſtop this awful oath; ſwear not againſt me in thy wrath.—Haſt thou not ſworn, that thou haſt no pleaſure in the death of him that dieth?—Is thy mercy clean gone? wilt thou be favourable no more? doth thy promiſe, thy promiſe ſpoke to me at *****, fail for evermore? haſt thou in anger ſhut up all thy tender mercies?—Ah thrice dreadful thought!—how my ſoul ſhudders with horror at the view of an immediate appearance before God!—O how ſhall I ſhift death! how can I eſcape the damnation of hell!

But, Lord, art not thou *able to ſave to the uttermoſt?* Where can thy uttermoſt be?—Oh ſweet word, *able to ſave to the uttermoſt!* and was it inſerted for me, who have ſinned *to the uttermoſt?* Lord Jeſus, I lay myſelf down at thy feet a *ſinner to the uttermoſt*, needing and begging a *ſalvation to the uttermoſt;* and *if I periſh, I periſh;—I will die here:*—all in ropes of guilt, and cords of iniquity, I proſtrate myſelf before thee: "My heart fainteth for thy ſalvation; but I hope in thy word." Neceſſity makes me hope, for to whom elſe can I go? "thou alone haſt the words of eternal life." Lord, I cannot bear the thoughts of being for ever condemned to curſe the God of my life; to be eternally an outrageous hater of Chriſt, and an endleſs prey of luſts. O receive a poor ſinner, that CANNOT, and WILL NOT ſhift without thee!

Is this thy voice? "For the iniquity of his covetouſneſs was I wroth, and ſmote him; I hid me, and was wroth; and he went on frowardly in the way of his heart. I have ſeen his ways, and I will heal him: I will lead him alſo; and I will reſtore comforts to him, and to his mourners." Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.—But what if Satan, to deceive me, hath ſuggeſted this promiſe! "Stolen waters are ſweet, and bread eaten in ſecret is pleaſant.——Lord, ſave me from deluſion in the very porch of eternity.——As thy word I take it. Oh ſhew me, whether a promiſe injected by Satan could ſo abaſe me and my righteouſneſs to the very duſt; could ſo warm my heart with deſire towards thee. Thou that knoweſt what is in man, *ſearch me, and try me;* diſcover plainly to me what is my ſtate and caſe. Suffer me not to hang by the frail, the breaking thread of life, without knowing but next moment I muſt drop into eternal fire. O confirm thy gracious word: let it more effectually penetrate into my heart.

Lord, *how excellent is thy loving kindneſs!* While I was yet ſpeaking, thou haſt heard.——Now is come ſalvation and ſtrength—He is come, the Comforter that relieves my ſoul. Now—my doubts are ſolved; my clouds of guilt and fear are ſcattered; my temptations foiled; my luſts repreſſed; my heart leaps for joy.—Now I hear Jeſus powerfully whiſpering to my heart, " In a little wrath I hid myſelf from thee for a moment, but with everlaſting kindneſs will I have mercy on thee, ſaith the Lord thy Redeemer. Is Ephraim my dear ſon? is he a pleaſant child? for ſince I ſpake againſt him, I do earneſtly remember him ſtill; I ſurely will have mercy on him, ſaith the Lord."—Now I have *found him whom my ſoul loveth;* I hold him, and will not let him go. As *a bundle of myrrh*, and *cluſter of camphire*, he lies *between my breaſts;* and through his grace I reſolve hereafter to truſt in him, though he ſhould ſlay me.—O Chriſtian friends, ſtir not up, nor awake my LOVE, till he pleaſe.—Now my ſick-bed ſeems ſofter than down; a paradiſe indeed! love-ſickneſs to him ſo overpowers my heart, that I ſcarce feel the ailment of my body! Now every former viſit of his love is confirmed:—now my ſoul is all wonder, and all reſignation to his will! How I behold the glory of his perſon, and taſte the ſweetneſs of his love! How, Lord, my ſoul admires! how ſhe bleſſeth thee for thine early ſtriving with my conſcience; thine early conqueſt of my heart! O how grace hath reigned and abounded towards me! What profit my diſeaſes have brought! the joy overcomes the pain: my cheerful ſoul looks through the ruins of her clay: the everlaſting hills through every chink appear; the ſhines of heaven ruſh ſweetly in at all the gaping flaws: had the priſon-walls of my body been ſtrong and whole, I had leſs of glory ſeen; I had leſs enjoyed the ſweet gales, and the freſh air of heaven. O may the ruins wider grow, till my ſoul eſcape, and ſing, and ſoar away! Soon may the ſtorms of trouble beat my houſe of bondage down, and let the priſoner fly! O how ſweetly grace elevates me to unuſual heights, till I am near his preſence come, where floods of glory check my view, and quite entrance my heart! how by ſtrong-winged faith, and flaming love, I climb the laſting hills, trace the golden ſtreets, walk with ſtars, and ſurvey the realms above! how Jeſus bears my raptured ſenſe away: my thought and ſoul to God!—O eternity! unfathomable ſea! O ſhoreleſs deeps, where living waters gently play!———O Godhead! vaſt abyſs of eſſential goodneſs and excellency!——Ocean of infinites, where all our thoughts are drowned! O love immenſe; a ſea without a ſhore; that ſpreads life and joy abroad! O to bid farewell to this ſordid world; this little dwelling-place of worms; this atmoſphere of ſin, calamity, and grief; this bedlam of the univerſe! Dead be my heart to all below; to mortal joy and mortal care. Be gone for ever, deathful things: you mighty mole-hill earth, farewell. My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue, there is nothing here for you.——How my ſoul languiſheth for the habitation of the Moſt High;———the ſacred retreat, where God ſhall be my ALL IN ALL! where I ſhall *ſee him as he is!* My paſſions hardly bear the length of ſlow delaying years.—O to ſee, and ſing, and love, as angels do! It is a heaven worth dying for, to ſee a ſmiling God! Quit, quit, O my ſoul, thy mortal frame, ceaſe thy fond ſtruggle, and languiſh into life. It is not life, but death I leave: I give my droſs to death; and all the reſt to Chriſt my God.

"Love almighty, love almighty, love almighty, "reigns."—Was I raving on redeeming love? No wonder, it reigns in, it melts, it raviſheth my heart. —O how in endleſs tranſport, and in fulneſs of reaſon, ſhall I for ever rove, through all my Jeſus' labours, and his love; the anguiſh of his croſs, and triumphs of his throne? O the ſovereignty of his love to me! while I lie diſſolving in his arms, melting in his everlaſting kindneſs, how many of my ſchool-fellows,—my fellow youth are permitted to ſleep in Satan's embrace, and run headlong into endleſs fire!—O why loved he me, and gave himſelf for me! even ſo Jeſus, becauſe it ſeemed good in thy ſight; and what am I, that I ſhould withſtand God? Turn never away thy love from me, for it hath overcome me.—How gladly would I leave father and mother, ſiſters and brethren; how gladly would I die in youth, to depart and *be with Chriſt, which is far better!* O his love; his love; his fairneſs and excellency! Ah, that he ſhould have ſo few lovers!—But *I connot ſpeak of* HIM, *for I am a child.*

"My ſickneſs is ſore: my pains are ſharp." But herein is my joy fulfilled, that whether I die in a rave, or in extremity of pain, I ſhall *die in the Lord.* He is with me in the valley of the ſhadow of death, his rod and ſtaff comfort me, therefore I fear no evil. O how my King is held in death's dark galleries!

rather, how he priſons me round in his embrace! thrice ſweet embrace!—What is death here, but an eaſy tribute for my entrance into endleſs joy?—on earth life dies; it lives beyond the grave. What is death, but a dark lattice letting in eternal day!—O death, my great counſellor, deliverer, enricher, period of pain, and ſource of joy, have over. Lo, here is my paſs to the immediate preſence of God! behold it is written with the blood of the lamb!—Though my heart be not ſo with God, as I would wiſh, yet he hath made with me "the everlaſting covenant, ordered in all things and ſure; and this is all my ſalvation, and all my deſire." No pains I dread; if he but ſhew his love: no curſe I fear; Chriſt was *made a curſe* for me: no awful iſſue racks my heart; "Who can lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that juſtifieth; who is he that condemneth! It is Chriſt that died; yea, rather, that is riſen again, and is ſet down at the right hand of God." I am perſuaded, that neither death, nor life, things preſent, nor things to come, ſhall ever be able to ſeparate me from the love of God, which is in Chriſt Jeſus my Lord.

"PHYSICIANS, are there indeed hopes of my recovery?" Alas! will recovery turn up life, my title to more woe, more ſin! more diſtance from my God! Am I to be ſhipwrecked into health! muſt I a-new return from the harbour of everlaſting reſt, into a ſtormy ſea of corruption, temptation, and trouble?—Ah, muſt my ſoul continue paying ſo dear rent, for her ill lodging!—But *it is the Lord; let him do what ſeemeth him good:* it is *enough*, that *my beloved is mine and I am his.*—All the heaven I wiſh below, is to taſte his love: and all the heaven I wiſh above, is but to ſee his face.—Yet a little, little while, and he that cometh, will come, and will not tarry: though the viſion be yet for an appointed time, at the end it ſhall ſpeak, and ſhall not lie. Wait for it, becauſe it will SURELY come, and will not tarry; let not me deſert my watch-tower, till God call me off.——If I die, I ſhall praiſe him: and if I live, through his grace, I ſhall praiſe him while I have a being: I will make known his truth and kindneſs to the following generation.

" BUT the fever being abated, I am ſeized with " a flux." What a maſs of corruption am I! How ſtupendous is the power of God, in ſupporting me under this double diſtemper! " Now I am alſo af-" fected with an inflammation." Death is certainly in the cup.—Not certainly, my ſoul; for in ſix troubles he can deliver me, and in ſeven, no evil may come near me. But, if I recover, my life will certainly be a triple wonder, a threefold eſcape from death at once.—May God give me a triple grace, to live anſwerably to it.—But now lying on the threſhold of eternity, a diſtinguiſhed, and unparalleled debtor to the mercy of God, whether I die or live, I have but one petition to aſk; and I hope God will not ſay me NAY: That all the days of my life, and for ever, I may continually ſink deeper in debt to his ſovereign grace, dwell in his houſe, behold his beauty, and inquire reverently in his temple.

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OF A

SUMMER-DAY.

" NOW I am awake, and able to riſe from my " bed." Lord, what am I, that thou ſhouldſt have brought me hitherto! how many thouſands are in eternity! are in hell, ſince I lay down! how many thouſands ſeized with trouble, and chained to their bed! how many this moment feel death, and his vaſt variety of pain! how many pine with churliſh want! how many drink the baleful cup of grief; and eat the bitter bread of miſery! how many point the parting anguiſh over the dying friend! Am I better than they? No, in no wiſe; bleſs therefore the Lord, O my ſoul, and forget not all his benefits.

" But how come I forth from this bed?" Is it as Tamar did from her brother's chamber, full of guilt and ſhame? Have I thereon deviſed evil, or followed after vanity?—have filthy dreams defiled my fleſh?* have carnal and ſelfiſh ſlumbers polluted my heart. Have I ſlept to the glory of God? when I awaked, was I ſtill with him? did I remember him upon my bed, and meditate on him in the night-watches? did the ſpiritual turn of my dreams bear witneſs, that the multitude of my buſineſs is to hold communion with God*? "I hope the morning "is agreeable." But is this my happieſt? No: "I forget the things which are behind; and reach forth unto theſe which are before," at the reſurrection of the juſt. Thrice happy morning that! By faith, methinks, I already hear the great archangel ſounding his trumpet, and ſaying to my dead body, "Ariſe, my love, my fair one, and come away; the winter *of death* is paſt, the rain *of trouble* is over and gone. *Awake thou that ſleepeſt;* and ariſe from the dead, *and Chriſt ſhall give thee light.* Awake and ſing, ye that dwell in the duſt:" Chriſt's dead body ſhall you ariſe; your dew ſhall be as the dew of herbs.—With what gladneſs ſhall I then ariſe, and go to Jeſus, mine exceeding joy!

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* *Jude*, ver. 8.

"But now I muſt ſhift myſelf, and put on my "clothes." *Naked came I out of my mother's belly, and naked ſhall I return thither.* Stript of all things, I muſt quickly deſcend to the grave.—Sin made nakedneſs ſhameful, and hurtful.—Alas, how am I covered with its guilt, and blotted with its ſtains! O Jeſus, waſh me in thy blood, that I may be *whiter than the ſnow.* "How refreſhing to my body are "theſe clean linens!" But how much more reſreſhing it is to my ſoul, when Jeſus enableth me to put off the corrupt old man with his deeds, and put on himſelf, for my righteouſneſs and ſanctification; put on his pure righteouſneſs and grace† !—How refreſhing, to put off the vile rags of corruption and mortality, and put on the clean garments of perfect holineſs, immortality and endleſs felicity‡ !

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* *Eccl.* v. 3. † *Rev.* xix. 8. ‡ 2 *Cor.* v. 4.

"Now I am ſtarted to my feet." But, my ſoul, art thou grovelling on the earth? or doſt thou ſtand on the Rock of ages, and tower in deſire towards heavenly things? "My eyes are quite opened." But is my underſtanding opened, to underſtand the ſcripture, to diſcern JEHOVAH in his greatneſs and love; JESUS in his beauty, fullneſs and grace; ſin in its vileneſs; ſelf in his baſeneſs; the world in her withering vainneſs? Know I the Lord my God! "My clothes are put on." What are they, but badges of my ſhame? whence came they? are they not borrowed from the beaſts and fields? and is it not a mercy that *the borrower is* not *ſervant to the lender?* O the kindneſs of God, in ſtripping innocent fields, guiltleſs flocks, and harmleſs vermine, to clothe me a ſinner! O his aſtoniſhing kindneſs, in ſtripping his dear Son of his glorious apparel, and clothing him with clay, guilt, and condemnation; that I might be made *all glorious within*, and have my *raiment of wrought gold;* that I might be arrayed with the ſilken robe, the full atonement of Jeſus, who become *a worm, and no man:* that I might be decked and warmed with the fleece of the *Lamb of God;* and adorned with the righteouſneſs of him, my burnt-ſacrifice! "Natural clothes do not warm me, but merely retain the heat which I communicate to them." But my divine robes truly warm my cold ſoul with foreign, with celeſtial fire: wrapt in them, by a cloſe application of Jeſus, as my righteouſneſs and ſtrength, I can but melt, and burn with love, to him who *loved me, and gave himſelf for me.* His obeying, his dying love, believed with my heart, kindles all her powers into a moſt vehement flame.

"BUT I muſt waſh myſelf in this clean water, "to refreſh, cool, and purify me.,' My ſoul, when thy corruptions wax warm; when the fire of luſt begins to kindle; when thou art wearied with the greatneſs of thy way: when thou art ſcorched with Satan's fiery darts; when thou art defiled by the flying duſt of carnal care, or by falling into the mire of any ſinful practice; bathe thyſelf in Jeſus' blood; waſh thyſelf in the influences of his Spirit; ſo ſhall thy luſts cool and weaken, thy wearineſs be removed, thy temptations be foiled, and thy ſpots purged. Waſh thine hands in innocence, and ſo compaſs the alter of God. Waſh on, till thou art without ſpot, or wrinkle, or any ſuch thing.

"Now let me examine my appearance in this "looking glaſs." My mirror, flatter me not; too often have I flattered myſelf, when I examined my ſoul by the mirror of God's word." "Shewеſt thou "me a beautiful countenance?" A beautiful body is but a comely priſon; *beauty is* but *vain*, but ſkin-deep, and ſhort-lived; and *favour is deceitful.*—How quickly will old age, or death, turn my *comelineſs into corruption!* my *beauty into burning!*—My beauty is but borrowed from God: let me not worſhip it in his ſtead!—let not me, as of the old ſerpent, have comelineſs in my countenance, and pride, corruption, and luſt, reigning in my heart.—Let my beauty be in the inner-man; beauty that will triumph over death, and the grave.—If my outward beauty be inferior to that of others, let me be more eminently holy in all manner of converſation. "If my face "be ugly and freckled;" let it ſerve for a ſtanding memorial of my more unſightly heart, and ſpotted life; let it puſh me to inſure union with Chriſt, "who ſhall change *my* vile body, and make it like "unto his glorious body."—"Is my conntenance "furrowed with wrinkles, and withered with decay? "are my teeth rotten, or falling out?" Theſe are hints from heaven, that I am near the end of my journey; death approacheth near; the furrow of the grave is opening for me; quickly ſhall I drop into it, and rot under its clods; quickly ſhall my *ſpirit return to God, who gave it.*—But, my ſoul, have I ſeen Jeſus to-day? is it the great buſineſs of my life, to behold as in a glaſs his glory, that I may be changed into his image? Am I *ſtanding on the ſea of glaſs, mingled with fire,* before his throne? Do I depend on his righteouſneſs, Spirit, and love, in all my dealings with Heaven, earth, and hell?

"Now methinks I am handſomely dreſſed." But how much precious time, time more precious than kingdoms, have I took to dreſs a living dunghill, a morſel for worms!—How ſlightly have I looked up to God, to adorn me with his grace, and enable me to adorn his doctrine, and my profeſſion, with an holy converſation, by being in his fear *all the day long!* How little do I live in putting on the Lord Jeſus, and boaſting myſelf in the imputed robes of his righteouſneſs!

"Let me now retire to my cloſet, and begin the day with God." Awake, my dull, my drowſy heart; awake, utter a ſong, praiſe the Lord for his goodneſs; for he hath done excellent things, which are known in all the earth. Bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul, that I am not awaked in hell; not ſurrounded with infernal flame; that I am freſh and vigorous; that I have a competent portion of liberty, honour, and wealth; that I have a houſe to dwell in, bread to eat, and raiment to put on; that the family are ſafe and ſound; that I have agreeable friends and neighbours; and, what is more than all, have GOD, have JESUS, to be mine.—My heart is fixed; my heart is fixed; with grace will I ſing pſalms of praiſe, in the aſſured hope, that my lips ſhall for ever pour forth loud hoſannas, and hallelujahs to God "that ſitteth on the throne, and to the lamb."

"LET me read his precious word;" it is the glaſs by which I am to examine my heart, ſpeech, and behaviour; it is my guide in the way to glory; it is my armour to defend myſelf, and ſlay my ſpiritual foes; it is the food, the *ſincere milk*, on which my ſoul liveth.—Thrice ſweet promiſe! how exactly ſuited to my caſe! how richly ſtored! how pregnant with the goodneſs of God! how raviſhing to my heart! Where waſt thou during the late—circumſtances of my ſoul! Often I have read thee, but never felt thy power as now.——Sweet myſtery! doctrine of God in my nature, loving, undertaking, obeying, dying, riſing again, and interceding for me! it is like honey to my mouth; it penetrates to the bottom of my heart; it is "like new wine, going down ſweetly."—Juſt commandment of Heaven, how pleaſantly doſt thou awe my conſcience, reprove my ſin, direct my path, and ſway my will!—Say could ten thouſand years peruſial of plays and romances, afford ſuch pleaſure to a ſoul, as theſe few lines of inſpiration have done to mine? can ſouls immortal feed on fancies! Surely not; except to future woe. You ſons and daughters of pleaſure, retire and read your Bibles, to be gay.

"NOW I will call on God," and he ſhall ſave me. —What am I, to be thus admitted into JEHOVAH's preſence, and to enjoy intimate fellowſhip with him! How am I, who am but duſt and aſhes, allowed to talk with God, as a man with his friend! while I am yet ſpeaking, he anſwers, and ſaith, *I am the Lord thy God.* So ſweetly his promiſes crowd in my heart, that cordial AMENS are all the requeſts I have room to offer. Now, Lord, thou haſt given me the "ſpirit of grace and ſupplication. *Now he* helpeth *mine* infirmities, *and* maketh interceſſion *for me* with groanings which cannot be uttered." My heart and fleſh cry out for God, the living God. Now I wax bold to aſk, without doubting, all that is Chriſt's; grace, glory, and every good thing; for he "is mine, and I am his: *God* ſpared not his own Son: and ſhall he not with him freely give *me* all things?" May proſperity attend his cauſe among men; let my right hand forget her cunning, if I forget Jeſus' honour, Jeſus church, when it is well with me.—But, O ſweet frame, whither art thou fled? why ſo quickly fled? in the place, in the duty, where God talked with me, he is gone up from me. Alas, what can a ſoul ſeparated from God do, but languiſh in diſquiet, and be tormented with perpetual agitation? But, bleſſed Jeſus, "the ſame yeſterday, to-day, and for ever;" though frames, though heart and fleſh faint and fail, thou ſhalt never fail me. I ſhall ſee thee again, and my heart ſhall rejoice, and my joy ſhall no man take from me. Quickly do I hope to ſee the time, when God ſhall hide his face from me no more; when my heart ſhall be ſo arreſted with the powerful influence of redeeming love, as to be for ever incapable of wandering, ſo inflamed, as never to cool. My requeſts being preſented to God in the name of his Son, let me leave them before his throne, and daily wait for his gracious anſwer: let me inforce them by a frequent repetition of them, and carefully obſerve divine providence, to diſcern when they are fulfilled; and ſo "underſtand the loving-kindneſs of the Lord."

"Let me now worſhip God with my family." The length of my journey, and the urgent labour of my ſervants, loudly call us off from it: but dare I prefer the advance of a few paces travelling, or a job of eartly buſineſs, to the command, the enjoyment of our God? Lord forbid, that I ſhould rob thee of time, regard, or ſervice, to beſtow it upon a worthleſs ungrateful, periſhing world. The louder its hurry roar for our attendance, there is the more need to have our ſoul fully ballaſted with thy grace. While it gives us time to eat, drink, or ſleep; let us be aſhamed to ſay, that we have no time for the family to worſhip God: are our bodies, our belly, dearer to us than our God? Never let us take a breakfaſt for theſe, and deny it to our ſoul: let never my careleſs neglect employ the weeping prophet as my chaplain: God forbid that my houſe ſhould have a concern in his awful prayer, "Pour out thy fury upon the Heathen, that know thee not, and upon the families that call not upon thy name."

"THOUGH but lately riſen, I am ſet down to "breakfaſt." But in the earlieſt bloom of life, did I begin to feed on Jeſus' fleſh and blood? Was he *my truſt from my mother's belly?* had I ſcarce adieued her ſupporting arms, when I began to feaſt on his love? "Here is plentiful proviſion, proviſion "ſuited to all our appetites." Lord, how rich thy bounty! how aſtoniſhing thy kindneſs, in cauſing ſea and land, places near and diſtant, concur to furniſh this meal for us rebellious ſinners! But, friends, is not this entertainment, full of Chriſt, the glorious, the ſweet proviſion, which came down from heaven? Can I partake of pottage, coffee, or chocolate without lifting up my heart to him, who, as the *fruit of the earth, excellent and comely,* was roaſted in flames, and grinded in the mill of unbounded wrath; that being, as it were, mingled with the full flood of everlaſting love, with the Spirit of all grace, he might be delicate proviſion for me! Can I drink this far-brought tea, without enrapturing thoughts of the labour, the expence of Heaven, in preparing and bringing Jeſus near, to undertake for me; to obey, and die for me; dwell in, and for ever feed me! “ How “ marvellous the art and labour which prepared this “ ſweetening ſugar!” Thrice more marvellous the art, the love, the labour, which fitted all-ſweetening Jeſus, and his all-ſweetening redemption, for me! and, bleſſed be God, their price cannot be raiſed! “ How rich and pure this milk!” But far more rich, pleaſant, nouriſhing, and reſtoring, *the ſincere milk of God's word.* May I deſire and feed on it, that I *may grow thereby.* “ How ſweet this “ *butter of kine*, and honey of bees!” Far ſweeter is JEHOVAH's promiſe to my heart: Jeſus, by conveying all things through himſelf, and his new covenant, hath made them brooks of honey and butter to my ſoul. “ How excellent this bread, that ſtrengtheneth our heart!” Thrice more excellent art thou, my bleſſed and bruiſed Redeemer, in all the earth! evermore give thou, be thou the bread which ſupports my ſoul, my unfailing *ſtaff of bread, and whole ſtay of water.*—With pleaſure may I ever apply thy perſon, thy offices, thy relations, and works, that my ſoul may be ſtrengthened and excited to every good work and deed.—But if this ſmall table, this ſingle meal contain ſo much, what muſt be in God himſelf? how rich my endleſs entertainment, when filled with all the fulneſs of God!

“ LET me now take my horſe, and ride my Jour-“ ney.” What am I, to have a horſe, which many, and even Jeſus, wanted! to have both a horſe to ride on, and legs fit to walk with; while ſome have neither! But “ to whom much is given, of him ſhall much be required.”

"How filthy is this ſtable! Certainly it is long "ſince it was cleanſed." But is not this world more filthy! what numerous troops of beaſtly men have been near ſix thouſand years defiling it? Get hence, my ſoul, take not up thy reſt here, for it is polluted. Nor ſhall it be thoroughly cleanſed, till itſelf and its works are burned up, and its impenitent defilers driven out, into the infernal lake.—— And what am I! what devils and corrupt luſts have been ſtabled in me ſince my conception! from within come the things that defile me. Lord, deliver me from that moſt abominable thing, my wicked, my carnal heart.—But ſtop, my ſoul; with wonder ſtop; was Jeſus, my great ALL, born in a ſtable, and laid in a manger? let endleſs and enraptured wonder riſe. Was JEHOVAH born in a ſtable for me, that he might enter into, and reſide in the unclean hell of my heart, and prepare manſions in his Father's houſe for me? Did he lie in a manger, that he might lie for ever betwixt my breaſts, and I for ever in the embraces of his love?

"Now my horſe is bridled." Be not, my ſoul, "like the horſe or mule, whoſe mouth muſt be held "in with bit or bridle;" let never carnal ſenſe and luſt ride on my reaſon. "I bid farewell to my fa-"mily." Be perſuaded, ſirs, to chuſe for your head Jeſus Chriſt, who will never bid you adieu, never leave you, nor forſake you.—Behave in my abſence as in God's ſight.—Let my preſent departure warn you, that God will quickly take me from being your head. Ponder, ponder, whether Jeſus or Satan bids faireſt to be my ſucceſſor in your heart.

"Now I am on horſeback." Think, my ſoul, of him that rides on clouds and cherubims for the help of his people; the great God who rode on a deſpicable aſs for me; who rides on the *white horſe* of the glorious goſpel, to ſubdue ſinners to himſelf. Lord, *ride proſperouſly*, and let thine enemies fall under thee. "I ſet out on my journey." May the gracious Preſerver of man and beaſt, bear me ſafely out, and bring me ſafely in. May all the various things which I happen to ſee, appear full of Chriſt: he made; he upholds; he directs; he actuates all things. May the earth, and the beaſts thereof, to-day teach me; let the fowls of the air tell me, and the fiſhes of the ſea declare unto me, the things which concern their KING. All nature is conſecrated ground, teeming with growths divine: myſelf is the tabernacle of God; may all my cares and thoughts centre in him.——Earth's turning from the ſun, brings on our night; man's turning heart and eyes from God, brings an awful, endleſs night. What is creation, but the thin, the fleeting atmoſphere of God! What are the changed ſeaſons, but the various diſplays of God? In ſpring, forth ſhines his beauty, tenderneſs, and love.—Then comes his glory in the ſummer months; from him the ſun ſhoots full perfection through the ſwollen year; his voice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks.—His bounty ſhines in autumn unconfined, and ſpreads a feaſt for all that live.——In winter he is awful, with clouds and ſtorms. O great, O good ſupreme! in all teach me what is good: teach me thyſelf: enrich me with the knowledge of thy works; thereby ſnatch my ſoul to heaven: let my thoughts from thee begin; dwell all on thee; with thee conclude the ſcene; let them never ſtray from thee.——But ſtop, my conſcience; is my ſoul ſet out heavenwards? is my heart now going forth to meet the Bridegroom; am I, by a preſent exerciſe of faith and love, ſitting on the *white horſe* of goſpel-promiſes and influences; and following after him who is *King of kings, and Lord of lords?*

"How ſtately the ſteps! how great the ſtrength! "how bold the looks of this horſe!" Rather, how glorioufly the divine power and greatneſs ſhineth in him! how infinitely more auguſt the aſpect and goings of my God and my King who made him! How ſurpaſſing, that God ſhould make this ſtrong and ſtately creature ſo ſubmiſſive to man! how much more ſo, that the Almighty himſelf ſhould ſubmit to bear my ſin, my curſe, my woe! and to bear and carry me to everlaſting reſt! Never more doubt, my ſoul, of all things working together for thy good; and be thou, as the Lord's *goodly horſe**, ſtrong in Chriſt, and courageous in his way: but beware of neighing after thy luſts†, or ruſhing into temptation, *as the horſe ruſheth into the battle.* "This "horſe is at once ſo reſtiff, that I muſt keep a ſure "bridle-hand; and ſo dull, that he muſt have plen-"ty of the ſpur." Alas, my heart muſt be at once reſtrained and excited; muſt at once be drawn with cords of love, and ſpurred with reproofs and afflictions.—Only he who rides on clouds, and ſits on ſwelling waves, can manage her motions.—If I can ſcarce manage a horſe; if I can by no means manage my heart; why ſhould I preſume to conduct the providence of God? let me rather cry *unto God, unto God who performeth all things for me.* "But "at what doth my horſe ſtart, and ſtumble in the "open ſtreet?" How often has my weak, raſh, and careleſs heart, feared where no fear was! ſtumbled without cauſe in the ſtreets and broad ways of divine ordinances! But, bleſſed be God, the *white horſe* of evangelic promiſes and influences‡, on

* *Zech.* x, 3. † *Jer.* v, 8. ‡ *Rev.* xix, 11, 14.

which I ride to glory, neither fears troops of devils, nor can ſtumble on mountains of darkneſs, luſt, guilt, or trouble. "How impartial is this horſe! "he regards me no more than he doth my ſervant." Can I then expect that my highneſs will procure me the regard of Heaven? will cauſe the king of terrors to cringe at my feet? or dare I proſtitute my conſcience to heap partial honours on the great? "*An horſe*, however ſtately, *is a vain thing for preſervation.*" So let me count all creatures; let me uſe them as ſubordinate means of comfort; but put my *truſt only in the living God.*

"Here is an excellent way, where it was wont "to be ſcarce paſſible: at what vaſt expence hath "it been finiſhed!" O the glorious, the *new and living way*, where ſin had made an unpaſſable gulf! Jeſus is *the* WAY, *the truth, and the life;* no man cometh to the Father, but by him. With aſtoniſhment ponder, my ſoul, at what ineſtimable expence of JEHOVAH's love, and of Jeſus' blood, this was opened, was finiſhed for thee!—Here walk and wonder, all the days of thy life: having received the Lord Jeſus, walk thou in him. "I muſt pay "for the agreeableneſs of this high way." But nothing, nothing muſt I give for Chriſt: O ſweet truth to me, who have nothing which I dare call my own, but my ſin! Curſed be my pride, that ever prompted me to preſent my ſelf-righteouſneſs, my ſplendid ſins, to the Moſt High, as the price of his Son, and of redemption through him—O aſtoniſhing grace, that he did not bid me periſh with my money, becauſe I thought the gift of God might be purchaſed with it!

"HERE is the turnpike-gate, at which I am "obliged to paſs." And by the ſtrait gate of regeneration muſt I enter on *the way of holineſs*, the way to the heavenly Zion: *for except a man be born again he cannot* enter into *the kingdom of God.* Chriſt is at once my gate and my way; by this the juſt do enter in. "I cannot tell this keeper, that the gen-"tleman before paid for me." But bleſſed be the Lord, that when law or juſtice ſeem to demand ought from me, I can boldly tell them, my forerunner Chriſt paid all for me. "I am ſcarce paſſed, "when the gate is again ſhut." But my gate Chriſt is ever open for new comers, as long as ſun and moon endure.—Having once paſſed the gate of regeneration, I cannot get back:—and quickly the gates of glory ſhall be ſhut after me, that I will never go out. "The ticket which I have got here, "will procure me free paſſage at the next gate." Rejoice, my ſoul, the everlaſting covenant, made with me in my union to Chriſt, will procure me an abundant entrance into the metropolis of glory above: by means of it I ſhall ſtand in death, and in the judgment: let me cleave faſt to it; let my right hand forget her cunning, if I forget it, and do not lay it up in the inmoſt repoſitories of my heart. Bleſſed tranſaction, thou wilt rather preſerve me than I keep thee! "But foot-paſſengers "pay nothing at this gate, and theſe with unſad-"dled horſe but the half of what I have done." If our worldly ſtations be low, our wants are few: he that increaſeth his comforts in any thing beſides Chriſt, increaſeth his burdens.

"Now I have turned my back on the place of "my abode: perhaps I may never return: or if I "do, may meet the corpſe of ſome of my family "going to his *long home*, the grave." O to have all *our life hid with Chriſt in God!* bound up in the bundle of life with him! that even in death we may live with, and go to him, and afterward appear with him in glory.——Death's ſeparation of thoſe in Chriſt is both ſhort and ſweet.

“ Hark how melodiouſly theſe larks do ſing!— “ How high in æther's fields they ſoar.” Sweet birds, were ye redeemed? redeemed with blood divine? Sure not; ceaſe then to ſting my heart;—rather ſting me to the quick. Ah! while ye ſoar and ſing, how deep immerſed in ſin in earth, I lie! how few; how heartleſs, and ill-tuned, are my ſongs of praiſe, to ſovereign grace! O to ſoar above the ſkies, and ſing new ſongs to my well-beloved; to have my mouth filled with the high praiſes of my God! my God who died for me!

“ Among yonder trees, the crows pour forth “ their harſh notes.” Lord, “ all thy work ſpraiſe thee, and thy ſaints bleſs thee; the eyes of all *things* wait upon thee,” and ſeek their meat from thee: *thou openeſt thine hand* liberally, *and ſatisfieſt the deſire of* all living: O how great thy riches, that enableth; and thy munificence, which determines thee to nouriſh all creation at thy table!—Becauſe I am altogether wants, I will call on thee: ſurely thou wilt not feed crows, and ravens that cry, and ſtarve a crying ſoul, which thou haſt redeemed. “ Ye “ hoarſe crows, ye comely doves, how doth the “ ſummer pinch you, while others riot in plenty! “ but rejoice, the fattening harveſt draweth nigh.” No outward proſperity but bears hard upon ſome; nothing *anſwers all things* but my God.—Rejoice, my ſoul, amidſt preſent ſtraits; the full, the fattening harveſt of glory approacheth; then ſhalt thou eat, and be ſatisfied, and praiſe the Lord;—your heart ſhall ever live that ſeek him. “ No doubt, “ you birds, the induſtrious farmer, who owns the "earlieſt corns, will be offended at your voracious "feeding thereon." But, bleſſed Jeſus, thou wilt never be diſpleaſed with my plentiful repaſt on the riches of thy grace; thou wilt never fray me away: never expoſe me to danger on that account. May I, like the hungry birds, *early* ſeek after God.

"How brightly doth this morning ſun aſcend, "while a thouſand ſons of diſorder and ſloth drink "in their midnight ſleep!" How theſe day dreamers contemn this common, this free, ineſtimable gift of Heaven! Yeſternight candles gave them light; now they refuſe God's bright lamp of day. Doth not this exchanging of day with night, croſs the natural hints of the divine will? Doth it not hurt our bodies? Is it not to loſe the pleaſant views and the freſh gales of the riſing morn?—to ſquander away the moſt proper period of thought!—Think, my ſoul, of Jeſus the Sun of righteouſneſs: in death he ſet all in red: in his reſurrection morning he roſe, roſe with ten thouſand charms: thrice-ſure token of an endleſs bliſsful day in heaven. But is Jeſus duly prized? No; to their inexpreſſible danger, thouſands rather walk in the light of the *ſparks which they have kindled*, than walk in his free, his glorious, and refreſhful brightneſs: thouſands waſte the precious morning of youth, and of goſpel-opportunity, in ſloth and guilt; and thence ſpend their endleſs night amidſt the ſparks of Tophet. Come not, my ſoul, into their ſecret; mine honour, be thou not united.—My fleſh, like this morning ſun, ſhall hereafter riſe from her grave; Jeſus *ſhall change* my *vile body, and make it like unto his glorious body* according to the working, *whereby he is able to ſubdue all things to himſelf.*

"How plentifully the early dew lies on the "ground! how nouriſhing, how refreſhing to the "plants and ſoil!" How often hath my ſoul been reſtored and revived with the gracious influence of my Redeemer, who is *as the* refreſhing, the fructifying *dew* to his people. "Neither can I reſtrain, "nor bring down this falling dew." No more, Lord, can I revive my ſoul before thy time of love; and when it cometh, neither ſloth, guilt, nor rebellious oppoſition, can prevent thy gracious approaches to her. O be always to me as the *dew that waiteth not for man!* "How numerous theſe pearly drops!" But far more numerous are Jeſus' favours to my ſoul. I am loaded with his benefits: they are new every morning; and great is his faithfulneſs. And numerous as the dew, be the comely, the early converts of his church. "How dry are "theſe hard ſtones, amidſt the rankneſs of this "dew!" O how hardneſs, and impenitency of heart, bereave us of divine influence, and make us as theſe ſtones, which know not when good cometh! while the goſpel is a *ſavour of life* to ſome, it is a *ſavour of death* to others.—Lord, grant me ſpiritual ſap, that *to him that hath*, it may be *given, till he have abundance.*

"What a marvellous change, the late rains, and "warmth, have made on the face of the earth! "how quickly the vegetables have grown up theſe "few weeks paſt!" Even ſo, Lord Jeſus, when thy Spirit is poured forth as waters upon the thirſty, and flood on the dry ground; when the warming influence of thy bleeding love melts our heart; how doth thy church, how doth my ſoul grow up, "as willows by the water-courſes!" But, alas! how often in the ſummer-ſeaſon of goſpel-ordinances, hath all been witheredneſs and drought with me?

—How often do the numberleſs plants on theſe delightful fields, bear awful witneſs againſt me! have they grown ſo much in a few weeks, and my grace almoſt nothing theſe many years? "Lo, how they "point, and riſe towards heaven, from whence "they receive their fructifying warmth and moiſ-"ture!" Bluſh deep, my ſoul; tremble with *a very great trembling:* behold how theſe millions witneſs againſt thy earthly mindedneſs; thy apoſtacy from God; thy growth towards hell. Alas! why have not I more ſet my affections on things above, where Jeſus is at the right hand of God, and whence I receive *every good and perfect gift?* What mean my fond embraces, the wanton glances which I caſt on created comforts? If my treaſure be in heaven, why is my heart ſo far from it? why are ſo few of my thoughts there? why ſhould a moth-eaten creature ſteal one thought away from God?

"HERE, through unwarineſs, I have fallen from "my horſe." Alas, how often hath my ſoul fallen by her iniquity! how ſadly hath ſhe been broken, and bruiſed? O what a mercy, that God "raiſeth the bowed down, and upholdeth them that fall!" and that my ſores, my ſins, occaſion Jeſus' labour on my ſoul, as the Lord my God that healeth me! "I am ſcarce hurt." What a mercy is it, thou Preſerver of man and beaſt! *how excellent is thy loving kindneſs!* "How quickly am I riſen again!" So, when I fall by ſin, let God ſpeedily recover me, raiſe me up, ſet my feet upon a rock, and eſtabliſh my goings; and when I ſit in darkneſs or diſtreſs, may he be a light and comfort to me.

"WHAT late improvements have been made on "theſe fields!" But ah, how little in my heart and life, or in the corner where I have my abode?

Alas! we improve in every thing but the principal, the *one thing neceſſary.* "What ditching and hedging are here!" Lord Jeſus, dig about me; *hedge up* my *way with thorns*, or any thing elſe, that I may not overtake my lovers, nor follow my luſts: be thou my defence and ſtay, to protect me from the blaſts of divine wrath, or the wild beaſts of devils, and indwelling corruption:—I am not half redeemed, if ſin, the tyrant, reign. "Did I break over theſe dikes or hedges and ride upon the incloſed ground; ſhould I not expoſe myſelf to a penalty!" And if I break over the mound of the divine law; or, by deſpiſing it, tread upon the hedge of trouble: ſhall not the vengeance of God, an awakened conſcience, and the old ſerpent, the devil, bite me! "How ſurpriſing the effect of induſtry on this field! now it is fat and fertile; not long ago it was quite barren: the adjacent ground is ſtill ſo." So the gracious induſtry of Heaven, makes his choſen more excellent than their neighbour: what but this *maketh them to differ?* Alas, my wretched ſelf, how little induſtry have I tried upon thee! and how little effect has the diſtinguiſhed induſtry of God had on thee! I am of the ſame curſed ſoil with Judas, Ahab, or Cain: and how ſmall is the difference betwixt their ways and mine! nor is that which is, in the leaſt owing to me, but entirely to God's ſovereign grace.

"HERE the high-way is turned about to pleaſe a gentleman." But bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul, that neither great nor ſmall, height nor depth, nor any other creature, can either ſtop, ſtraiten, or change my *new and living way:* they *ſhall be changed;* but he is the *ſame:* they ſhall periſh; but he ſhall endure: he is "the ſame yeſterday, to-day, and for ever."——Excellent as this new way is, it beats

" my horſe feet, and will need frequent repair." But never ſhall my *way to the Father* need repair: he hath, " by one offering, perfected them that are ſanctified, *and* obtained eternal redemption *for us*;" never ſhall walking in him hurt the *feet*, the affections of my ſoul; but ſhall reſtore, ſtrengthen, and comfort me.

" HERE a ditch and hedge ſtop me; willingly I " deſerted the high-way to obtain a ſhorter: but I " muſt go back to recover it, and ſo make my way " longer than I needed." When, my ſoul, did I gain by deſerting the high-way of God's law; the high-way of redemption, through the blood of his Son; or the high-way of the lot which he appointed for me! Have not all my attempts of this nature iſſued in ſhame, confuſion, and double trouble? Though the whole day of my life is too ſhort for my journey to eternity; yet, ah, how much of it has been worſe than vainly ſpent! the loſs of time is moſt dreadful and irrecoverable, and yet leaſt thought of. Ah, how often have I fatigued myſelf with random excurſions from my proper path! But, bleſſed be the Lord, who, by ſharp reproofs, and thorny hedges of trouble hath, times without number, ſtopt me ſhort, and made me ſay, " I will go and return to my firſt huſband; for then it was better with me than now."

" WHAT a rich inheritance! what a charming " habitation hath this nobleman here! how pleaſant " the environs! how ſweet the proſpect! how whole- " ſome the air! how fine the water!" Envy him not, my ſoul; perhaps it is his ALL! if he is without Chriſt, better that he begged his bread in deſolate places, and embraced the rock, for want of a ſhelter: for " in how much he lives deliciouſly, ſo much torment and ſorrow ſhall be given *him.*"—Perhaps, amidſt all this abundance, yonder beggar enjoys firmer health, ſounder ſleep, and a more peaceful breaſt than he. Earthly enjoyments, like ſcorpions, have ſtings in their tails; they ſting us with care while we have them: with pain when we leave them; and with grief when they leave us: at beſt they are but ſickly dying friends: ſcarcely have we ſeen them, when they give up the ghoſt; they periſh in our fond embrace, and leave a throbbing heart. How quickly the rich ſons of wealth flow down the ſtreams of falſe enchanting joy, into a laſting ruin! How faſt the flowing ſpring of youth iſſues in the ardent ſummer of mid life! next their half-ſober autumn fades into age; and pale wintry death concludes the ſcene. Where now their empty dreams of greatneſs! their longings after fame! their reſtleſs cares! their buſy buſtling nights and days! their gay-ſpent faſhionable nights! their veering thoughts between good and ill! their ſparkling eyes! their charming tongue! their round of merriment and whim! How often theſe dreamers of the earth are but an idle blank, an uſeleſs load! nay, worſe, how often they all day long in ſordid pleaſures roll, and launch into the deeps of riot and extravagance! how often they ſquander on their ſcoundrel train, what might have cheered an helpleſs family!——How often death crowns their midnight bowl, and laughs at them who laugh at him!—Our inheritance is not as theirs, our enemies themſelves being judges: Jeſus, the alone portion of my cup, and my inheritance for ever, is ever, is univerſally ſweet and charming: how infinitely glorious, firm, and commodious, is the Lord, my habitation! what raviſhing proſpect of eternity, paſt and future! what tranſporting views of God as LOVE! what wholeſome air of divine influence!

what broad river of life have I in him! whatever I can ſee is mine own; and I enjoy it all IN GOD. Nor ſhall death, nor life, nor any other creature, be ever able to ſeparate me from the love of God, which is in Chriſt Jeſus my Lord. Say then, my ſoul, would I exchange my property with this nobleman's? or even with ten thouſand worlds? No, they ſhould "be utterly contemned; the lines are fallen unto me in pleaſant places; I have a goodly heritage." I am JEHOVAH'S and JEHOVAH is mine; my GOD, and mine ALL.

"HERE the beggar accoſts me; had I appeared "as himſelf, he had aſked nothing: but now he un-"covers, he cringeth, he cries for relief." Lord, let me never aſk help from the creatures which are as poor, as dependent, as myſelf; but with humility, with earneſtneſs, let me addreſs thee, my great ALL, for the ſupply of all my wants; thy *liberal ſoul deviſeth liberal things, and by liberal things* ſhall thy fame for ever *ſtand*. "Mark how he diſcovers his ailment "to move my pity!" Let me confeſs my treſpaſſes unto the Lord, bewail my ſins and plagues before him, that he may graciouſly look upon me, forgive my guilt, and heal my malady. "Ah, how tattered "and naſty the unhappy wretch!" "Miſchievous waſter, ſin, what haſt thou done to thy votaries?—Alas! I am "all as an unclean thing, and *my* righteouſneſs as filthy rags." "He is a wicked fellow; "he lightly mentions my great Maker's name; "therefore I'll give him nothing." Stop, my ſoul, what if God ſhould ſo deal with thee? Did not Jeſus die for the ungodly! did he not give himſelf for, and to, ME, the chief of ſinners!—Canſt thou pretend to be a Chriſtian, and yet refuſe to imitate him? "But let others who are richer give." Fooliſh heart, is not this poor man a collector of JEHOVAH'S revenues?—Owe I nothing to the Lord? owe I not my ſoul, my all, to him? is it not of his mercy, that I am not in the very caſe of this wretch?—What if I, or my ſeed, ſhould be ſo reduced! How often have I obſerved, that a penny kept back from the Lord, hath been a pound kept out of mens way!—Is it not with the merciful, that God will ſhew himſelf merciful?—Doth not *he that giveth to the poor, lend to the Lord,* who will repay it with uſury!—Let me therefore, according to my ability, and from love to Jeſus, grant this man relief.——But have I nothing to beſtow for the benefit of his ſoul! ſhall his belly bleſs me, and his ſoul for ever curſe me, that I would not beſtow a ſentence of ſpiritual admonition upon him?

"Here the ſagacious cur comes, leading his "blind maſter; how he guides him about the mire, "and directs him to the door!" *Mother of all living,* how hath thy hearkening to a ſerpent, blinded and degraded thine offspring! how many of them are led by beaſtly luſts, by beaſtly companions, or careleſs teachers, who lead them into everlaſting woe!——O the ſagacity of this animal! What then the wiſdom of him who maketh matter ſo ſagacious! who *maketh us wiſer than the fowls of heaven,* and beaſts of the earth! that can charge his angels with folly!—Behold, my ſoul, how this poor man truſts his life to his cur; and bluſh deep, that, times without number, thou haſt refuſed to truſt thy God with things of ſmaller import.—O Jeſus, how often have blind I refuſed to be led by thee, in the way which I knew not.

"Here a band of ſoldiers march to the war: per- "haps having loſt leg or arm, in the ſervice of their "country, they will be ſet adrift to beg their bread." Purſue and court the world as we pleaſe, it will prove ungrateful: But, O generous Mediator, if once I truly enliſt under thy banner, to fight with ſin, Satan, and the world, thou wilt never caſt me off; but arm, protect, feed, clothe, bear, and carry me; bind up my wounds; exalt me to thy throne; and give me a crown of life.—Let me therefore, as a *good ſoldier of Jeſus Chriſt*, endure hardneſs, exerciſe courage, and ſtudy faithfulneſs*. "Yonder their "wives, or perhaps their harlots, follow them" *Silly women*, they have doubtleſs heard or ſeen the wretched caſe of others, who took that courſe before; yet how cheerfully they now purſue it themſelves! Lord Jeſus, how gladly will ſinners follow any but thee! Too probably, many of theſe women's connection hath begun in folly and luſt; ſhall it not end in miſery and woe †? ſin may be ſweet in the mouth; but bitter in the belly: pleaſant in acting; but awful, to endure the ſtings of conſcience, or the vengeance of hell for it.

"HERE they drive home the winter coal."—Doth God bid his earth empty her bowels, to warm his enemies, whoſe juſt portion is eternal fire?—Did he ſend his Son from his boſom, to ſave us? Did Jeſus empty his heart of precious life, that I might be for ever comforted with his love?——Let me then treaſure up his promiſes, and kind providences, in my heart, to warm it in the cold winter of affliction and death. "Here the unmerciful driver adds himſelf "to the burden of the weary beaſt." Little do many think, that they muſt anſwer to God for the abuſe of his creatures.—How often, when I have been laden with outward trouble, dark deſertion, and deep challenges of conſcience, hath Satan burndened me with his horrid temptations? and the more I yielded, the more he abuſed me.—Lord free me from his hands, cruel and unjuſt. "Now I meet a company

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[*] 2 *Tim.* iv. 8. *and* ii. 3.

[†] *Prov.* ii. 16.—19.

" of your young gentry: how blooming their features! " how ſparkling their eyes! how cheerful their looks!" Let no created beauty inchant me: how much fairer is my Chriſt, the *brightneſs of the Father's glory*, that made them ſuch! Here is a face of comelineſs, with inward parts *filled with all unrighteouſneſs;* perhaps a face of joy, and heart of pain. " How high their " heads!—what levity ſhines in their countenance! " what contemptuous pride ſits brooding in their " *glance!* how loud their peals of laughter!" What monſters had they been reckoned, if God had formed them with ſuch heads! I fear their heads and hearts are too high for Jeſus Chriſt, and his ſalvation; though not too high for death or hell. I wiſh the Lord knew them not afar off: is not *the proud look an abomination* to him? Do not fools always affect to be on the laughing ſide?—But ſhall they ſtand in God's ſight? Can theſe ſons and daughters of gaiety, inchant the king of terrors? Can they command reſpect from the ill-bred vermine of the grave? Can finery bribe the angry judge? Can honoured blood quench the flames of hell? Can beauty charm a rouſed conſcience, or a tormenting fiend?—" Ah, how " they lard their ſpeech with horrid oaths." Are they obliged to talk blaſphemy, for want of ſenſe to ſpeak any thing elſe? Have they finiſhed their education in Tophet? or are they fond of an eternity there, that they are already adepts in the language of it? Friends, how my bowels yearn towards you! how I pity your caſe! Is nothing baſer than your Maker's name, to make a bye-word of? Is Satan your principal friend, the darling of your heart, that he dwells ſo much on your tongue? Is nothing more ſweet than damnation, which you ſo often imprecate? —Why, with ſuch intermixture, render your converſe ſtupid and unmannerly? Why, without either profit or pleaſure, do things whereof ye ſhall be aſhamed? Hath not your Maker, your Judge, ſolemnly charged you, "Thou ſhalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltleſs that taketh his name in vain.—Swear not at all, neither by heaven, nor by the earth: but let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatſoever is more than theſe, cometh of evil."

"Now I overtake a *burial.*" Perhaps it is an only child, an uſeful neighbour, a kind huſband, or beloved wife: but nothing now avails, but Jeſus formed in his heart, and applied to him as his eternal robe.——Lord, in the view of my approaching exit, I take hold of thee, and thy everlaſting covenant, as *all my ſalvation, and all my deſire;* to thee I commit my ſpirit: according to thy promiſe, ſatisfy me with life, and cauſe mine eyes to ſee thy ſalvation. I *leave my fatherleſs children* on thee; and let my widow truſt in thee. Much of me is dead already: my beſt friends are moſtly gone; gone, I fear, to Jeſus' tribunal, to witneſs againſt my neglecting to profit, or to be profited by them: parents, brothers, and ſiſters, are entered into a dread eternity: death hath carried off my pleaſant children, as hoſtages and pledges, that I muſt quickly follow: my remaining ſeed grow up to thruſt me out of my preſent room. Long hath God been loſing my roots on earth, that he may the more eaſily pluck me up at laſt. Perhaps, in my remaining half hand-breadth of time, he will ſtrip me of every relation; of every outward comfort: the Lord hath given; and if the Lord take away, bleſſed be the name of the Lord: happy they, whoſe friends are not loſt in death, but gone before.

"SURPRISING! theſe buriers attend the corpſe "with no more apparent ſenſe of future things, than "if they interred a dog: indecent laughter, talking "of common news, or even making of merchandiſe, "employs them." Have the people in this country no immortal ſouls? Is there no heaven, no hell, no eternity before them? Shall the ſtupid flock be for a while ſtartled, when the butcher carries off one of their number? and are there MEN, whoſe conſcience takes no alarm, when death carries of their companion into an awful, an endleſs ſtate?—Ah! what precious moments, what inſtructive hints, what rouſing alarms, theſe thoughtleſs ſinners contemn! God forbid that tormenting flames ſhould firſt teach them to think.

"Lo, here is the burying-place." *Multitudes, multitudes* are in this *valley of deciſion; ſmall and great are here:* rich and poor meet together; enemies mutually embrace: "the wicked ceaſe from troubling, and the weary are at reſt." "Let me turn aſide and "view this open grave." To have one eye on death, another full fixed on heaven, becomes a mortal and immortal man.—Is ſuch my future manſion? is ſuch duſt all that I, and all that the proud, ſhall be? muſt ſuch clods and worms be my ſweet companions? deteſted be my pride that ends ſo vile. O that I were wiſe; that I underſtood this; that I could conſider my laſt end. But is not the grave the place where Jeſus lay? then welcome, thrice welcome grave to me. With deſire have I deſired to feel the place where the Lord lay; that I may eat the great paſſover with him in the temple above.—Chriſt is mine; and therefore, O death, where is thy ſting? O grave, where is thy victory?

"Now the corpſe is interred; and many of the "attendants are gone to drink the dirge." Ah! while perhaps their friend howls and roars amidſt untender fire, ſhall they carouſe over their bottle? Hath Satan deviſed theſe dirges to quench every ſpark of concern which the death of friends can kindle in our breaſt?

"YONDER ſtands a magnificent houſe: at vaſt "expence the late owner reared it; and when it "was juſt finiſhed, he retired to his grave." Deceitful earth, is this thy uſage of thy noble friends, to wind up their expectations to the higheſt; and then ſuddenly caſt them down into deſtruction? blot me then out of their number. If riches, honours, or pleaſures increaſe; let me not ſet mine heart upon them: let my ſoul never look upon the wine of earthly enjoyments "when it is red, when it giveth its colours in the cup; at the laſt it will bite like a ſerpent, and ſting like an adder." Whenever I behold or enjoy any thing noble, magnificent, or pompous; let me ſeriouſly reflect how little it is to fill the idea, and ſatisfy the ambition of an immortal ſoul.

"HERE is a cottage mean to a proverb: here the "coalliers dwell." Ungrateful earth, is this thy kindneſs to thy dear ſon, who lies and labours in thy boſom?—who, I fear, gives thee his heart, as well as takes thine? he toils to warm others; yet himſelf has ſcarce either robes or roof to reſiſt the cold?—Poor ſoul! haſt thou provided a better lodging for eternity? is this wretched hut thy beſt heaven: art thou the pleaſed heir of a double hell? or is the Lord Jeſus thy ſure, thy everlaſting habitation?——Lord, I bleſs thee for my more commodious dwelling; and that, when the hut of my frail body ſhall be diſſolved, I have a *houſe eternal in the heavens.*—"Yonder bearers of the ſofter ſex: how "ſinking their load! yet how cheerful their ſong!" How many, laden with iniquity, with the curſe of their Maker, deſcend to the *bottomleſs pit* amidſt thoughtleſs folly and mirth!—But learn, my ſoul, to rejoice in tribulation, and in every ſtate therewith to be content: rejoice in the Lord; caſt all thy burdens upon him, and he ſhall ſuſtain thee. "Yonder is a coallier, or chimney-ſweeper: a true "ſwatch of unſightlineſs." With grief and ſhame behold thyſelf, my ſoul, for thou art black; black not as *a painted*, but as a *real* demon.—Do thou, Jeſus, waſh me; then ſhall I be *whiter than the ſnow*. Make me perfect, through thy comelineſs put upon me.

"HERE lies a female beſotted with drink." O lothſome ſight! Ah, eaſy prey for hell! Ah, what degrading! what worſe than beaſtly vice is drunkenneſs? Are theſe MEN? Can they be CHRISTIANS, who give up themſelves to it? What a mercy that my curſed luſt does not, juſt now, ſo expoſe me!—But, alas, how am I intoxicate with ſelf-conceit, carnal care, or angry paſſion! how often my mind is wrought into a raging ocean, to waft a feather, or to drown a fly! "Here comes a lame man "leaping on crutches." Fallen in Adam, like Jonathan's ſon, I am lame on both my feet; can go no where in the Lord's way! but may heaven's King ſhew me kindneſs for my Father Jeſus' ſake: cauſe me to dwell in his preſence, and *eat bread continually at his table.* Bleſſed be his name, he hath provided crutches, provided promiſes, provided Jeſus, to be *legs to the lame, and eyes to the blind.* On him let me lean all the days of my life. A time cometh when "the lame man ſhall leap as an hart, *and* the tongue of the dumb ſhall ſing."

"Now I have rode ſome miles with this compa-"ny: moſt of them, I gueſs, are profeſſed ſaints: "one of them is a miniſter. Largely, and with "great preciſion, have they talked concerning common news and temporal affairs; but nothing concerning Jeſus and his love; nothing concerning matters of eternal moment hath dropped from their lips." Alas! Abiram's curſe hath ſeized them, the earth hath opened her mouth, and ſwallowed them up alive; ſwallowed, I fear, their ſouls, thoughts, words, and actions: let me flee afar off, leſt the earth ſwallow me up alſo. Ah! it is already done: partly a dumb, partly a carnal devil, hath entered me: how little can I ſay, that is heavenly and ſpiritual? Doth not my readineſs to mingle in earthly converſe, teſtify, that, like the ſerpent, my ſoul feedeth on duſt? Ah, are there no news from heaven! no new mercies from above? no news from the buſy region of our heart! Are the glad tidings of great joy to all people now out of date? or are the ears of this generation too polite to hear any thing that is worthy to be heard?

"How richly feed the flocks and herds within yonder incloſure;" Thoughtleſs animals, you are fed to the ſlaughter, and know it not.—What numbers of unthinking mortals are fattened to the ſlaughter of eternal woe; and, at laſt, ſhall *decay as fat of lambs!*—Fret not then my ſoul, that God refuſes me the portion of reprobates.—Scorned and pitied be they who think themſelves brutes, who live as if there were not a *hereafter.*

"HERE is a beautiful well of running water; let me alight and refreſh myſelf." Rather let me deſcend from the heights of myſelf conceit, and *with joy draw water out of the wells of ſalvation;* JEHOVAH, Jeſus, the bleſſed Spirit, and every promiſe of the new covenant. How deep! how large, theſe *fountains of living waters*, containing *all the fulneſs of God!* all the fulneſs of grace and truth! Out of this ever freſh, ever running and refreſhful fulneſs, let me receive, *and grace for grace.*

"How large the river which ſprings from yonder rocks!" But O that river of *redeeming love,* which iſſues from JEHOVAH's heart! that *river of blood,* which ſprings from Calvary! that *river of life* which flows from beneath the throne of God and of the Lamb! that river of *goſpel-truth* which proceeds from the Spirit of all grace! Theſe, theſe, are the rivers that refreſh the city of our God, in heaven or in earth: theſe, the ſource of our purity; the matter of our joy; the defence of our ſafety; the means of our ſpiritual trade; the deſire of our eyes: here let me drink and forget my myſery: here let me bathe, that my fleſh may become *freſher than that of a child;* here let me ſwim for my recreation: here let me fiſh for new draughts of immortal bliſs. "Some ſpots of ground are now withered; but at this river ſide, all is verdant and flouriſhing." Live near Jeſus, my ſoul; never paſs a day without ſpecial fellowſhip with him; ſo, while others fade and wither in noon-tides of temptation, ſhalt thou be *fat and flouriſhing.* How, ye ranſomed, ſhall we for ever flouriſh in JEHOVAH's immediate preſence! there ſhall we bid an everlaſting adieu to our withered heart, and blaſted life: there ſhall we bring forth fruits of perfect holineſs; our leaf ſhall never fade; and all we do ſhall proſper.

"WHAT a mercy for our ſight, that nature is wrapped in almoſt univerſal green! This doth not as ſome other colours, dazzle and weaken, but refreſh and invigorate my eyes." But is it not *far better* that our *paſture*, our *bed* of the new covenant of ſcripture revelation, and of fellowſhip with God, is *green*, freſh, cheering, and invigorating to my ſoul? No more is God a conſuming fire to devour me; but, in Jeſus, all his names, perfections, and titles, are *green*, flouriſhing, and fattening paſture to my heart.

"YONDER company follows hard.—I ſuppoſe it "is my **** friends." Lord, permit not godly acquaintance to draw my heart from thee: now it ſo bends towards heaven, that I am unwilling and almoſt incapable to bring it down to converſe with men on earth: often have reading and hearing wearied me; but how can I tire of ſuch ſweet meditation on thyſelf! O how the thoughts of thy perfections, thy relations, thy purpoſes, thy words, thine acts, and thy gifts, enlighten, enrapture, and inflame my heart! How ſweetly am I loſt in wonder at thy greatneſs and thy grace! Is this God mine? wholly mine? Did he love me, and give himſelf for me? and give himſelf to me? How my ſoul bluſheth, that ever created *nothings* were *all* to me; and God, the great ALL, *nothing!* What an hell, to live without God as our portion, our hope, and our chiefeſt joy! But happy he, that ſearcheth, ſighs, pants, and thirſts for him: bleſſed he who claſps redeeming Godhead in the embraces of his ſoul, and is embraced by him.—My God, thou haſt loved me *with an everlaſting love.*—And oh, how I love thee! how my heart-ſtrings break with deſire and eſtimation of thee! O to expire thus amidſt the kiſſes, the arms of a ſmiling God! thine abſence will be heavier than a thouſand deaths. "My friends gain much ground on me." Alas, my lazy, wicked heart, how haſt thou detained me in my journey heavenward! how many born after me, were in Chriſt before me! how many *born again* after me, have got beyond me in their way to their Father's houſe! O to be THERE, where friends ſhall not diſturb my fellowſhip with God. "Each " hath a flower in his breaſt, to refreſh him amidſt " this ſultry heat of noon." Let Jeſus, the refreſhing, the never-fading flower of paradiſe, *the roſe of Sharon*, and *lily of the valley, lie all night between my breaſts*: let his good favour reſtore and enliven my heart. "Your ſervant, gentlemen." Let our meeting reſemble our gathering to Chriſt in the *general aſſembly of the firſt-born* from among men. Let the *high praiſes of God*, and his redeeming love, be in our mouths.—Friends, hath not this been a ſhort, a ſweet hour? "Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and opened to us the ſcriptures?"—Have not we had mirth indeed? mirth, that, I am ſure, is not mad? How ſweetly have we been refreſhed with the new wine of heaven! and talked over the good news that come from a far country! Have not our hearts indited *good matter* concerning Jeſus our King! and our tongues been like the pen of a ready writer, to utter his praiſe: With what pleaſure ſhall this conference meet us at death, and the tribunal!—Say, my ſoul, have not I rode as with Abraham, Iſaac, and Jacob? Is not this a prelude of my meeting with angels, and ſpirits of juſt men made perfect? How hath time been won, not waſted in this company? "Now we muſt part." But let us rejoice in the hope of the glory of God, and of our endleſs fellowſhip in the regions of bliſs; where, with unblemiſhed hearts, we ſhall quickly meet with Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt:—and what ſhall we more ſay? "Is this the manner of men, O Lord?"

"I MUST alight at this inn, refreſh myſelf, and "bait my horſe." Thrice happy day, when I ſhall need inns no more; but be *a pillar in the temple of my God!*—But, bleſſed Redeemer, how graciouſly haſt thou provided us the inns of ordinances, to refreſh our ſouls! and of houſes and graves, to refreſh our bodies, in our way to heaven! "Yonder comes "one to receive me, and my weary beaſt." And how often in the entrance of duty hath the bleſſed promiſe, in the hand of the Spirit, taken hold of my weary, brutiſh, carnal heart, and refreſhed, and ſtrengthened her, with the ſtraw and provender of heavenly food.——So ſhall death ſeize my wearied body, and kindly convey her to the grave, to reſt till Jeſus call her up to his throne.—So ſhall angels lay hold on my weary ſoul, and carry her into Abraham's boſom, to be refreſhed with all the fulneſs of God. "Large inn, thou haſt a handſome "outſide." But I wiſh you be not too like that of Bethlehem, where there was no room for Jeſus Chriſt!—Ah, can there be room here for harlots, drunkards, and profane ſwearers; and none for the Son of God, the Saviour of the world? Alas, my heart, how much room is in thee for Satan, the world, and thy filthy luſts! yet how little for Chriſt!

"IN yonder chamber one ſtates an account, and "receives payment from his friend." How often has Jeſus ſtated a long, an awful account againſt me! made me with terror, grief, and ſhame, examine, and acknowledge its juſtneſs! and then with one daſh blotted out the whole, ſaying, "Son, be of good cheer, thy ſins which are many, are forgiven thee!—Thou haſt wearied me with thine iniquities, and cauſed me to ſerve with thy ſins: I, even I am he that blotteth out thine iniquities, and thy tranſgreſſions, for my names ſake; *and* will remember thy ſins no more." "How yonder mon-"key gazes on the mirror! ſees his own ſhadow! "touches the glaſs! peeps, and looks, and gains no "more!" Ah, what mere ſhadows do men ſport with, and ſcratch to obtain! how little more they ſee, or ſeek to find, but the mighty ſhadow of themſelves!—"Here one comes to the door, ſo ſtupid, "that he can ſcarce tell his errand." How often go I to the throne of grace, the gate of mercy, without knowing what I want! ſo *fooliſh, ignorant, and as a beaſt before* God! But though I, though men be fools; yet God is wiſe.

"How quickly is our dinner got ready!" And in Chriſt's ordinances, *all things are ready:* he, his adored Father, and bleſſed Spirit, are ready to ſit, and ſup with me; angels and miniſters ready to ſerve me peace, pardon, and every other new-covenant-bleſſing, ready to be beſtowed on me.—— Art thou, my ſoul, EVER UNREADY?" Here we "get every thing we aſk." But in Chriſt we have *more than we can aſk or think.* Lord, how rich is thy mercy: *how excellent is thy loving-kindneſs!* "What inſtructive monitors are here before me? This table is an emblem of goſpel-ordinances, at which, while *the King ſitteth, my ſpikenard ſendeth forth the ſmell thereof.* "This fleſh of bullock, calf, or lamb," calls to my remembrance *Jeſus,* who was *led to the ſlaughter:* Jeſus, the *fatted calf,* ſlain to feed prodigal men; Jeſus, *the Lamb of God,* who expired on Calvary for me. "This bread, perhaps "of the fineſt of the wheat;" ſuggeſts a thought of Jeſus, the *corn of wheat,* who brought forth much fruit; of Jeſus, who was bruiſed, and roaſted for me; of Jeſus, who is the *true bread,* who came down from heaven." "This ſeaſoning ſalt;"

ſuggeſts a meditation of the new *covenant of ſalt*, which endureth to all generations: and whoſe bleſſings are pure, purifying, and incorruptible:—it bids me praiſe the Lord, that I am not *ſalted with* eternal *fire;* and warns me to ſeaſon my heart and practice, with the prevailing influence of the ſalt of grace. "This liquor," repreſents to my thought, Jeſus, who, in his refreſhing blood, and ſanctifying grace, is *drink indeed:* and the ever-*new wine* of everlaſting joy, which I ſhall drink with him in his Father's kingdom.

"What company are thoſe I am to dine with?" Are they "the excellent ones of the earth, in whom is all my delight?"——"Stop friends; dare not to "partake of Heaven's mercies, till we have craved "his leave, and aſked his bleſſing: without this, "they may prove poiſon to our body; ſhall prove "death to our ſoul." If the polite manners of the age render men brutes, or Atheiſts; let them be far from me. "This man, whom we have em-"ployed as our mouth, in aſking a bleſſing, hath "addreſſed his Maker in ſo ignorant and irreverent "a manner, as may bring a curſe, rather than a "bleſſing on our food." Lord, grant thy bleſſing; though it is worſe than unaſked.—"Let us thank God for our "proviſion." What a mercy is ſuch a dinner to the firſt-rate deſervers of damnation! "The bill is got, and the reckoning paid." How quickly will Jeſus come, and finally reckon with us in the laſt judgment:—But bleſſed for ever be his name, that we have nothing to pay for his rich proviſion; "*his* feaſt of fat things; whoſoever will, let him take of *it* freely." Now I have got rid of "theſe wicked men." But when ſhall I get rid of my wicked heart? No companion cleaveth ſo cloſe as ſelf-love, and ſinful luſt:—no foe more hard, or more honourable to conquer. "How have we "behaved at this entertainment?" Idle jargon, reproach of neighbours, and even ſmutty language, and minced oaths, have ſeaſoned our converſation. —Seaſoning ſent from hell indeed! Did we receive our tongues, thus to diſhonour God?—No wonder, that wicked member, that *world of iniquity*, be peculiarly tormented in hell.—Alas, while feeding on God's bounty, and refreſhing our body with his goodneſs, we have inſulted his honour, and mortally wounded our ſoul!—Alas, how dear bought is this meal to me! Better is a dry morſel, *a dinner of herbs*, ſeaſoned with religious converſe, than this ſplendid feaſt, received with offence, and followed with agony of mind.——Lord, I am *verily guilty concerning* my brethrens *blood:* Could not I have puſhed an edifying converſe? Could not I have reproved them, at leaſt by a hanging brow, or an angry countenance? Could not I have inwardly grieved for thy diſhonour? Could I not have ſtopped my wretched ears from hearing the infectious ſound? Could I not have reſtrained my unruly tongue from bearing any part in the converſation. —Woes me! a wound and diſhonour have I got: and my reproach ſhall not be wiped away.—Ah, how have I turned out, when God left me, to try what was in my heart! "O for thy name's ſake, pardon mine iniquity, for it is *very* great!" After this conſenting with the wicked, I bluſh to take thy covenant in my vile mouth: but to whom can I go? thou alone *haſt the words of eternal life*.—O henceforth preſerve me from unneceſſary fellowſhip with wicked men: rather let me have to do with plagued, than with carnal and profane perſons.—God pity thoſe profeſſed Chriſtians, who reliſh ſuch for their companions.

"Now I again purſue my journey." What a miracle of divine patience and mercy, that I am not thus far on my way to "the lake that burneth with fire and brimſtone!" "Here ſits a poor object, perhaps "both blind and lame, waiting for alms from ſuch "as paſs by." To ſit at the way-ſide of ordinances till Jeſus paſs by, is all that my blind and lame ſoul can do.—Lord, *I am poor and needy, make* therefore *no tarrying.*

"Here is a garden at my ſide." Striking memorial of my fall in Eden! Striking hint of my Saviour's ſuffering in Gethſemane! and of the reſtful paradiſe, which remaineth for the people of God! In a garden I ſinned, and forfeited my bliſs: in a garden Jeſus ſuffered, was buried, and roſe again, to procure an everlaſting paradiſe for me.—Now I am in the garden of the church-militant; quickly I hope to enter that of the church triumphant—and may my ſoul be the *garden of the Lord of hoſts;* and my various graces *his pleaſant plants.* "Let "me turn mine eyes from the field to this orchard." Turn thine eyes, my ſoul, from all worldly ſcience, to meditate on the oracles of God; from all creatures, to fix on God himſelf. "How nobly is this "garden fenced! how well dunged and digged! "how orderly laid out! carefully weeded! and "ſkilfully pruned! how pleaſant and fruitful!" May the church; may my heart reſemble it.—Support, Lord, the deſpiſed government and diſcipline of thy church: give *paſtors according to* thine *own heart:* bleſs with abundance of peace and truth: cauſe every one walk regularly in his proper ſtation; caſt out ſtrife and diſorder; root up deluſion and error; make ordinances fruitful to bring forth, and nouriſh thy ſaints.—Preſerve my heart by thy power and love; fatten and ſoften it with thy gracious influence; cauſe all my powers concur in thy ſervice; pluck up every weed of corruption; by reproof and trouble, lop off all my luxuriant ſuperfluity of naughtineſs; and make me fruitful in every good word and work. "What labour, what "bowed down backs, ſweating brows, and toiling "hands, are neceſſary to keep this garden in proper "caſe!" Let idleneſs, that curſed prompter of Satan to tempt us, be far from me: let heart and hands be ever occupied in the ſervice of my God: to manage my heart, my life, my office among men, is work, is labour indeed;—it far tranſcends my power and ſkill; but do thou, Lord, perform all things in, and for me. "How every plant is fitted to the "ſeaſon propereſt for her growth, her perfume, or "her fruit. And is not every thing in my lot; trouble, deliverance, trial, or comfort; ſent in its proper ſeaſon! This, this, renders them doubly pleaſant, uſeful, or comely. "How charming the "beauty and fragrancy of this garden!" Were my converſation in heaven, how ſhould I be charmed with the ſweet ſmell, and the previous views of the paradiſe above! how tranſporting the believing foretaſtes of *the glory that ſhall be revealed!* "Had "I been here with the riſing ſun, how much more "pleaſant the aſpect, and fragrant the ſmell!" O the ſingular advantage of an early knowledge of Chriſt! and of early fellowſhip with him! Woes me, that I am but one *born out of due time;* and that, from the earlieſt childhood, I did not know the God of my fathers.

"How ripe are yonder garden-peaſe, while thoſe "in the field do but bloom!" O how quickly would nearneſs to God, eminent fellowſhip with Chriſt, ripen me for the marriage-ſupper of the Lamb!——"What a multitude of uſeful herbs are "here?" But O the much more uſeful, much more abundant ſimples, that grow in JEHOVAH'S word! in his heaven! Who can expreſs? who can conceive the extent, the excellency, of "*all the fulneſs of God?*"

"WHAT loads of mellifluous fruit doth yonder "apple-tree, with her fellows, bring forth!" "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, ſo is my beloved among the ſons. I ſat down under his ſhadow with great delight, and his fruit was ſweet to my taſte.—*Thrice precious bearer of* twelve manner of fruits every month, *and* whoſe leaves are for the healing of the nations;" may I for ever contemplate, prize, and live on thee. "Even here "ſome trees are barren: ſome plants wither away: "the unfriendly blaſt, or the devouring worm hath "done this:"—Alas, what havoc, blaſting temptation, and corrupting luſt, have made in my ſoul! Ah, my barrenneſs! my witheredneſs! "the treacherous dealers have dealt very treacherouſly." "Where is the fruit of yonder tall tree, whoſe "leaves are ſo large and freſh?" Where, ye profeſſors, that talk big, and ſhow zealous, where is your fruit? Jeſus doth not aſk you what you SAY, but *what you* DO *more than others.*

"YONDER corner brings forth nothing but net"tles and hemloc: never did I obſerve ſo foul "ground in the open field." Naughty profeſſors in the church are the worſt of men: and the naughtineſs of a ſaint is the worſt ſin. "Neglect to weed "a garden one year, will perhaps require ſix years "labour to cleanſe it." How ſhort a while's neglect of watchfulneſs againſt, and of diligent curbing of, inward luſts, is like to give me my hands full of unpleaſant work while I live. "But where will

" be the beauty, the fragrancy of this garden, a few " months hence?" And where, O tranſitory world, will thy comelineſs, thy enjoyments, in a little be? —When I am in the jaws of death, before the tribunal, or fixed in the eternal ſtate; where ſhall theſe things be? they may ſting me: none of them will, or can ſpeak one word to comfort, or relieve me.—Cauſe, my ſoul, an enduring ſubſtance; count all things below *vanity and vexation of ſpirit;* let me now eſteem the things of this life as I ſhall do hereafter.

" WHAT a countleſs number of trees are in this " adjacent wood!" So many memorials of my ſinning, and of my Saviour's ſuffering, by a tree: let my eye affect mine heart: did not Jeſus bear my *ſin in his own body on the tree?* " Not the gardener, but " God planted this wood." " God *made us; not* " *we ourſelves:* he *made of one blood all nations.* " None of theſe trees bear fruit for human uſe." And what millions of men are but cumberers of God's earth, and reſerved for eternal woe?—Alas, how many barren inclinations, thoughts, words, and deeds, and worſe than barren, are with me! Ah, what *apples of Sodom!*—*ſour grapes!* and *fruit for myſelf!*—" After application to divers purpoſes, " are not theſe trees apt to end in the furnace?" And after God hath performed his pleaſure with them, are not millions of men like to inhabit " devouring fire, and to dwell with everlaſting burnings?——Lord, is it I?" *or haſt thou* plucked me as a *brand out of the burning?* " No doubt, this " wood is the habitation of ſerpents, and other nox- " ious beaſts." And is not our polluted earth repleniſhed with wicked and unreaſonable men? Is not my heart the *habitation of every foul ſpirit,* and hateful luſt? But thrice bleſſed new covenant of peace, which ſecures the paſſing of the evil beaſts out of the land;—and my "dwelling ſafely in the wilderneſs, and ſleeping in the woods."—In the faith of it, I will lay me down in peace, and take quiet ſleep; for the Lord ſuſtaineth me.

"What thouſands of birds here ſing their Ma-"ker's praiſe!" And ſhall the tongues of men be mute! ſhall the tongues of men be proſtituted to trifles, to blaſphemy, reproach, and lewdneſs? Ah, how often is their converſation ſo rambling, that it is hard to ſay what is talked of, or who ſpeaks leaſt to the purpoſe! "But why our birds more "melodious than thoſe of warmer countries, whoſe "feathers are more beautiful?" The more affliction I endure, not the leſs favour I enjoy from the world, let me ſing, let me rejoice the more ſweetly *in the God of my ſalvation.* "But would not Phi-"lomela's ſweet ſerenade, amidſt the horrors of "night, excell theſe tribes diurnal ſong?" Strive, ſtrive, my ſoul, to make thy ſongs by night, outvie the proſperous mirth of a carnal world: but never imitate this proud nightingale, in being a voice, and ſcarce any thing elſe: too, too many profeſſed Chriſtians are ſuch.

"Yonder is a company of hunters on the chaſe." Let me take pleaſure to ſee the whole animal creation alive and happy: let me never rejoice in the falſely ſportive, the barbarous game of death: let me never joy at anguiſh; or delight in blood: ſuch a temper, brutes horrid boſom never knew.—— What is this earth, but a circling haunt of noiſy men, purſuing, and purſued, till death, the mighty hunter, catch them all! till their higheſt ſtation end in, "*here he lies; and duſt to duſt,*" conclude the race? "It is not the hurtful fox, or prowling "wolf, but the timorous hare, or harmleſs roe, "which theſe hunters are in chaſe of." Alas, it is the harmleſs and good who are ordinarily run down in this world.—May endleſs felicity be my chaſe; may my *ſoul follow hard after* God.—Be it my care to hunt out the hurtful *foxes* and ravenous *wolves* of corruption from my heart, and from the church of Chriſt. "Why doth one animal ſeek the de-"ſtruction of another?" Sin, thou mother of miſchief, how haſt thou enraged, and armed the creation of God, every one againſt his neighbour! and, which is infinitely worſe, made men outrageous haters of their Maker! Vile incendiary, may I ever ſeek thy life: never can I be too ſevere on thee: may I take thy tender little ones, and daſh them to pieces. "Here the hunted hare, for her ſafety, "mingles with the browſing flock." My ſoul when Satan hunts thee, "go forth by the footſteps of *Jeſus'* flock; ſeek thy kids, *thy tender* graces beſide the ſhepherds tents: *ſo ſhalt thou be in ſafety;* a thouſand ſhall fall at thy ſide, and ten thouſand at thy right hand; but it ſhall not come near thee; only with thine eyes thou ſhalt behold the reward of the wicked;" for thou haſt made the Lord thy refuge, even *the Moſt High thy habitation.* "How "I pity yonder ſtag! hard purſued, he ſweeps the "foreſt; burſts the thicket; pants for the ſtream; "ſtands at bay with trickling tears; groans with "anguiſh, while the blood-hounds mark his ſides "with gore." And wilt not thou, Lord, pity my ſoul? How hard purſued by Satan and his agents! how mangled and torn! how mournful! how my heart faints and fails! how I pant for God! Lord, careſt thou not that I periſh? "More game being "ſtarted, the hounds are at a loſs which to follow." My ſoul, never purſue too many objects at once: attempt not to follow and *ſerve both God and mam-*

mon; never be *cumbered about many things*, leſt thy labour be all thy reward: but chuſe the *one thing needful;* this let me ſeek, and deſire to obtain. "How often would the ſagacious hound loſe his "game, were it not for the ſcent ſhe leaves behind?" And is it not the ſcent of my corruption that gives Satan, and the world, ſuch advantage againſt me? Were it not for this, they ſhould ſeek me, and not find me. "How odd to ſee great men hazarding "their life, furiouſly riding over ditches and rocks, "to purſue a puny hare!" What madneſs for men to hazard their immortal ſoul, in the furious chaſe of momentary pleaſures, empty honours, and unſubſtantial gain!—Ah, how our ſenſes caſt a thouſand clouds on our unenlightened minds; and leave them doubly blind! what madneſs to flutter on, from vanity to vice, till death blow us off the ſtage, and oblivion ſtrike us from the book of life. "How "often a tireſome hunting procures but an inſigni"ficant roaſt." Let me hunt after created comforts as I will, what a puny portion ſhall they be, in the day of trouble, of death, or of judgment! Why then, my ſoul, wilt thou ſet thine heart *upon that which is not?*——Lord, ſhall not I hope, that, after all Satan's hunting for me, *nothing* ſhall be his of me at laſt? *The God of peace ſhall bruiſe* him *under* my *feet ſhortly.*

"Some months hence will yonder fowler ſpread "his net, though not in the ſight of the bird." Lord, free my ſoul from the ſnares which Satan and his agents always lay for me: give me ſpiritual knowledge to diſcern, and wiſdom to avoid them. "Juſt "now, yonder youth hath ſhot two birds that were "fighting in the air; now the carcaſes of the fierce "diſputants lie quietly together." How mournful, that ſome ſaints will not live peaceably with their fellows, till Satan deprive them of their livelineſs and zeal! or death bereave them of their life!

"Passing this village, I hear the ſound of muſic "and dancing: it ſeems there is a penny-wedding "here: marriages and deaths are the chief of coun-"try news." Perhaps theſe ſame muſicians and dancers are, by the thread of life, hanging over eternal fire, and dancing into endleſs ruin: to love-enlivened cheeks, ſunny features, enrapturing eyes, —how often dark looks ſucceed, ſuffuſed and glaring with eternal flames! Ah, how often are marriages but ſcenes of woe! how often are eſtates and luſts, rather than perſons and affections, united together!—Why are men ſo mad in ſo important concerns, as never once to conſult God? why ſo thoughtleſs in this porch of death? why ſo mean, as to beg the price of their firſt dinner from their neighbours around?—But am I married to Chriſt? hath his infinite fairneſs won my heart? then let my ſoul leap and rejoice, for *the marriage of the Lamb is come*, and he himſelf hath made me ready.

"Now the clouds gather: I wiſh a rainy deluge "do not overtake me." *Clouds and darkneſs*, my Lord, are *round about* thee; but *juſtice and judgment the habitation of* thy *throne;* black clouds of dark providence, and awful majeſty, are thy tremendous robe; but the rainbow of the new covenant is ever round about thine head;—is the perpetual object of thine attention: often thick clouds of guilt hide thy face, and threaten a deluge of wrath to my ſoul; but for thy name's ſake, blot out my *tranſgreſſions as a thick cloud;* and let me hear the ſound of an abundance of goſpel-rain; that I, that thouſands, may *revive as the corn, and grow as the lily.* "Now "ſtill horror reigns: a dreary twilight hovers

" round: yonder the Thunderer holds his black " majeſtic throne: from cloud to cloud the noiſy " roar, and rending lightnings rage: dread ſinks " the feathered nations to the ground: terror makes " the flocks and herds to quake; trembling ſeizeth " the ſons and daughters of folly." *It is the voice of my beloved; behold he cometh:* it is the voice of him who groaned, who died on Calvary for me! it is the low whiſper of my God.——If this ſpread terror upon creation, and make the wilderneſs to quake, of whom *ſhould I be afraid?* Fear God, my ſoul; and fearing him, fear nothing but ſin.—— But why, mortals, do you ſo exceedingly fear and tremble? why not rather make the Thunderer your friend, by hearing and believing the joyful ſound of his goſpel? To you is the word of this all-ſufficient, all-ſuited ſalvation ſent. To you, ſons and daughters of men, it is offered, *without money, and without price.* If you refuſe this Saviour, how will you ſtand before him as your Judge? If theſe momentary flaſhes diſmay you, what horror muſt ſeize you, when he comes with a *fire burning before him,* and a tempeſt round about him! If rattling clouds affright you, how can you bear the tenfold more tremendous ſentence, " Depart from me, ye curſed, into everlaſting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels?" " What rainy torrents now deſcend! " how yonder brook, ſwelled to a river, pours " along! reſiſtleſs, roaring, dreadful, down it comes! " with triple force, rapid and deep, between the " meeting hills it burſts its way." What awful *brook* of woe did Jeſus wade! did Jeſus *drink,* that he might *lift up his head on high!* and that I, with him, might for ever drink of the bleſſed river of life! What ſwelling *brooks* of tribulation may be in my way to the kingdom!

"Now the thundery tempeſt is ceaſed: how ſtill "the breeze! how clear the cloudleſs ſky! how "deeply tinged with her peculiar blue! how ſwelled immenſe!—how, gay the radiant ſun! how "calm the gilded earth." Trouble and ſorrow "may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning:" nay, but for a moment laſts his wrath. Thrice happy period, when the days of my fears, and of my mourning, ſhall be ended; how abundant my peace! how cloudleſs my ſky! how ſweet, how immenſe my proſpect! how clear my unſetting *ſun*, my God, my glory!

"What a charming alley have I got into! how "extenſive and fair my proſpect! a ſoft way, a purling ſtream, a refreſhful ſhade, concur to my pleaſure." Think, my ſoul, what a charming path, a glorious proſpect, Jeſus cut through the ſhades of death, of hell, for me: in his death I ſee the price, in his life I ſee the path, in his aſcenſion I ſee the proof, of my eternal bliſs: truly his *ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all* his *paths are peace.* Here I walk in Chriſt, under the *ſhadow* of the tree of life, and beſide the *ſtill waters* of his word and influence. Quickly I hope to *walk with the Lamb in white*, and to follow him unto *fountains of living water.* "Alas! robbers have ſeized me, taken my money "and watch." Truly, he that truſteth to this earth is a fool: never is danger nearer, than when all things ſeem to ſmile upon us: proſperity, like comets, threatens as it ſhines, and blazeth far and wide. "However, bleſſed be the Lord, they have "ſpared my life." The hearts of wicked men are in his hand, *as the rivers of water.* Alas, how often have Satan, the world, and my luſts, robbed me of my comfort! my watchfulneſs! and almoſt all my grace! But rejoice, my ſoul, they cannot rob me of my Chriſt, my God, my glory.

"THIS farm on the left is occupied by an indolent drunkard: it is quite out of order: its hedges "are broken down; nettles, briers, tares, with "thouſands of other noxious weeds, cover the fields: "the houſes are ruinous." With grief and ſhame let me view this humbling picture of myſelf: alas, how have my care and pleaſure, my ſloth in the ſpringtide of opportunity, deformed, corrupted, and ruined me! how have I expoſed myſelf to temptation! how do ſinful weeds ſurmount and choke my growing grace! amidſt ſpiritual ſtorms, and chilling cold, how uncomfortable is my inward life! "But "this farm on the right is managed by a moſt ſkilful "and active huſbandman." Let me learn his *ways, and be wiſe* unto ſalvation. "How cloſe, how ſkilfully clipped and ſlaſhed are his hedges!" Let me keep my heart with all diligence and take heed to my ways. "How ſtraight his ridges, and clear his "water-furrows." Lord, *make thou thy way ſtraight before my face;* let integrity and truth ſtill preſerve me: keep me in thy *fear all the day long*, and enable me to do every duty in its due order and ſeaſon. Let never envy, or other luſt, ſettle in, ſour, or mar the ſpiritual fruitfulneſs of my heart. "This plentiful, thick, and even crop, atteſts the field hath "been well ploughed, and ſufficiently ſown." O Jeſus, let an abundant meaſure of goſpel-holineſs evince, that thou haſt dealt bountifully with me: haſt thoroughly ploughed my heart with gracious influence, and plentifully ſown it with the *good ſeed* of thy word. "It is the field that is but moderately "fat, which produces the beſt crop." Lord, that my grace may ſignally thrive, "give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me with food convenient for me." "By dunging, liming, reſting, or fal-

“ lowing, decayed fields are reſtored to their vi- “ gour.” And by frequent influences from above; by ſhedding abroad his love in my heart; and enabling me to act faith in his covenant, promiſe, blood, power, and grace, doth Jeſus *reſtore my ſoul again.* “ Yonder ſpot the huſbandman's toil cannot make “ fertile.” Alas, how many profeſſors cannot be made fruitful by the moſt ſignal external care of Heaven! *often rained upon* by divine ordinances, common influences, and awakening providences; yet they *bring forth* only *briers and thorns* of wicked works. Theſe are *nigh unto curſing,* and their *end is to be burned.* “ How aſtoniſhing to ſee theſe multi- “ tudes of corn ſtalks ſpring from grains which died “ under the clod!” But much more aſtoniſhing, to behold a Saviour's death iſſuing in the converſation of the Gentile world, and in the countleſs bleſſings, and everlaſting glory of ſinful men. “ To what “ danger from fowls, froſt, drought, mildew, wind, “ or rain, is the crop expoſed between ſeed-time and “ harveſt!” What a prodigy of divine wiſdom, power, and love, is the perſeverance and perfection of the ſaints, who are expoſed to dangers unnumbered, from corruptions, temptations and troubles! “ How “ quickly will theſe corns be ripe!” And ſhortly ſhall God cut down all men as ripe, either for heaven or hell. “ What ſervile crouds labour in this field! “ their maſter is not one *that with-holdeth more than* “ *is meet.*” What abundant gifts? what numerous officers, prophets, apoſtles, evangeliſts, paſtors, and teachers, hath Jeſus, the liberal Jeſus, given for the edifying of his body the church? “ This hay hath “ been juſt ricked before the ſhower.” The *prudent man forſeeth the evil, and hideth himſelf;* and often, often doth God take away the righteous *from the evil to come.* “ How well this man looketh to the *ſtate* “ *of his flocks!* ſome cattle he works; others he “ feeds to the ſlaughter: frequently he counts them,

“ that none be loſt.” O the much more abundant care of Jeſus Chriſt toward his people! he nouriſheth them in his *green paſtures;* according to their ſtrength he diſtributes their work: he counts them every one; nor can he loſe any. But the hypocrites in his church, he feeds, he fattens, to the ſlaughter of everlaſting miſery. “ But are there “ tares in this fruitful field? how like to the good “ wheat!” In the beſt ſtate of the militant church, hypocritical tares mingle themſelves with the ſaints: and to what high ſemblance of holineſs may they attain! Lord *ſearch me, and try me,* that I may neither deceive, nor be deceived. “ No doubt, this “ man hath, and carefully preſerves, a diſtinct leaſe “ of this farm.” Live not, my ſoul, a moment depending on the mere patience of God: know always in whom thou haſt believed; that the Lord is thy God: tremble to ſit down, or riſe up, without clear views of thy intereſt in thy bleſſed leaſe, the new *covenant of peace, that ſhall never be broken:* hide this in thy heart, that it may be thy *comfort in affliction.* “ No doubt, he lays up wealth for his “ children.” Lay up, my ſoul, ſtores of earneſt prayer, and leave full confeſſion of truth, for my ſeed: let not me, with moſt, be more deeply concerned for the happineſs of my cattle, than for the everlaſting felicity of my children.

“ How difficult is it to command yonder fed “ horſe!” In our proſperity, how readily we *wax wanton againſt* God, *deſpiſe* and abuſe *the riches of his goodneſs!* “ Why is this cow clogged? why “ her horns tipped with wood! ſhe was ſtrayed; “ ſhe inclines to gore.” Woes me! ſo muſt God clog me with weights of trouble, that I may not wander from him; and reſtrain the horn of my power from doing miſchief.

"What numbers of graſhoppers leap and būz "under this hedge! but their ſummer-idleneſs ſhall "quickly iſſue in winter's death." What multitudes of men flutter and make a noiſe in their youth, and their proſperity: and in a *moment go down to the grave!* How many live in doing they know not what! Lord, is it I, of all my race, who live leaſt to the purpoſe? "How vain it would be for me to "alight and chaſtiſe theſe inſects for their humming "noiſe! let them alone a few weeks, they will die "of their own accord." If I am diſturbed with noiſy reproach, let me have patience; and live ſo as none may believe it; it will quickly die of its own accord: let me comfort myſelf with this, that the beſt are often moſt ſlandered; even as the beſt fruit is moſt picked by the birds. "Where now "the glow-worms, which on every hedge lighted "upon their gem, and through the dark and moving radiance twinkled?" When Jeſus lifteth up his countenance; when my ſun ſhall go no more down; where will you glow-worms of carnal diverſions, ſelf-righteouſneſs, and created comforts, you ſhiners in the dark, be?

"How yonder bird flies to the buſh for ſhelter "from the bloody hawk!" When I am purſued by the law or juſtice of God, by mine own conſcience, or by Satan, or the world; Lord Jeſus, I *flee to thee to cover me:* and him *that cometh unto* thee, thou wilt *in no wiſe caſt out;* nor wilt thou *bewray that one wandereth.* For ever let my fugitive ſoul dwell with thee. "Were yonder hawk dead, how gladly would the little tenants of the ſky chirp over him!" So do men rejoice at the death of tyrants and miſchievous perſons.—So, my ſoul, ſo, all ye ranſomed, rejoice over the ſlaughter of our ſpiritual foes on Jeſus' croſs.—So we rejoice over their deſtruction in our perſon. "Theſe ſparrows are leſs "melodious, but better food than other puny tribes "of air." Seldom are the moſt noiſy and talkative profeſſors, the moſt gracious and uſeful members of the church. Chooſe, my ſoul, the part of the ſparrow: and think how theſe "birds of the air have neſts; but the Son of man *had* not where to lay his head;" that I might reſt in God, reſt in glory "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."—Never mention the wide flights of theſe birds, to provide nouriſhment for their young; but mention the love-flights, the travels of Jeſus, to provide food for me. Let me hunger and thirſt for God, the living God.—*Open* my *mouth wide*, that he may *fill it*.

"On yonder field, cultivated to the higheſt, ſtalks "the ravenous fox: perhaps this hedge is his lodging." Ah, how *foxes* of corruption lodge in the beſt heart! and *foxes* of naughty teachers in the beſt-managed church? "How yonder child hurts "himſelf by purſuing a butterfly!" Alas! how many ruin their ſoul, by following a worthleſs, a painted nothing!

"Here is a magnificent palace: let me enter, "and behold her glories: how ſuperb the chambers! how coſtly the furniture! how happy the "owner!" Nay, "bleſſed is the man whoſe God is the Lord." If earth can afford ſuch grandeur; what muſt be the glory of my *houſe not made with hands?* At what unbounded expence has Jeſus furniſhed it for me? "Here is the old ruinous caſtle, "where the noble family once lived." Bleſſed Redeemer, in what ruinous ſtate didſt thou reſide, that I might for ever dwell in God! how graciouſly haſt thou tranſlated me from the ruined covenant of works, that habitation of divine wrath, of devils, and every thing doleful;—and lodged me in the new-covenant building of mercy, that ſhall never be demoliſhed! "But why do great men ſo often "make alterations in their houſes, their incloſures, "&c. It ſhews the unſettled vanity of our minds, and the unſatisfactorineſs of all created things. Yet ponder, my ſoul, how the wiſdom of God appears, in making great men's fancies the means of procuring ſubſtance to the poor and laborious. "But "what ſhall I think of this deſolation?" Sin is the cauſe: perhaps this ruined ſtructure was built with blood, or purchaſed with diſhoneſt gain: perhaps here was murdered the poor innocent: here men wallowed in drunkenneſs and whoredom; here dwelt the ſlaves of appetite: here voluptuouſneſs ſhed her poiſonous bane; here, amidſt perfumes, oils, wine, and wanton hours, *in vain* repentance reared her ſneaky creſt: mad men ran on in ſin. How often theſe ſtones witneſſed the reproachful tearing of their maker's name! There the tables were filled with vomit, and defiled with cards and dice; now thorns and nettles cover the face of it: while, perhaps, the gay criminals, which once poſſeſſed it, wallow in the floods of wrath, and roar amidſt devouring fire. "Here nightly mourns the "owl, crawls the toad, and ſerpents hiſs." Ah, how luſt ſwarms, infernal ſerpents hiſs, amidſt the unregenerate, the deſerted heart! how corruptions abound, and falſe teachers hiſs, amidſt a deſerted, a diſordered church! "But why ſhould theſe doleful creatures haunt the obſcene ſhades and rugged "ruins, rather than a ſtately manſion?" Why do men cleave to the broken covenant, rather than to the new? why cleave to corrupt courſes and companions, to earthly rubbiſh, and turn their back on heaven?

" Now I approach this riſing hill." O to approach the heavenly vale of bliſs, the ſoftly ſwelling hills, on which the power of *great ſalvation* buds, and joys to ſee the wonders of our God. " Here the ſhepherds feed their flock." To ſhepherds tending their charge was the Saviour's birth proclaimed; " Fear not (ſaid the heavenly meſſenger) behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which ſhall be to all people; for unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Chriſt the Lord." " Yon- " der browſe the daring goats; they climb the ſteep, " and hang on the almoſt perpendicular rock: ſer- " pents, and poiſonous weeds, are part of their " meal; but how wholeſome and medicinal is their " milk!" O the proud aſcents! the dangerous paths of wicked men!——How wonderfully doth God make the worſt of men and things uſeful to edify his church!—But marvel moſt, my ſoul, that God *made:* that Jeſus the he-goat bare my ſins; was *made* a ſin-offering for me.—" How pleaſantly do " theſe newly waſhed and ſhorn flocks feed toge- " ther!—When lately of their robes bereft by man, " their needy all depending maſter, how meek, how " patient the mild creatures lay!" How pleaſant to ſee *brethren dwell together in unity!* to behold the ſaints feeding, or even meekly ſuffering together with Chriſt! How pleaſant to ſee them ſhining in *the beauties of holineſs!* But raviſhing beyond meaſure, to behold them at laſt fully waſhed, and jointly feeding *on the mountains of ſpices!* " Alas, how " yonder ſheep runs to a ſweet but rotting paſture!" How often do you, flocks of God, forſake the wholeſome paſture of truth! and follow the corrupting inventions of men, and the things of preſent life! O the rottenneſs! the rottenneſs of your heart! " How faſt others follow to the ſame " rot graſs!" Ah, the hurt, the danger of bad example! Woes me! what numbers have I ſeduced from God, by my carnal, by my lifeleſs pattern! O that he would tranſport me, where there is neither rotting food, rotten heart, nor bad precedent. “How furiouſly yonder rams beat their foreheads “againſt their fellows! what mad ſkirmiſh this!” Alas, how often *heady*, *high-minded* profeſſors abuſe themſelves, and diſturb the church with their furious diſputes!—Too long, my ſoul haſt thou dwelt with them that hate peace. Lord, let me never be *a man of ſtrife and contention;* let me hate the duſt that fierce diſputers raiſe, and loſe the mind in a wild maze of thought. “Lately every lamb here “knew his mother, and ſhe him: but now it is “otherwiſe: how quickly are they weaned!” So, my ſoul, readily forget father, mother, and all beſide Chriſt; but never, never, never forget him.—Thrice bleſſed Redeemer, thou knoweſt theſe who are thine;—thy *ſheep know* thy *voice, and follow* thee.—O how he ſmells out our weakeſt grace; and knows our ſtammering tongue!—May I, by ſpiritual inſtinct, diſcern his voice from the voice of a ſtranger; and ſmell *the ſmell of* his *garments* of righteouſneſs and truth, which are *as a field that the Lord hath bleſſed.* “Yonder is the ſhepherd with a “weakling on his ſhoulder, that hath either ſtray- “ed, or lagged behind.” How often have I *gone aſtray like a loſt ſheep!*—Jeſus ſought me out, among mountains of guilt and vanity: he found me weak, worthleſs, and polluted; he laid me on his ſhoulders of power and grace; hitherto he hath *borne, and carried;* and even to old age he is the ſame; he *will bear*, and he *will carry*, and he *will deliver* me.

“HAIL, happy ſhepherds, far removed from the “buſtle of a noiſy world!” What ſweet haunts of meditation, what bleſsful cloſets for prayer, you enjoy!—What lively emblems of a Redeemer you always ſee! Bullocks, calves, ſheep, lambs, rivers, rocks, fountains, ſhrubs, and all around, are full of him: the glory of your race.—Why may not I here taſte a ſhepherd's felicity? why not improve this paſture of flocks into a *green paſture* for my ſoul!—"Here the junipers grow out of the dry earth, and "bear fruit divers months." In his humble birth, Jeſus grew *as a root, out of dry ground*, bears precious *fruit every month*: he is a *preſent aid*; a preſent remedy; a preſent comfort, in every time and caſe.——"Yonder is a large heap of ſtones." If I ſhould hold my peace; if I ſhould ceaſe to praiſe my Redeemer, *theſe ſhould immediately cry out*: nay, me thinks, they juſt now thus addreſs my conſcience; Build on Jeſus the *corner ſtone, choſen of God, and precious*: come daily to him as *a living ſtone*; be built upon him, as a *lively ſtone*.—Conſider what manner of heart thou haſt: apply Jeſus' blood to ſoften, and diſſolve it. "Yonder rocks, how ſteep "their aſcent! how towering their height! how "protecting their ſhade! how efficacious their herbs! "how plentiful their ſprings! yet have they not "been rent with an earthquake or thunderbolt?" Great Rock of ages, *let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth*, if I forget thee: how lofty! how firm! the unchangeable *I am!* yet how ſmitten by Moſes' fiery law! how rent by thunderbolts of divine wrath! that rivers of living water might guſh out for me: medicinal virtue, balm of Gilead, grow up for me: complete ſafety be afforded me!—*What time my heart is overwhelmed*, is withered, or plagued, *lead me to this rock that is higher than I.* "How vaſt yonder wilderneſs!" bleſſed be the Lord that *the wilderneſs* of the Gentile world, *bloſſoms as the roſe*, and brings forth ſaints and graces, to the glory of God: and that he hath brought me from the wilderneſs of my natural ſtate, and of divers dark and perplexed caſes; and enableth me to go up from the barren, wild, and dangerous deſart of a preſent world, *leaning on my beloved.*

"Now I have got to the top of the hill.—While "I was in the valley, this ſummit appeared to touch "the ſkies: but being come up, I ſeem as far from "heaven as before." How often have I gone up to the high *mountains* of divine ordinances; expecting near fellowſhip with God; and eminent foretaſtes of heaven; and have *there* been as far from it as ever!—Lord, let every diſappointment lead me to thyſelf: thou wilt not fruſtrate the expectation of the poor. "Here, how wide my proſpect of hea-"ven and earth! what numerous, what extenſive "portions of worldly men, do I feed mine eyes "with the ſight of, and ſee beyond!" Perhaps this view maketh me as happy as their maſter: he neither eats, drinks, nor puts on their whole product, more than I: nay, perhaps, theſe are more mine than his: for all things are mine and I am Chriſt's; all *things work together for my good*:—God, and all that is his, are mine: be *content* then, my ſoul, *with ſuch things as* thou haſt: rejoice, that an archangel's eye cannot take in the ten-thouſandth part of thine inheritance: boaſt thyſelf, for in Chriſt thou art *become exceeding rich*—O to ſtand on Piſgah's top, and view the whole *fulneſs of God*, ſecured to me for ever by his oath, covenant, and promiſe!

"On this high mountain, not to tempt, but to "teach; let not Satan, but a ſanctified fancy, ſhew "me *all the kingdoms of this world in a moment.*" Thou univerſal hiſtory of nations, what are thy ſcores of volumes, but a lecture on my Saviour's words; "There is none good but one, and that is

God;—he is kind, to the evil and the unjuſt.——Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, falſe witneſs, blaſphemies.—Upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell ſhall not prevail againſt it." What do I find in theſe many, theſe learned volumes, but near ſix thouſand years filled up with the vileſt provocations upon man's ſide; and with the moſt aſtoniſhing ſovereignty, patience, power, mercy, wiſdom, and equity on God's?—What verifications do I find of the word upon which he hath *cauſed me to hope!* How often Lord, haſt thou exalted the very dregs of men to ſcourge the nations, and then turned them off into deſtruction! *Pride* hath ordinarily *gone before deſtruction; and a haughty ſpirit before a fall.*—Diviſion hath been the common ruiner of nations and churches!—Seldom did a people much proſper, after they became perſecutors, and ſcourges of thy church.—On comparing men's ſins with their judgments, how brightly ſhines the equity of divine providence! Not rarely are the righteous, and the ſinner, *recompenſed in the earth.*—In awful ſovereignty, God with-holds the goſpel from the bulk of mankind: but let not me, with unconcern, behold them in the way to perdition.—Covet not, my ſoul, the golden mines, the mountains of ſpices, the fiſhery of pearl, the rocks of diamond, nor all the ſplendid wealth of the jewelly tribe; I am more bleſſed: I hear, I *know the joyful ſound* of the goſpel: the inexhauſtible mines of Godhead are my own: Jeſus is my ſpices; my jewels; my diamond; my *pearl of great price;* my portion, whoſe *price is better than rubies.*—Through him, whatever concerns me, is moſt fine gold! O golden temptations! golden croſſes! golden trials! golden troubles! you *work for* me *a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.*——" Amidſt rich

“ mines, and fertile fields, the inhabitants are often “ the dupes of ſlavery, and the ſoil is ſoaked with “ blood.” But in Chriſt I have, at once, unbounded wealth, unhampered liberty, perpetual peace, and abſolute ſafety. What can my ſoul deſire more?

“ But let me ſpeak to the different parts of the “ earth, that they may *teach* me; and to the various “ nations, that they may *declare unto* me.—Ye Portugueſe, highly do I applaud the courage by “ which, ſix ſcore years ago, you regained your “ freedom from the Spaniſh yoke; though to England you owe your continued poſſeſſion of it.— “ But why remain the diſtinguiſhed votaries and “ ſlaves of Antichriſt? Why not balance the loſs “ your Indian trade, with receiving of the goſpel “ of Chriſt?” Hail, my ſoul, it is to Jeſus, I owe the beginning, progreſs, and continuance of my liberty.—He was ſlain, and *redeemed* me *to God by his blood;* the Son having made me free, I am *free indeed;* let me no more ſerve *divers luſts;* and let me balance every loſs, by taking poſſeſſion of *the fulneſs of God.*

“ Proud Spain, unhappy ſcene of bloody war; “ what hoſts of Celtes, Carthaginians, Romans, “ Goths, Vandals, Suevi, and Moors; have conflicted on thy plains; and dunged thy fields with “ their carcaſes! how madly you invited the *Moors!* “ and permitted them, in eighty years, ſo to eſtabliſh themſelves, as eight hundred of bloody warfare could not expel them!” What a theatre of ſtrife is my heart! what is to be ſeen in her but a *company of two armies?* what in the church, but “ Michael and his angels, fighting with the devil and his angels.”—Alas! why have I admitted temptations whoſe baleful fruits my whole life will never undo? why have church guardians admitted corruptions, which ages cannot purge out? "Ye Spaniards, why are ye poor amidſt wealth? why poſſeſs money without activity?—Are your riches curſed, becauſe purchaſed with treachery and blood?—Flee, flee to Jeſus' atonement, not to Antichriſt's abominations, for the removal of your guilt." May Chriſt be my treaſure: let me be diligent in buſineſs, *fervent in ſpirit, ſerving the Lord;* let my outward wealth be purchaſed with his bleſſing, which *addeth no ſorrow to it.*

"Ye French, long famed for liberty, levity, and contention; united under one ſovereign, you loſt your freedom." Too long, Lord, hath thy militant church been an open ſcene of changes, lightneſs, and diviſion. May her members at laſt unite under thee their *one head;* ſo ſhall they regain, not loſe, their true liberty.—Alas, how many profeſſed members, by union under popes and biſhops, entangle themſelves in *a yoke of bondage!* "What an empty, though high-ſounding title, hath the Britiſh monarch to the French kingdom!" While without Chriſt, our claim to every outward enjoyment, is equally unſubſtantial.

"Ancient monarchy of Navarre, how art thou ſwallowed up! Though worth nothing to either, both France and Spain claim thy ſovereignty." Sublunary world, how empty a portion art thou to theſe that ſwallow thee up, ſtrive about, and claim thee as their all!

"Renowned Italy, long the honoured ſeat of the Romiſh empire; long the holy ſeat of a famous church: but how *fallen from heaven!* how "degenerated into the reſidence of the Antichriſ-"tian beaſt!—Amidſt vaſt pretences to learning, "how drowned in ignorance! amidſt high preten-"ces to ſanctity, how diſſolved into profanenſs! "amidſt a fruitful ſoil, how blaſted! how idled "into barrenneſs! how often a field of blood! a "ſcene of deceit!" How like to this is every apoſtate from God!

"ONCE powerful republics of Venice, Genoa, "Piſa, and Lucca; how is your glory withered! "your merchandize decayed! and your gainful traf-"fic conveyed into other channels!" Be my trade with the Levant, the Eaſt Indies of heaven: ſo ſhall it never decay, never be turned into any channel, but the new covenant; which "is all my ſalvation, and all my deſire, though he make it not to grow."

"COLD, rocky, barren, throat-ſwelling Alps." How like my cold, my hard, my barren, frozen, tuneleſs heart. "But amidſt theſe hills, God pre-"pared a place for his church, during the tyranny "of Antichriſt; nor could all the fraud or violence "of Savoy's bloody race, extirpate her." *Is any thing too hard for the Lord?* If *earth*, deſerts, or rocks, can *help the woman;* let me never deſpair of his protection. "Geneva, amidſt thy weakneſs, "how marvellouſly preſerved in the jaws of thine "enemies, the dukes of Savoy and kings of France!" Ye ſaints how are "you kept by the mighty power of God, through faith unto ſalvation!" how preſerved as in the paw of the lion! You are all in Jeſus' hand: he keeps you *as the apple of* his *eye.*

"BOLD Switzers, bravely you threw off the Au-"ſtrian yoke: but why unnaturally make war your "buſineſs? why hire yourſelves to murder bre-"thren? why hazard your life, your ſoul, for pi-"tiful gain? Alas, let me remember my faults: what bloody campaigns againſt God have I ſerved, under Satan, for no reward at all!

"Afflicted Germany, how often torn with "murderous war! how often deluged with torrents "of blood! how often fatted with the carcaſes of "the ſlain! how often thy children torn out thy "bowels! and invited thine adverſaries into thy "boſom! How dearly purchaſed; how deeply dipt "in blood were thy pacifications of Paſſau, Nimeg-"nen, Ryſwick, and Aix-la-Chapelle! but chiefly "thy Weſtphalian treaty! Did this coſt eighteen "years of war to the daring Swedes? twenty-eight "to the German-race?" O Zion, how haſt thou been alway afflicted, and toſſed with tempeſts! how have hypocrites and heretics torn thy bowels! how often have they called in thy open adverſaries to afflict thee!——And have not my inward luſts been mine eſpecial peſt? how often have they invited Satan to ruin and moleſt me!——And, O bleſſed new-*covenant* treaty *of peace, which cannot be broken!* built up with blood divine!

"You Auſtrian Low Countries, how well you "began to ſhake off your ſlaviſh yoke! who did "hinder you to procure your liberty, and obey the "truth?" Why, with the ſluggard, cry out, There "is a lion in the way, I ſhall be ſlain in the ſtreets."

"Holland, thou miracle of perſeverance and "induſtry; at expence of more than ſixty years "warfare, haſt thou redeemed thyſelf from the Spa-"niſh yoke; by patient labour promoted thy traffic; "amidſt neceſſity and war, puſhed into the enrich-

"ing Eaſt-India trade.—But why ſtick at neither "denial of Chriſt, nor at treachery, nor murder, to "enhance your gain? why often ungrateful to "England thy benefactor, as well as thy treacherous ally? why aſſiſt the French monarch to cruſh "thy Proteſtant brethren, his ſubjects?" By the induſtry, the endleſs labours of Heaven; by Jeſus' bloody ſuffering, and warfare, am I freed from ſpiritual ſlavery, ſlavery of conſcience indeed. By a life of unceaſing warfare with Satan and luſts, muſt I attain to my perfect freedom in heaven.—May I, with perſevering patience, labour in thy ſervice: amidſt my bloody conflicts with hell, let me increaſe in grace: let my pinching ſtraits puſh me into a gainful trade with *the fulneſs of God;* but let forgetfulneſs of him, denial of a Saviour, covetouſneſs, ingratitude, treachery, and murder of brethren, or even reſentment of their treachery to me, be for ever the deteſtation of my ſoul.

"DANES, Normans, Swedes; thouſands of years "you bravely ſuſtained the ſhocks of fate: nor barren ſoil, nor freezing ſtorms, nor bloody war, "could extirpate your ancient, your once famous "race: while you have continued, have triumphed, "in the poor bleak *ſides of the north:* ten times have "Meſopotamia's fertile plains, ſpued out their wealthy lords. Yet where is your ancient terror? "your wide ſpread conqueſts over Germany, Britain, Ireland, and Poland! Where is now the "once famed Calmar-union of your crowns? to "what purpoſe are the treaties, the bloody wars, "which were once calculated to ſupport it?" Rather think, my ſoul, how long Jeſus' poor wreſtling race have ſtood the ſtorms of tribulation, want, and woe; while wealthy empires are buried in oblivion and contempt.—How often, amidſt preſſures, he cauſeth *me alway triumph in* himſelf; while rich worldlings are turned upſide down!—Bleſſed be his name, my laurels ſhall never fade; my kingdom ſhall never be moved; nor ſhall even my horrid warfare with God diſſolve the union between him and my ſoul; for I am perſuaded, that he will never turn away from me to do me good; nor permit me to turn away from him; neither height, nor deep, nor life, nor death, nor any other creature, "ſhall ſeparate *me* from the love, or law of God, "which is in Jeſus Chriſt *my* Lord."

"LAPLANDERS, renowned for poverty, ſtupidi-"ty, and witchcraft; are ye truly the bond-ſlaves "of the god of this world, and yet ſo wretchedly "rewarded, and withal ſo proud of your portion?" —You ſinners, O the ingratitude of your maſter! if where he rules, your portion be ſo wretched, what do you expect in eternity? Alas, hath he *blinded* your *minds* that you cannot ſee? and "bewitched you, that you ſhould not obey the truth? what profit have you of theſe things," whereof you ſhall be quickly aſhamed? why proud of an hell of ſinfulneſs, and ſpiritual plagues?

"POLAND, thy fields are fertile; thy nobles "haughty; thy kings contemned; thy peaſants op-"preſſed; thy travellers ill provided; and thy fron-"tiers often invaded!" How like our preſent world! how like our corrupt church! Here, eſpecially amidſt wealth and power, how is Jeſus contemned! ſouls enſlaved to luſts, and to ambitious men! pilgrims for glory ill uſed! men unſatisfied! unhappy amidſt plenty! their enjoyments being invaded by a curſe; and their hearts by *the prince of the power of the air.*

"HUNGARY, how often the wretched ſeat of "war betwixt Antichriſtians and infidel Turks? "how often haſt thou changed thy maſters? why, "after ſo numerous ſtruggles for religion and liberty, "ſubmit to the Auſtrian yoke? and almoſt worn "out the Proteſtant name?" Alas, what a theatre of ſtrife hath been, and is, the viſible church! how tamely do moſt of her profeſſed members ſubmit to Satan's ſlavery! how is practical Chriſtianity expelled from the moſt! What a ſcene of war is my heart! how there, even luſts ſtrive one with another! Ah, how I yield! grow weary and weak-handed! how little of Chriſt is with me?

"GREAT Ruſſia, long the habitation of brutiſh "ignorance, and bloody cruelty; long the contempt "of nations, till Peter the Great extended thy limits, "civilized thy manners, and enhanced thy reputation." Such ſhall be the fate of my ſoul; ſuch the fate of the Chriſtian church: our beginning was baſe and ſmall, but our latter end ſhall be glorious. Great Jeſus ſhall ariſe, ſcatter our enemies, enlarge our conqueſts, reform our manners, increaſe our celeſtial trade, and reveal unto us the abundance of peace and truth.

"YOU Mengrelians, Circaſſians, and Georgians, "half angels in comelineſs, moſtly Chriſtians in "name, brutes in ignorance, demons in barbarity, "and in devotion; witneſs your mutual broils; "your murder of children, and ſelling them to the "Infidels around; your building of churches on "high diſtant rocks, almoſt only to be looked at." Alas, how many Chriſtians ſo called, are deſtitute of the knowledge of God! how void of natural affection! how negligent of devotion! how they ſpiritually ſell themſelves and their poſterity into the hand of Satan, to work wickedneſs! and uſe churches and Bibles as things chiefly to be gazed at.

"Wild and wide Tartary, conqueror of nations; "how have thy ſavage brood, Goths, Hunns, Scythians, Seljaks, Mungals, Manchews, Choraſmians, Turkmans, and Othmans, ſubdued Europe "and Aſia, with the north part of Africa! and "perhaps from thee was firſt peopled the American "world. What ſhocking deſolations you have "ſpread through moſt of the earth, particularly "among the goſpel-deſpiſers of Europe!" O how plainly God has *enlarged Japhet;* made him to *dwell in the tents of Shem;* and given him Canaan to be his ſervant! how he hath *exalted the low trees*, the baſeſt of men: and *brought down the high trees*, the lofty and moſt famous of nations! But thrice-bleſſed new covenant, where *there is neither Barbarian nor Scythian, but Chriſt is all and in all.* "In "Tartary's barren ſoil, grow the medicinal jingſeng, "and the vegetable lamb." In the virgin's womb; in our ſinful earth; grew up the *Plant of renown*, whoſe *leaves are for the healing of the nations;* the wonderful *Lamb of God;* God made manifeſt in the fleſh: and how often has my ſoul found him in the wildeſt deſarts of trouble!

"Vile Lamas of Tibet, why pretend to be gods "incarnate? whence ſo many broken hints of an "incarnate Deity among the nations of the Eaſt? "have they heard a confuſed report concerning Je-"ſus' birth, and no more?" Alas, how many Chriſtians in name, are ſcarce better verſed in this myſtery of godlineſs! and how many put themſelves in the Saviour's place! Are the ſelf-righteous man, and the Roman pope, a whit leſs wicked than the blaſphemous *Lama?* Are the legal, the Arminian preachers, who extol our own righteouſneſs and ſtrength, a whit leſs deceivers than they who zealouſly preach up the divinity of the Lamas of Tibet ?

" PROUD Japan, what avails thy three thouſand " years royalty, the glory of thine arts, the immen- " ſity of thy wealth, and thy unconquered valour ; " amidſt deep ſlavery, and while Jeſus' ſweet and " enriching name is excluded from thy borders ?" —How once ſimilar was my heart ! I thought myſelf ſtrong, wiſe, rich ; increaſed in goods, and needing nothing ; while, by want of him, I wanted all ; and was *poor, wretched, blind, and naked.*

" VAIN China, near four thouſand years hath " thy monarchy, under twenty-two different fami- " lies, maintained herſelf : numerous millions, in- " duſtrious in labour, laden with wealth, and ar- " rayed in ſilk, repleniſh thy regions : plentiful is " thy coarſe water, and her correcting tea. But, " alas ! what deſtructive wars have ſtained thy fields " with blood, and filled thy cities with ravage and " cruelty ? Once the Mungals, now the Manchews, " have ſubjected thee to their yoke.—Thrice-wretch- " ed paradiſe ! in lacking the Redeemer, thou lack- " eſt all." But how glorious is the ancient, the everlaſting, the invincible monarchy of free grace, under her one Head Chriſt ; of her increaſe and peace there ſhall be no end : innumerable companies of ranſomed men : all induſtrious in imitating his *labour of love ;* all enriched with the fulneſs of God ; all arrayed in the ſilken robes of imputed righteouſneſs, are his ſubjects : her hills of ordinances and promiſes are covered with invaluable bleſſings. Here, not tea, but Jeſus, the fruit of the earth, ſweetens and corrects our bitter waters of adverſity.

"Group of Indian tribes, from eaſtern ocean to "Perſian ſea; why are you poor amidſt plenty? "unhappy amidſt finery! why the willing ſlaves "of brutiſh idolatry! or the deluded dupes of the "Mahometan impoſtor?" Renounce your Wiſtna, your Brama, Sommonocodom, and the reſidue of your fancied deities; reject your barbarous rites, and Arabian frauds: receive Jeſus, embrace his goſpel-light, which leads to heaven; his law, his liberty, which alone ſuſtain the dignity of men; and that can *make you wiſe unto ſalvation*, ſoldiers of Jehovah, merchants with heaven, and prieſts unto our God: let your dwelling be in the warm clime, the fertile ſoil of the new covenant, on the banks of the ſouth-ocean of redeeming love: not then ſhould Indus, Ganges, and leſſer rivers almoſt innumerable, ſo fertilize your fields, as Jeſus your "place of broad rivers, wherein go no galleys with oars, nor gallant ſhips paſs thereby;" ſhould refreſh, cleanſe, and purify your ſoul. "But why do not "I think with horror of the ſhocking villany and "murder by which the Britons and Dutch carry "on their Eaſt-India trade?" Can we do theſe things and be delivered. What if the ſpark from Eaſt India, which hath kindled this ruinous war, ſhould conſume us, root and branch? Alas, that men, eſpecially naughty Chriſtians, will ſtick at nothing to procure gain, and yet care nothing to receive Chriſt and his fulneſs!

"Wide Perſia, and you fruitful fields waſhed "by the ſtreams of Hiddekel and Euphrates; horrid "and often repeated ſcenes of pride, of changes, "guilt, and blood! in what abject ruins now lie "your once famed Nineveh, Babylon, Perſepolis, "Rey!" Sin, that enemy, hath done this:—expect trouble, my ſoul, in the fatneſs of this earth: here roſes grow on thorns; and honey wears a ſting: let not the cataſtrophe of cities ſo affect me as mankind's rall; as Calvaiy's more ſhocking ſcene: Who would have ſuſpected, that the adverſary could have brought JEHOVAH to the *duſt of death?* buried him in ruins and in blood! May I determine to "know nothing but Chriſt, and him crucified!"

"ARMENIA, perhaps the harbour of the patri-"arch's ark, how near the ſun! and yet how ſel-"dom fully thawed thy frigid plains, or towering "heights!" How often am I near Jeſus Chriſt in ordinances! and yet, even in the ſummer-tides of opportunity, how frozen my heart!

"BUT aſk, where now the Aſſyrians, the Chal-"deans, Perſians, Greeks, Parthians, Romans, Sa-"racens, Seljaks, Tartars, and Turkmans, who by "turns *cauſed their terror* in thoſe eaſtern climes!" They are *fallen, and ſhall not ariſe:* ſo falls the whole pride of human glory: what mournful hints do ruined heaps, and funerals of kings and kingdoms, ſuggeſt! beggars may ſport with awful aſhes in the grave; and tread the Cæſars in the dirt: bright and laſting bliſs below, is all romance and dream: celeſtial pleaſures only riſe and flow in an eternal tide.—Let me be as *mount Zion which can never be moved;* let never the riſe and fall of nations ſo affect my ſoul, as thoſe of my incarnate God: how ſad the ſound of his breaking heart-ſtrings! how was the God of the whole earth diſſolved! he "cried, and gave up the ghoſt?" but "the Lord is riſen indeed:" he roſe with wakened ſaints, a long triumphant train;——"Ought not Chriſt to have ſuffered, and to enter into his glory!"

"You Othman Turks, originally the offscouring of men; how hath God, by you, ſcourged "Aſia, Africa, and Europe! and beſtowed upon "you the fruitful regions, once ſo famed in the "records of heaven; and of Greece, the moſt of "which your oppreſſion hath more than half-deſo-"lated?" How Lord, muſt thou contemn our earthly wealth, when thou ſo liberally beſtowed it upon men ſo wicked: and who know ſo ill how to uſe it!—And how, you ranſomed, hath God raiſed us up from the dunghill; given us *the goodly heritage of the hoſts of nations;* and made us ſit with the *prince of the kings of the earth!* God forbid, that we ſhould abuſe our mercies.

"Arabia, boaſt no more of thy coffee, thy cin-"namon, thy precious ſpices; want of water more "than countervails the profit: unhealthy are thy "hills of frankincenſe; the habitations of ſerpents, "viſited by few but ſlaves." Lord, give me uſeful things, though I ſhould want rarieties: rather give me Chriſt, who is both rare and uſeful.——Dwell not, my ſoul, amidſt worldly pleaſure, profit, or honour; there the helliſh ſerpents ſwarm; there the climate is unhealthy, proper only for the bond-ſlaves of the old covenant. "How often the fra-"grant ſmell half ſickens the mariner, who ap-"proacheth the Arabian ſhore!" How often have the near views of glory, of *the King in his beauty*, ſweetly ſickened and enraptured my heart! "Ye "Arabian Iſhmaelites, near four thouſand years "hath your *hand* been *againſt every man, and every* "*man's hand againſt* you.—For divers ages, under "the name of Saracens, you ſpread deluſion and "ravage among multitudes of nations.—Always "wonderfully hath God, according to his promiſe, "preſerved your liberty, notwithſtanding every "Aſſyrian Chaldean, Perſian, Grecian, Roman, "Tartar, and Turkiſh attempt to deſpoil you of "it." Lord, haſt thou, from *reſpect to thy covenant*, ſo preſerved a barbarous, a brutiſh, a theiviſh, and abominable nation! wilt thou not preſerve my weak grace, and make me *more than a conqueror, through him that loved* me?

"Syria, but chiefly you Paleſtine and Egypt; "where is your ancient glory? your wonted fruitfulneſs? Are your fields curſed? or are thy abuſed? Why, for many ages, become ſcenes of "bondage, blood and deſolation?" Quickly, O earth, ſhall barrenneſs and ruin be thy univerſal fate; thou and thy *works be burnt up*. Let me never expect happineſs but in God himſelf; ſo ſhall I never hazard a diſappointment: for "truly in vain is ſalvation, *is laſting happineſs*, hoped for from hills, and multitudes of mountains; *or from* lands flowing with milk and honey."

"Africa, wretched theatre of direful monſters, "brutiſh ſtupidity, vile ſlavery, baſe naſtineſs, horrid and unnatural luſt, ſhocking idolatry, helliſh "barbarity!—Are thy inhabitants men? or are they "mixtures of the deviliſh and beſtial tribe? Moſt "of them are ſtupid heathens; many, once the Arabian ſubjects; and ſtill the ſenſeleſs dupes of Mahomet. How little do the tolerated Chriſtians of "Egypt, or the authorized of Abyſſinia, differ from "beaſts in their ignorance; or fools in their ſuperſtition! How ſtupidly naſty the Hottentots, and "other nations of the ſouth! What ravaging imps, "the Galles, Giagas and Imbii, in the heart of the "country! What unnatural markets of ſlaves are "on the weſt! How extenſive and dangerous are "the dry waſtes of Zaara! How confuſion and ſlavery domineer in the empire of Fez and Morocco, "and in the ſtates of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, "on the north!" Sin, horrid transformer, how haſt thou changed our god and our glory!—How like Africa is my heart! her true Chriſtianity is but ſmall and confuſed: but ah what ravaging luſts, want of natural affection, horrid pollution, barrenneſs, barbarity, blood-guiltineſs, and ſpiritual ſlavery, am I an awful ſcene of? Lord, pity Africa; and pity a wretched ſoul that would be thine.

"AMERICA, long the quiet reſidence of Satan "and his ſubjects: once horrid ſcene of Spaniſh "cruelty; but now partly called to the faith of "Chriſt, who is the *confidence of all the ends of the* "*earth, and of them that are afar off upon the ſea;* "could not your moſt ſavage brood forbear to love, "to protect him, they imagined, had them figured "on his heart?" And can you men, murder and trample under foot the Son of God, who hath you from everlaſting to everlaſting on his heart? My ſoul, through this goſpel-mirror, behold thyſelf in Jeſus' heart: in his Father's boſom, in his mother's womb, in the garden, on the croſs, and on the throne; I was, I am alway in his heart: can I kill? can I forbear to love the God-man, who hath ſo loved me, and given himſelf for me?

"POLAR regions, almoſt unknown; months of "darkneſs, barren fields, and frozen habitations, "are your yearly portion." Alas, what dark ignorance; what months of woe; what diſtance from the Sun of righteouſneſs; what barrenneſs; what frozen indifferency about a crucified Redeemer; are in the caſe and temper of my ſoul!

" Isles famed for ſpices, liberty, or wealth found-" ed in, and ſurrounded with the ocean, or almoſt " loſt in the heart of it." Bleſſed be the Lord, who thought on you in your low eſtate; for his mercy endureth for ever. May your colonies truſt in his Son, and *wait for his law.*—May I for ever ſtand on the Rock of ages; on the ſure bottom of divine purpoſes and promiſes; and let the ocean of redeeming love ſurround, protect, waſh, and fructify all my powers. While I inhabit time, that almoſt inviſible iſland, thrown up in the ocean of eternal duration, let eternal things be my proſpect; my refreſhment; my *all in all.*

Having thus ſurveyed the globe, permit me, Lord, to ſay, *There is none on earth whom I deſire beſides thee;* ſeparate from thee, all is *vanity of vanities; vanity and vexation of ſpirit.*—But when I view the earth as the theatre of redeeming love, when I ſee Jeſus rejoicing in her habitable parts, and being the confidence and ſalvation of all the ends of it; how earth that offscouring of creation, ſmiles! When I view all the providences of God, toward all the nations of the world, in every age, working together to promote the great work of redemption! When I believe, that all the kingdoms *of this world* ſhall quickly *become the kingdoms of* my *Lord, and of his Chriſt;* how it cheers my heart, and *fills* my *lips with rejoicing!* Let the whole earth his glory fill: let his name be praiſed from the riſing to the ſetting ſun. Amen, and Amen.

" But now, declining ſun, what unmeaſurable " tracks of ſky haſt thou to-day traverſed?" How much more ſwift, glorious, and majeſtic, are thy goings, *O Sun of righteouſneſs;* whoſe it is to *enlighten every man that cometh into the world!* Let mine eyes be ever fixed on thee; my heart conſtantly attracted to thee. Quickly will this ſun bid me his diurnal, " perhaps his laſt adieu." So time, ſo every earthly enjoyment poſts away from me: let me not abſurdly bid them *good morrow*, while they bid me *good night.* But never ſhall Jeſus make an afternoon to my ſoul: for ever I *ſhall ſee him as he is;* for ever I ſhall gaze on his mid-day brightneſs; and with angels baſk and melt in his meridian love. " Make haſte, my beloved; ariſe, my love, my fair one, and come away."

With the utmoſt caution I muſt deſcend this " mountain, leſt I ſlip, tumble headlong; and break bones, or neck." With the utmoſt care and watchfulneſs, muſt I deſcend from the mount of ordinances.—Ah! how often, by ſtumbling into carnal care, vain company, idolizing of frames, or yielding to luſts, immediately after being in the mount with God, have I ſadly wounded and bruiſed my ſoul!—O that death were come to ſet all my diſjointed bones, and heal all my ſores!

" How beautifully do thorns, thiſtles, and almoſt every weed, now bloſſom on this way-ſide!" While I enjoy ſummer-like communion with my God, all Nature ſmiles in my face: unruly reproaches, prickly trials, and temptations, and what many reckon inſignificant trifles, afford me pleaſant and uſeful inſtruction, and comfort.

" Here a mighty river ſtops my courſe.—Alas, " juſt now the ferry-boat is gone off!" O the miſchief of unneceſſary delay, in the concerns of eternity!—But be patient, my ſoul, under every outward diſappointment: and let the *everlaſting covenant* be thy ſecurity againſt every wrathful event: take faſt hold of her, refuſe to let her go; ſo ſhall ſhe keep thee, and promote thee to honour.—Beware of anxious deſire of death; "ſince there is wrath, beware leſt he take thee away with a ſtroke;" let God, whoſe I am, and whom I ſerve, order the time, place means, and manner of my deceaſe, as is good in his ſight; let me *die in the Lord*, and to his honour; let me *depart and be with Chriſt;* and it is enough.

But ſince I am ſtopt; let me refreſh myſelf, and "be ready againſt next call!" Lord Jeſus, plentifully refreſh me with thy fleſh and blood, that I may die in my *full ſtrength*:—may, like my Saviour, triumphantly ſhout, and then *give up the ghoſt*. May I be *always ready*, becauſe I *know not when the Son of man cometh.*——

"Having got a refreſhment, let me amuſe, and "edify myſelf with the view of the ſhips and har-"bour, till the boat be ready. Yonder the old crazy "veſſel is laid up from uſe; and, juſt by her, is a "new one upon the dock." *One generation goeth away, and another cometh;*—after divers repairs ſhall our crazy body be laid up, as uſeleſs, in the grave. "Perhaps this puny yacht may ride out the ſtorm, "that will tear and ſink the largeſt veſſel." How often do weak, humble, and ſelf-denied Chriſtians, more cleanly ride out ſtorms of temptation and trouble, than ſome more eminent ſaints!—Learn, my ſoul, to be *meek and lowly*, always depending on Jeſus; ſo, when *I am weak*, ſhall I be *ſtrong*.——"Here a huge veſſel unloads her cargo: what ſtu-"pendous burden of Indian goods has ſhe brought "home!" What rich ſupplies of grace might the effectual, fervent prayer of faith, bring from

Chriſt's fulneſs into my heart! But ah, my ſloth! my ſtupidity! " No ſooner was this veſſel built, " than launched into the deep." No ſooner was I naturally born, than launched into the ſea of a troubleſome world: no ſooner ſpiritually *born from above*, than launched into a ſea of new trouble from Satan, and a wicked heart: no ſooner ſhall I be gloriouſly born in death, and the reſurrection, than launched into eternal depths of perfect felicity.

" DOUBTLESS this ſhip has ſailed the noiſy, in" conſtant, raging ocean, which foams out his fil" thineſs upon the ſhore; preſerves his freſhneſs " by perpetual motion; and where leviathan, and " his fellow monſters, play." Ocean, how like to our earth! how vaſt her extent! how various her inhabitants and conditions, how changeable her enjoyments! how full of monſtrous ſinners ſporting themſelves with miſchief! what polluted perſons and deeds, ſhe daily foams out into eternity! how preſerved from utter corruptions by the ſtorms of divine judgment!—how like the ocean is my toſſed, raging, inconſtant heart! what waves of trouble, what monſters of luſts are to be found there! how ſhe foams out her ſhame! caſts forth mire and dirt, " evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornica" tions, thefts, falſe witneſs, blaſphemies!" Think, my ſoul, of the ocean of Godhead! O ſhoreleſs, unfathomable fulneſs of perfection and goodneſs! in him all things *live and move*; from him they ſpring; and to him they return as their laſt end.—Think of the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of *the love of Chriſt that paſſeth knowledge!* ſooner could I drink the ocean dry, than all the ranſomed millions could exhauſt his love!——Think of the ocean of eternity, into which I muſt enter! Dread thought! enter into eternity! and do I know, and care ſo little about my eternal eſtate!

"At ſea, how carefully was this ſhip ſteered by "the compaſs! how ſkilfully was ſhe tacked about, "to have her ſheets filled with the gale!" Let a conſcience well informed, and awed by the word of God, regulate the motions of my life: if I want the ſenſible breathings of Heaven, let my ſoul tack about to every point of duty, and ordinance, till all her powers be filled, be ſtretched, with divine influence.—If I am becalmed, dead or lifeleſs, let me never intoxicate myſelf with carnal care, or inactive ſloth; but wiſhfully cry, and wait for the promiſed gale: *Awake, O north wind* of divine influence, *and come thou ſouth*, blow upon my ſoul, that ſhe may live, and move. "How little effect would rowing "with oars, or dragging with ropes, have on this "high and heavy veſſel! but how eaſily could ſhe "run before a full trade-wind!" Lord, when thou art abſent how little effect has tugging and rowing at duty, on my haughty, dull, and heavy heart! But when I get into a fair trade-wind of divine influence, how eaſily, how pleaſantly I bear away for Immanuel's land! how many leagues I run in a moment! O happy, happy, to ſail for ever in the *Pacific ocean* of redeeming love, before a full, an everlaſting gale of the Holy Ghoſt!

"Who knows what hardſhips this ſhip hath "ſuffered at ſea! how ſhe hath been attacked by "pirates! hath ſprung leaks! foundered among "waves! or been daſhed on rocks! Perhaps ſhe "was almoſt wrecked as ſhe entered the harbour: "perhaps, juſt now, the mariners admire their un"expected eſcape." O the inconceivable diſtreſs of Jeſus' church! how often hath perſecution beſtormed her! how often hath piratical, carnal, and politic managers robbed her! how often have leaks of diviſion ſprung up in her! how often hath ſhe been daſhed upon the rocks of deluſion and error!

—In theſe laſt times, when juſt entering the harbour of the millennial ſtate, how is ſhe almoſt utterly broken and deſtroyed!—How often have ſtorms from heaven, from earth, from hell, at once attacked me, and ſtriven to ſwallow me up!—How often have devils, and wicked men, attempted to rob me of my joy and grace! how often have leaks of corruption, the fountains of the helliſh deep, ſprung up in my ſoul! how often have I been daſhed, all of a ſudden daſhed, on rocks of perplexity and diſappointment! how lately was I threatned with immediate ruin! Lord, what a wonder is it, that I am brought hitherto!——Who knows but while I enter the harbour of everlaſting reſt, my troubles may be ſtill more ſevere! "I have not yet reſiſted "unto blood, ſtriving againſt ſin."—But God *hath delivered;* he *doth deliver*; and in him *I truſt that he will deliver me;* from the belly, and from the womb he hath *borne*, and hath *carried;* and he will *bear*, and *carry*, and *deliver* me.——"But do not "ſkilful mariners foreſee the evil, and avoid it, or "prepare for it?"—Be predent, my ſoul; foreſee the evil, and eſchew it: avoid every rock of offence; *abſtain from every appearance of evil:* to prevent thy being toſſed to and fro, or caſt away, ballaſt thy mind with grace; let the word of Chriſt dwell in thee richly; lower thy ſails, be clothed with humility.

"In a few days the **** fleet will ſail hence." How many daily launch into eternity! How many of theſe into the ſtormy ocean of divine wrath! Dread thought! are thouſands juſt now dropping into hell, and am I ſo unconcerned! With what awful ſolemnity ſhall the whole human race quickly launch forth: the wicked *into everlaſting puniſhment, but the righteous into life eternal!*

"Just now I am called to the boat." Perhaps, in a little, to my laſt ſickneſs. "Numbers here offer me their ſervice: it is not me, however, but my money which they regard." How many for gain, not from love, ſhew kindneſs to the ſaints!—But neither for my perſon, nor for my money, but *for his name's ſake*, doth Jeſus offer, and give me his ſervice. "When I come to the water-ſide, all the crew crowd about me; but when I go from it, none taketh notice of me." When men come into honour, multitudes court their favour; but when they loſe it they are ſtraightway contemned, even of ſuch as were advanced by them. My comfort is, that God ſhall *never leave* me, *nor forſake* me.

"Now I have taken a ſeat in the boat." Alarming prelude of my lying down on a death-bed! "When will they put me off, and waft me over to my native country?" Rather, O when ſhall death waft me over to my truly native country; my deſired, my long-deſired Father's houſe in heaven!—"Why tarry the wheels of his chariots? why is he ſo long a-coming!" "Adieu, friends on ſhore; perhaps to meet no more in life." Bid adieu, my ſoul, to every earthly enjoyment: but happy! happy! there is no uſe for adieus between me and my God.

"Now we are ſet off; no more than a few inches of timber are between us and the deep; nay, between us and an eternal ſtate: yet ſo ſtupid, ſo wicked, are moſt of the paſſengers, that reproof can ſcarce reſtrain their blaſphemy, and obſcene talk." Alas! how often do ſinners lie on death-beds, as unconcerned, as wicked, as if no eternity, no danger, no hell, were before them! "This blind muſician diverts us in our paſſage." Lord, open his eyes to ſee thyſelf: and when I "paſs through the valley of the ſhadow of death," let the ſweet ſound of Jeſus' love and promiſe recreate me: O! how it ſhall refreſh and reſtore my ſoul!

"Juſt the other moment we had a pleaſant gale! "but now the wind whiſtles; the ſea ſwells; the "billows roar." How changeable is an earthly condition! how often God *lifts me up, and caſteth me down!*—Who knows how it may be with my ſoul in the hour of death! perhaps firſt a pleaſant gale; then a fearful ſtorm of temptation and trouble: but O Jeſus, "the cup which thou giveſt me ſhall I not drink it?"—Sure I am, my ſoul is anchored within the vail: let therefore ſtorms blow, how and whence they will, they can but blow me home *to God my exceeding joy.* "The ſea works, and is tempeſtuous." Encourage thyſelf, my ſoul; thy Redeemer was caſt into the ocean of Almighty wrath, to allay its raging: he, my Father and pilot, *ſits upon the floods:* he is in ſtraits a preſent aid. "Alas! now we go to the "bottom without recovery!—How cutting to be loſt "juſt before the harbour!—Ah! where are now my ſweet frames!—I am unready for death!—*Maſter, ſave* me, *I periſh!*—Ah! how eaſy to be reſigned to trials, till they touch us to the quick! to talk boldly to death at a diſtance!—But at cloſe grips, it is a ſerious affair indeed—Alas! after a ſtanding profeſſion, and manifold ſeeming experiences of the grace of God, muſt I to-night make *my bed in hell!*—Was it deluſion—Muſt I have my *portion with hypocrites?* Comes Beelzebub to drag me to eternal fire!—Stop, my faithleſs heart: what whiſper do I hear!—It is I, be not afraid: I that ſpeak in righteouſneſs, mighty to ſave:—Be ſtill, and know that I am God. It is the voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh, leaping on the mountains of *guilt*, and ſkipping on the hills of affliction! “How ſudden the change! juſt now laſhed into foam, the fierce conflicting ſea ſwelled her mountain-billows to the clouds; huge uproar lorded wide; all nature reeled:—Now nature's King, who often amidſt tempeſtuous darkneſs dwells, and who on the fleet, careering, winged winds, walks dreadfully ſerene—commands a calm; ſtraight air and ſea, and earth, are huſhed at once:—immediately we are at land.” “O that men would praiſe the Lord for his goodneſs, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!” What monuments of God's preſerving kindneſs are we! what monuments of ſovereign grace, if through *much* danger, and manifold “tribulation, we enter into the kingdom of God!”

“ALARMED with our danger, yonder crowd come to congratulate our eſcape—My Father and elder brother are among them!” Raviſhing period, when JEHOVAH my heavenly Father, Jeſus my elder brother, with millions of angels and *ſpirits of juſt men made perfect*, ſhall welcome me from the roaring billows of trouble, and raging floods of death!—Methinks, I hear my enraptured ſoul ſaying, “Is not THIS my Chriſt! is this HE, whoſe viſage was more marred than any man, *and his* face more than the ſons of men,” for me! Is this HE, whom I ſaw *in a glaſs darkly*, but now *face to face*:—Once, Lord, I thought never to have ſeen thy gracious countenance; and lo, thou haſt ſhewed me the Father alſo, and it ſufficeth me! bleſſed lamb, bleſſed three-one God, art thou mine! wholly mine! forever mine! What am I, that thou haſt brought me hitherto! “Is this the manner of men, O Lord God.”

“NOW I am in my Father's houſe: my clothes changed; my body warm and dry: we have richly

" ſupped; I forget my weariſome travel, and ſtormy " paſſage." O the happineſs of my arrival in heaven? Jeſus ſhall ſtrip off my filthy garments of mortality, guilt and corruption; array me with robes of unſpotted holineſs and perfect honour; melt and enflame every power of my ſoul with his love; richly feaſt me *with all the fulneſs of God;* and cauſe me to drink with him the *new wine* of everlaſting joy in his *Father's kingdom.*—O how ſhall I drink, and remember my miſery no more! nay, with what pleaſure ſhall I remember the " light afflictions which *wrought* for *me* an exceeding and eternal weight of glory! *Then, then, my* ſun ſhall no more go down, *nor my* moon withdraw her ſhining; *and* the days of my mourning ſhall be ended.

" Now I am got into my brother's cloſet: what " a fine library is here!" But by far too ſmall to contain the hiſtory of what Jeſus my elder brother did, doth, and ſhall do for me: too ſmall to exhauſt the ſubſtance of that thrice-bleſſed book, the Bible. " Here is a fine ſet of claſſics." Theſe I converſed with in childhood: but now let me *put away childiſh things;* let the writings of the prophets and apoſtles be the delightful claſſics of my ſoul. " Here " is plenty of ſelect plays and romances." Let them ſtudy thoſe who have too much time to prepare for eternity; too much room in their heart for God: are not his real works a thouſand times more beautiful, than theſe creatures of men's fancy!—Alas! how much of our life is but an empty romance! a religious ſhadow without ſubſtance!—But is it not a ſad defect in our method of education, that God's word is ſo extruded, and children's minds ſtuffed with Pagan fooleries, and romantic fancies? " Here " are whole volumes of controverſial tracts." I am too near eternity, to feel much pleaſure in the moſt of thoſe. Alas! that men ſhould waſte their talents, ſpend their time, and trouble the church, with ſo many diſputes, which appear altogether dry and taſteleſs in the hour of death:—that they ſhould write on religious diſputes, as men in paſſion, or in jeſt: and appear to contend for victory more than for truth; and to ſeek rather to diſhonour their brother, than to honour their God. "Here is a choice collection of hiſtories! by Rapin, Rollin, Dupin, Robertſon, Raynal, Moſheim, Univerſal Hiſtory, *&c.*" All ſtanding memorials of God's wiſdom, power, and goodneſs, and of the greatneſs of human guilt.—But none like the inſpired annals of redeeming love to my heart.—Think, my ſoul, if, with as much diſtinctneſs, thou canſt tell what hath paſſed between God and thee, as this man relates tranſactions which happened many ages before his birth.—"Here is a fine collection of law; acts of parliament; ſyſtems of feudal, canon, civil, and municipal law; tracts on the law of nature and nations; Rymer's Federa, *&c.*" Sad monuments of men's being wholly inclined to evil, needing ſo many laws, covenants, and explications, to reſtrain them! Lord put thy law into my heart, and write it in my inward parts: there let me hide it, *that I may not ſin againſt thee.* "Here are the Philoſophical tranſactions; Nature diſplayed; with the philoſophic works of Ray, Newton, Leibnitz, Diſaguliers, Keil, Derham, Sheuchzer, Buffon, Brooks, and Edward's natural hiſtories; with Hill's hiſtory of animals, vegetables, and minerals, *&c.*" *Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wiſdom haſt thou made them all.* Not even theſe of nature, can all our learned heads find out to perfection.—In natural things, let me chiefly ſtudy their connection with Chriſt; let my ſoul deſire nothing like, nothing beſides, nothing after HIM. "Here is a valuable ſet of dic-

" tionaries; Ainſworth, Johnſon, Chambers, the " French and Britiſh Encyclopedias, Moreri, Her- " belot, Bayle, Birch, Martinere, and Calmet; " Chauffepied, Britiſh Biography, and Biographia " Britannica: Ten thouſands of words and things " are explained in the former; thouſands of places " and lives are deſcribed in the latter." But ſay, my ſoul, is there in them any *name* like Chriſt's? any *hiſtory* like his? any *thing like redemption through his blood?* any *place* like his immediate preſence? is he not more than *chief* of all theſe *ten thouſands?*—Alas! that my knowledge of him ſhould reſemble that procured by dictionaries; be ſo ſcanty and ſuperficial! " Here is Buſching's geography, with " Bleau's and Moll's atlas; De Liſle, Bowen, Va- " gondy's, and all our late maps." How minute does our whole earth appear in them! but to one in eternity ſhe appears ſtill more inſignificant.—May therefore the goſpel-maps of Canaan above, the inſpired geography of heaven, be the delight, the ſtudy of my ſoul: how far will that better country exceed my moſt extenſive views, and moſt ſanguine expectations! " Here take their place the poems of " lofty Milton, witful Cowley, elegant Pope, " ſprightly Thomſon, awful Young, ingenious " Blacklock, ſoaring Brown, ſpiritual Craig, divine " Watts." Be theſe, and ſuch, the recreation of my eaſy hours.—Thou poetry, art half inſpired! why ſo much proſtituted to ſcorn the Almighty, fire the luſtful ſtallion, gild the ſwollen worm, or deck the wallowing ſow? Return, apoſtate art, thy Maker's praiſe proclaim; light all thy flames at Jeſus and his love.—Thrice happy day, when nor Milton, nor archangels, ſhall outvie my ſongs to my Well-beloved; when my heart ſhall indite anthems all on fire, and my tongue ſhall outrun the pen of the ready writer. " Here ſtand various bodies of divinity; Turretine, Maſtricht, Heidegger, "Pictet, and Ridgely; with the valuable tracts of "Witſius, Owen, Boſton, Erſkines, Hervey, and "others almoſt innumerable." But how little a portion of that ſcience is yet heard or known! not even wiſe men can find it out. "Here is the beſt "of writings, the Bible, with her principal com-"mentaries! thoſe of the elegant Calvin, laborious "Pool, ſagacious Patrick and Lowth, practical Hen-"ry, copious Gill, literal Calmet, ſenſible Clark, "plain Burkit, ſoft-flowing Doddridge, judicious "Guiſe, learned Vitringa, penetrating Owen, pious "Horn, curt Bengelious, dry Schultens, and crit-"ical Whitby, *&c.*" How inexhauſtible are the "volumes of inſpiration! how many, as helped of "God, have written on them! and yet there is "room.

"To dwell here, where I might quietly converſe "with the great men of many ages, methinks would "be a paradiſe." Lord, give me grace to read aright ſuch books as I have—Let me never be a *deſultory* reader, leaping from book to book; nor a *poſting* reader, who obſerveth little as he goes along; nor a *luſting* reader, reading merely from an itch to read, or a deſire to know; but, like a judicious Chriſtian, let me ponder what I read, obſerving carefully what points my ſoul to a God in Chriſt, and the things above; and what volumes chiefly abound with hints of this nature; and, above all, the Bible; let theſe be the delight, the daily exerciſe of my ſoul.—Much rather will the manſions of my elder brother Chriſt, where I will converſe with ancient patriarchs, apoſtles, and prophets; nay, with angels, and with God himſelf, be a paradiſe indeed: there, inſtead of paper volumes, ſhall I peruſe the *Lamb's book of life*; and diſcern my own, and the names of thouſands not mentioned by Moreri, or Birch, written there *before the foundation of the world.*—There ſhall every childiſh thing, every romance, and ſhadow, give place to endleſs perfection, ſubſtance, and reality: with raviſhing tranſport ſhall I, ſhall all the ranſomed, for ever diſpute, which is the deepeſt debtor to free grace; and ſhall be the loudeſt praiſer of God and the Lamb: with enrapturing joy, ſhall we glance the countleſs facts of redeeming love; ſurvey Jeſus' Federa, his everlaſting covenant; behold the law in his heart, fulfilled and magnified by him; and written in our heart, by a perfect conformity to him: there ſuperficial knowledge ſhall forever ceaſe; maps, ſyſtems, commentaries, and bibles, ſhall be no more neceſſary; I ſhall ſee God *as he is*, and know him, *even as I am known*: clearly ſhall creation ſhine in the face of her adored Maker: the unvailed glory of the Lamb ſhall be my ſole, my all-ſufficient commentary; my only Bible: no more ſhall I need the *ſun* of inſpiration, nor the *moon* of inſtituted ordinances; for the Lord God and the Lamb ſhall be my everlaſting light, and my God my glory.

"FAMILY and ſecret worſhip, theſe preludes of "endleſs hoſannas, being over, my brother and I "lie down on this ſoft bed." How quickly muſt we ſleep together in the duſt! ſhall not we even there ſleep in Jeſus' embrace? ſhall not I for ever lie with him in his *bed of love*, his Father's boſom? Exult, my ſoul, in the hope of the glory of God: how ſweet ſhall ſuch reſt be to a labouring—a weary man! "Sleep ſhuts mine eyes." May it be ſuch as God gives to his beloved.—Quickly ſhall death ſhut them not more to be opened, till the morning of the reſurrection. Quickly ſhall not the darkneſs, but the noontide blaze of everlaſting light, overwhelm my ſoul, and throw me into an endleſs tranſport of inconceivable joy. Have I, by night, awakened with "a ſong in my mouth?" My dream of JEHOVAH's kindneſs, in my redemption, and late deliverance, has tuned my tongue to his praiſe. —Lord, *whenever I awake*, let me be *ſtill with thee.* —Let my ſoul meditate on, and follow hard after thee, in the night watches.—Let this be the pledge, that amidſt endleſs ecſtaſy, the *high praiſes of God* ſhall be for ever in my mouth.—And ſince "for this cauſe I obtained mercy, that in me, the "*firſt-rate ſinner*, Jeſus Chriſt might ſhew forth all "his long-ſuffering, for a pattern to them that ſhall "hereafter believe; *therefore*, unto the king eternal, "immortal, inviſible, the only wiſe God, be honour "and glory for ever. Amen."

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OF A
HARVEST-DAY.

"WHAT noiſe hath awakened me? It is that "of the reapers riſing to their work in the field." Are they preparing to labour *for the meat that periſheth!* and not I, to labour for *that which endureth to everlaſting life?*—Shall the ſummer paſs, and the harveſt end, while I am not ſaved? "A little ago, "I was half awake; but relapſed into my ſlumber.— "Perhaps, this morning-drowſineſs will make my "journey too late, and occaſion my lying out to-"night." Alas! what if my accurſed ſloth, my ſtifling of conviction, and ſpending many years in a total unconcern for my ſoul, prove her everlaſting ruin? what profit is it, if I *gain the whole world and loſe my own ſoul?*—Alas! if Chriſt be mine, he is no more than my laſt ſhift, when God obliged me to ſee that there was no eſcaping of hell without him. With what pungent grief, and confounding ſhame, do I remember, how often, in childhood and youth, I neglected prayer, and reading of God's word; and with what unconcern I performed religious duties, when my parents puſhed and directed me to them!

"Now I have got up, and put on my clothes." But whether I be riſen with Chriſt from a ſtate of ſin and miſery; whether I be clothed with his righteouſneſs, or his curſe, I know not. "My mirror

" ſhews a wrinkled brow; a fading countenance." Death is at my door; but whether it carry me to heaven or hell, I know not. O dreadful back-lock! near twenty years I am ſure, I lived without Chriſt:—twice twenty years I have lived in awful uncertainty, whether he be mine or not.

"THE children are up: put all that can liſp out " language to prayer." Lord, forbid that I ſhould be of thoſe unchriſtian parents who regard more the food and raiment, than the prayers, the inſtruction, the ſouls of their children; who cannot without pain, ſee their young ones want a meal, or have a pin wrong; and yet, without concern, can ſuffer them, an hundred times over, to reſtrain ſecret prayer at morn or night: nay, perhaps, bring them up like ignorant, careleſs beaſts, till ſix, eight, or twelve years of age.—Since, by idling away the flower of my youth, I have hazarded eternal ruin, let not me drag my tender little ones to hell with me; let none of them for ever curſe me for neglecting their Chriſtian education.—Poor babes, did I bring them into life *children of diſobedience*, heirs of hell; and can my heart endure to ſee them ſo, without endeavouring to pluck them out of the burning? Were I not an unnatural, deviliſh monſter, if it could? If, while children, they are trained up in Satan's way: is there much hope that they will ever depart from it? It is true, they may not well know what they pray, read, or hear from God; nor be expected to be properly ſerious in their work; but without early inſtruction and urging to duty, are they ever like to be better?—How many full-grown perſons have I ſeen as ignorant, and as unconcerned about their eternal intereſts, as babes *of three years old?*—Alas! careleſs parents, careleſs maſters, careleſs teachers, and careleſs miniſters, " are brethren; inſtruments of cruelty are in their habitations."—Are not their ſkirts preſently full of the blood of poor innocents?—If I muſt make my dreadful bed in hell, let not me draw a multitude after me: and if a bleeding Redeemer ſave me, God forbid that I ſhould for ever deſtroy the ſouls and bodies of my children, ſervants, or neighbours.

Now we have eſſayed family worſhip."—Ah! heartleſs work, while I know not whether God accepts or rejects our ſervice!—But perhaps, it will be accepted with reſpect to others in the family, though not with reſpect to me.—Be the caſe and iſſue as it will, in Jeſus' ſtrength, I determine to eſſay to worſhip, and ſerve him while I live.

"My companion hath got the ſtart of me, and is "gone off.—He neglects morning family-worſhip, "during the harveſt." Lord, ſhall the greatneſs of thy bounty to us, in the crop, encourage even ſome profeſſors, thus to rob thee of thy worſhip? need not the reapers hands thy ſpecial care? is not the whole proviſion of the following year at a diſtinguiſhed criſis? and yet ſhall men ſin, becauſe need?—becauſe grace doth abound?

"Now I leave my family." How quickly muſt I go from them into the eternal ſtate!—If I never ſee them more, Lord, be thou a huſband to the widow; a father to the fatherleſs; and a maſter to my ſervants: theſe thou gaveſt me to bring up for thee; aſſuring me, that my life ſhould go for their life.—I have wofully miſmanaged them; but into thy hands, O God of truth, I commit them.

"Now I am on my way." Let me apply to the creatures around me for ſpiritual inſtruction: all things are full of God. “ Here is a field of runridge; but every man knows his own.” So are the members of Jeſus and Satan mingled together; but the “ Lord knoweth them that are his.”—And ſhall I live a moment longer, without knowing whether the everlaſting God, or everlaſting burnings, be *the portion of my cup?* No; let me juſt now, with more than uſual earneſtneſs, and dependence on him for direction, try myſelf to the uttermoſt: Lord, *thou who knoweſt all things*, do thou *ſearch and try me:* for, amidſt this confuſion of heart and life, I cannot, without uncommon aid, diſtinguiſh between light and darkneſs; reality and deluſion: common and eſpecial operations of thy ſpirit: enable me candidly to compare my heart and life with thy word; and to draw a juſt concluſion: diſcover my grace, if I have any.—Upon a diligent ſearch, I am perſuaded, that I am wholly loathſome, weak, worthleſs, and wicked in my own eyes:—that I love, or deſire to love, Chriſt above all things; and do count them but dung “ to win him, and be found in him; not having my own righteouſneſs, but the righteouſneſs of God which is by faith;”—that I abhor my naughty heart, becauſe it will not love him much more abundantly:—and that I love all thoſe who bear his image, though they differ from, reproach, and injure me.—Hence, with fear and trembling, I conclude, that Chriſt is mine, and I am his.—Lord, if I am wrong, ſpeedily undeceive me; if right, confirm my perſuaſion, by large additions to my grace, and by ſenſible viſits of thy love. Confirm it even now, my ſoul, by taking hold of God's covenant, as tendered to the chief of ſinners; add thy hearty amen to the promiſes of pardon, peace, newneſs of heart, and the like.—Be it recorded in heaven, that this moment I accept of Jeſus as “ come to ſeek and ſave that which is loſt. This is a faithful ſaying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jeſus Chriſt came into the word, to ſave ſinners, of whom I am the chief."

"God hath given us the latter rain, though ſcarce "moderately." O his wiſdom and goodneſs, in ſo much proportioning wind and rain, cold and warmth, to our neceſſities!—But, how fooliſh are we, to place happineſs in created enjoyments, when too much, as well as too little of them, may be a *ſore evil!*—How fooliſh to reſiſt God, who hath all creatures ready armed to puniſh us for our ſin, and can turn mercies into plagues when he pleaſeth!

"Here is a field of rank corn quite laid down: "it will ſcarce afford any thing but plenty of coarſe "ſtraw." Alas! how many, who, in the early period of life, flouriſh exceedingly, overtop all around, in knowledge and apparent ſerioufneſs, do, by after ſloth, by lying down to ſlumber, become quite barren and unfruitful! ſerve for no purpoſe in the church, but to bear bulk!—How many, in days of adverſity and drought, promiſe fair: but when God plentifully rains upon them outward enjoyments, or advanceth them to higher ſtations in the world become careleſs and earthly minded: a reproach to God, and to themſelves!—How ready, at laſt, to be trodden down as *ſtraw for the dunghill;* and to have their portion in hell-fire! "Here is a field of charming "corn: numbers of ſtalks grow from one root: the "ears are large and heavy." How charming to ſee a ſaint abound in the fruits of righteouſneſs! to ſee him at once devout, always leaning on his Saviour, always walking with his God: a dutiful child, an affectionate huſband, a truly kind parent, a faithful ſubject, a peaceful neighbour, a generous friend, a redeemer of time, a counſellor in perplexity, a ſympathiſer in trouble, a comforter amid grief; firm, intrepid, judicious, full of tenderneſs, compaſſion, and benevolence: devout, without ſeeking to be ſeen of men; modeſt, without baſhfulneſs! frank and affable, without impertinence; obliging and complaiſant, without ſervility; cheerful without noiſe!—How charming, to behold the increaſe of glory to God, peace on earth, and good-will to men, which Jeſus hath brought forth!—And thrice-happy day, when an “handful of corn,” Jeſus Chriſt preached by a few miniſters, in a few ordinances, “on the tops of mountains,” among barren Gentile ſinners, “ſhakes with fruit like trees,” produceth numerous converts, fruitful in good works!

“The ſummer drought hath ſo withered this ſpot, “that the late rains cannot recover it.” How rarely are profeſſors, who, after a ſpring-tide flouriſhing, wither away, recovered from their apoſtacy! publicans and harlots go before them into the kingdom of God. And how dreadful to fall into hell backward! “All ſummer, hath the ſeed of this “ridge lain under the clod; and but juſt now “ſprings up, when it ought to ripen.” O the diſorder introduced into life, by the want of early concern for our eternal ſalvation! Of how many ſummer-like, precious, heart-warming ordinances, and influences, do we hereby loſe the benefit!—Ah! how we endanger our ſoul; late repentance being ſeldom found! “Here the corn is good: but warped with brambles” How often doth the moſt eminent, livelieſt grace, dwell together with the moſt fooliſh, peeviſh, or rugged temper! *Where* weakneſs and ſin *abound, grace much more abounds.* “Yonder field is “quite over-run with thiſtles: neglect to weed this “corn in the proper ſeaſon, renders it painful to reap “it; and impoſſible to do it to perfection.” Negligence to mortify luſts, and purify our way, iſſueth in awful vexation, and loſs to ouſelves and others. O the piercing pain, and hurtful ruin, which early ſpiritual ſloth, or timorouſneſs, prepares for our ſoul at laſt! "How ripe is this field of corn! the roots looſe; "the ears hang down; the grain is firm and hard." O that my heart were but looſed, and weaned from this preſent world! that all my inward powers hang downwards in deep humility, and ſelf-denial! that my graces, deſires, and exerciſes, were no more light and ſhadowy, but ſolid and ſubſtantial! then ſhould I be truly ripe for death, the grave, and the preſence of God.—But while it is otherwiſe, what am I ripe for, but the judgments of heaven! "Every field brings forth according to the nature of "the grain ſown: what a man ſoweth, that doth "he reap." And as ſin or grace is ſown in my heart, ſuch is my fruit: as I ſow in this world, ſo ſhall I reap in the next: If I *to the fleſh ſow corruption*, corruption and woe ſhall be my harveſt! if by receiving grace, and practiſing holineſs, *I ſow to the Spirit*, then ſhall I *reap life everlaſting.*

"Here comes the old ſoldier; how often hath "he entertained his audience with the hiſtory of his "warlike exploits!" But where is Jeſus, the Captain of my ſalvation! O how my ſoul longs to hear thee rehearſe the dear ſtory of thy God-like exploits! Thou haſt "done excellent things; this is known in all the earth." How would my heart, my ears, hang upon thy lips, to hear thee tell thy love! thy loads of guilt aſſumed! the travail of thy ſoul! thy battles! thy victories! Repeat the raviſhing tale ten thouſand times, it would be ſtill freſh and new to my ſoul. "Yonder ſtands my young friend." How the ſight of him at once cheers and wounds my heart! Born in a graceleſs family, without Chriſtian education; but what a proficient in the way of the Lord! I have thrown away

away more hours than he hath lived; yet how much he excels me in every thing for which I ought to live.—Alas! while all men wiſh to be counted virtuous or religious, few care or labour to be ſo! they walk by *example*, rather than by *rule:* they ſhew themſelves ignorant of the truth, by their want of conformity to it, and by their conceit of their knowledge of it. By their care about their body and this earth, they loſe both ſoul and body,—earth, and heaven.—Our ſtedfaſtneſs in our religion avails nothing, if our religion do not change our heart and life from ſelf to Chriſt, from ſin to God. Better live and die mere Heathens, than live and die mere profeſſors of the true religion.—All the duties of religion muſt flow from an implanted principle of real grace. It is not talking of, or for Chriſt, but conformity to him, and walking in and with him, that will mark us real Chriſtians. If we walk unevenly and unwatchfully, we will live uncomfortably. If we incline to live like Chriſtians, we will labour to live always humble, thankful, watchful, and cheerful. And, if we do not want to do unlawful things, we muſt ſometimes deny ourſelves thoſe that are lawful in themſelves.—Religion muſt be our earneſt labour and buſineſs before it can be our delight.—Lukewarmneſs is the beſt temper in our body, but the worſt in our ſoul and religion.—Serious fits of religion avail nothing, unleſs we have an abiding ſenſe of God on our hearts:—And we have never any ſenſe of God or his mercy to usward, unleſs we have a ſenſe of our duty to him, and ſtudy to perform it in its proper time; hearing while God ſpeaks, believing while he promiſeth, praying while he hears, and obeying while he commands. Religion may be much talked of, but is never underſtood, till our conſcience be awakened, and we know the worth of our ſoul, and our need

of

of a Saviour. Nor doth it ever flouriſh, till we can naturalize ſpiritual things, and ſpiritualize natural things. And if we expect to live with Chriſt in heaven, we muſt live in him, on him, with him, and to him on earth!—"Yonder comes the poſt, ſounding his horn."—Bleſſed Spirit, make haſte; ſound to the centre of my heart *the great trumpet* of the glorious goſpel: bring me good news from the court above, that my "ſins which are many, are forgiven *me;*" that God will quickly viſit my ſoul with his loving-kindneſs; and ſpeedily free me from a curſed, careleſs, carnal heart.

"Here the reapers hire themſelves." Lord Jeſus, how many hireling paſtors and profeſſors are in thy church? May I ſerve thee from love to thy perſon and work: may I count my work my wages. Dear bought before hand, infinitely deep in thy debt, let me ſerve thee with ſuch chearfulneſs and diligence, as teſtify that I cannot but love and ſerve thee: then ſhall my *labour not be in vain in the Lord.* "To-day the reapers inſiſt for high wages." Alas! what high value doth our legal heart put upon the mere ſhadow of ſervice to Chriſt? But when I have done all, let me count myſelf an unprofitable ſervant: Lord, damnation is the beſt wages that my beſt works can deſerve: let me therefore have redemption through thy blood, the forgiveneſs of my duties, as well as of my ſins, *according to the riches of* thy *grace.* Far better live in poverty than in pride. Yet, alas! pride every where abounds. How often, in undervaluing others for want of things, or envying their having of them, do we manifeſt what we are proud of, or would be proud of, if we had it; and while many are proud of what they are, others are proud of what they are not. How many are proud in their ſpirit, when they are very poor in purſe! how many mark their pride in rags, in ſolemn looks, lowly behaviour, and ſelf-diſcommendation; but eſpecially in accounting the goſpel fooliſhneſs, and refuſing Chriſt, and his righteouſneſs, grace, and ſalvation! How often doth pride originate in folly, error, and ignorance of ourſelves; and muſt end in our ſhame; either penitential or penal. How unreaſonable for creatures to be proud; much more for ſinners, who are haſtening to hell; or ſaints, who are but newly riſen from it? Why ſhould men be proud, who have nothing but what is ſinful and ſhameful of their own? ſhall duſt,—aſhes,—a worm,—emptineſs,—and periſhing, be proud?—It is both comelieſt and ſafeſt for ſinful creatures to lye very low, eſpecially before God. Better be humbled for ſin, than proud of grace. If we knew ourſelves better, we would be more humble. If God hath pardoned us, we ought to be humbled; becauſe we had need of it, and becauſe we have received it. If Chriſt humbled himſelf to honour us, we ought to humble ourſelves, in order to honour him.—No devils in hell or temptations in the world, can hurt him that liveth always humble, and dependent on Chriſt: But to deſpair, or to aggravate our ſinfulneſs beyond Chriſt's ſaving power, is but deviliſh humility; a ſullen pride; and a covert of a hardened heart. True humility maketh way for Chriſt, and throws our ſoul at his feet!—If we were more humble, we would live more contented, thankful, charitable and quiet, and in a fairer way to be ho-honoured.—Self-denial, and abhorrence, would make ſelf-reſignation very eaſy. They that deſerve nothing but hell, ought always to be content with any thing which God gives; to bleſs him for every good thing they have, and truſt him for every thing they want; commit themſelves to his keeping, and ſubmit to his diſpoſal.—If we believingly obey his revealed will, we will kindly ſubmit to his providential will. If we cannot bring our condition to our mind, let us bring our mind to our condition. Neither contentment nor diſcontentment proceeds from mens outward circumſtances, but from their inward diſpoſition. If a man be not content in the circumſtances in which he is, he will not be content in any ſtation in which he would be.—" Theſe " reapers have furniſhed themſelves with ſickles." So, Lord, do ſelf-righteous men attempt to ſerve thee, with their own wiſdom and ſtrength; but work in me *both to will and to do;* be the *author and finiſher* of my grace, my labour: give me full opportunity, willingneſs, and ſtrength; and then command what thou wilt, it ſhall be done. " Now " ſome farmers ſet their hireling reapers on horſe- " back, to haſten them to their work: but, at " night, they will lodge them ill; and, at the end " of harveſt, diſmiſs them wearied, to walk home " on foot." How often, for the furtherance of his work in the church, doth Jeſus beſtow a large meaſure of honour, gifts, and frames on men: whom after finiſhing his purpoſe, he ſends home to everlaſting puniſhment with a curſe, to make their bed in hell! " What numbers of reapers remain unhired!" Alas! how many nations are not, by the goſpel, called to the fellowſhip of God's Son! How many live in the church, who never feel the eminent ſtrivings of the divine Spirit! Lord, how many of my ſchool-fellows, friends, and acquaintance, haſt thou paſſed by, whilſt thou haſt called, ſtriven with, and drawn, perverſe, unworthy ME! O the ſovereignty of thy grace! " It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that ſheweth mercy."

"BUT where were the bulk of theſe reapers "yeſterday? Were they ſanctifying a Sabbath to "the Lord their God? Or, did they rather loiter "away the ſacred moments at ale-houſes, or by the "way-ſide? Or, were they travelling with burdens "to this place?" Alas! that farmers, paſtors, and magiſtrates, do not concur to repreſs this horrid cuſtom? Shall people travel far to earn wages by hard labour? and, by abuſing the Sabbath, procure a curſe upon them? Shall they bring a curſe upon the country, whither they come to earn their bread? Do they imagine that there is no conſcience, no God to behold and avenge their behaviour? Have they no ſouls, that they labour ſo hard only for their body?

"HERE they reap: every ſtroke of the ſickle "cuts down a multitude of ears." Ye ſweeping judgments of heaven, what havock do you often make of nations! O death, what multitudes cutteſt thou down every moment! perhaps more than an hundred thouſand of our guilty race are often thy daily meal. While I ſpeak, what thouſands periſh by thy unrelenting hand; and expire in thy bloody jaws? Lord, be thou their preſent help in time of need. Awful thought! how many of them launch forth into eternal fire! How terrible to die, without thoughts of death, and preparation for it!—or to go to hell, after quenching of conviction, and deſpiſing of Chriſt! Let Jeſus keep my houſe, my heart, alway in order; for I *ſhall die, and not live!* —Let him, by the goſpel, cut thouſands from their natural root, and bind them up in *the bundle of life* with himſelf. "How quickly is this reaped corn bound into ſheaves!" At death, and judgment, ſhall the various claſſes of ſinners be gathered, and irrecoverably ſet apart for deſtruction; and the ſaints unalterably ſeparated unto *life eternal.*

"WHAT a number glean after theſe reapers!"—Alas! what multitudes, multitudes in the field of the broken covenant, and of ſinful courſes, glean after Satan, after naughty and legal preachers, and after thoſe men who give bad example! Lord, may my ſoul never glean but in the field of thy new covenant, in the field of thy precious word: when miniſters, thy reapers, read or explain it to me, may I, with refreſhful pleaſure, glean after them; receive thy "truth in the love of it, with much affection, and joy of the Holy Ghoſt."

"WHAT a ſound doth idle, profane, wanton, "and reproachful talk make on this field! unhappy "ears that muſt hear it." Better that theſe reapers had no tongue, no reaſon, than to uſe them thus. O the filthineſs, which muſt be lodged in their hearts! for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth ſpeaketh." O our enmity againſt God; that while our hands are filled with his goodneſs, our tongues are filled with his diſhonour! Alas! cannot people meet about their civil employ, without agreeing to forget their Maker, *the God that is above*;—and their future gathering to his tribunal, to account for their conduct?—Alas! when outwardly employed in his ſervice, how frequent is the vanity and filthineſs of our heart! Lord, keep the *door of my lips:* if I cannot ſpeak to thine honour, and my neighbour's edification, ſeal them up: let never that hell within me, render my tongue a *world of iniquity.*

"IN what danger are the reapers hands and feet, "from the toads which ſwarm in this fat field!"

How often in the fat fields of proſperity, and even of goſpel ordinances, do hurtful luſts and temptations ſwarm all around us; that not only hands and feet, but our hearts, are in the utmoſt hazard! If increaſed in honour and wealth, what riſk we run from our connections with wicked men! How few behave as lively Chriſtians amidſt great abundance of this world! And, alas! moſt men are eternally ruined by this world! If it be our portion here, hell muſt be our portion hereafter. Let me therefore neither leave the world, nor love it.—It promiſeth comforts, but pays with ſorrows. Its riches and proſperity, will either kill with care, or ſurfeit with delight.—Riches are rather to be feared than ſought, leſt they prove ſilver-bars in our way to heaven.—Riches are indifferent things in themſelves, and become good or bad as they are uſed. Let me, then, be alway as indifferent to them, as they are to me. I may put a price on them, but they cannot put one on me. I muſt anſwer to God for them, but they cannot anſwer for me. Let me love the men that are in the world, but never the things of it. If I have too great affection for any worldly thing, I may expect an anſwerable affliction. Whatever I make an idol of, will be a croſs to me, if I belong to Chriſt; and a curſe if I do not.—Man was not made for the world, but the world for man. The more the things of this world are known, they will be the leſs admired and prized: And, indeed riches are but duſt; honours, ſhadows; pleaſures, bubbles; and men, lumps of vanity, compounded of ſinfulneſs and miſery.

" HERE the reapers make very unequal progreſs: " the houſe-ridge goes far before the hirelings." Seldom are ſuch as cry up ſelf-righteouſneſs, and put a high value on their works, truly careful to " live ſoberly, righteouſly, and godly in this preſent world." It is theſe who live near Chriſt, and are aſhamed of their beſt deeds, *who are zealous of good works*, and ſtudy to be *perfect* as God *is perfect*. Let me, therefore, alway live in the Lord; on the Lord; by and from the Lord; to the Lord; and with the Lord.

"On this open field the reapers ſit down to "breakfaſt: what beautiful ſimplicity is this!" Memorial of our primeval eſtate in paradiſe: ſpur to contentment: and to me emblem of the humble, happy confeſs of ranſomed millions on the fields of light. "How large the meal which theſe reapers "take! their hard labour and freſh air are the cauſe." When I enjoy the freſh breezes of divine influence, and abound in the *labour of love*; for what abundant ſhare of *the fulneſs of God* it appetizeth my ſoul! Give me then ten thouſand ſweet frames, ten thouſand creations, my heart crieth, Give, give! Give me God himſelf as my *all in all*, or elſe I die. "Sundry have brought along their little ones, to ſhare their harveſt-meals with them." If God be gracious to me, let me be truly kind to others: "To do good, and to communicate, forget not; for with ſuch ſacrifices God is well pleaſed." What gift or grace he freely beſtows on me, let me liberally improve to the edification of others: let me inſtruct my children and inferiors; communicate experience with Chriſtian friends; If Jeſus refreſh my ſoul, let me pray for; let me invite multitudes to ſhare with me: "There is bread enough in his houſe, and to ſpare: he that watereth, ſhall be watered himſelf." "But what means this diſorderly practice? ſundry "of theſe reapers aſk a bleſſing, and return thanks "for their meal by themſelves: ſome neither crave "the one, nor render the other." Woes me! are all theſe *thirty*, maſter and ſervants, ſo aſhamed of

God, that every one bluſheth to be the mouth of the reſt, in an addreſs to his Maker? are many of them brutiſhly ignorant if there be a God, from whom we receive our mercies!—But, Lord, how much worſe ſtill are thoſe, who can hear a ſermon without craving a bleſſing to it, and eſſaying to pray it over after it is heard!

"How pleaſantly and beautifully the clover, which is to ſucceed, grows up along with the corn, on this field!" And even ſo, miſcellaneous thoughts of importance ought to be fixed in my heart, and practiſed in my life; as that I ſhould fear every ſin, but no ſuffering. It is an eaſe for a ſoul to confeſs ſin, in an humble, heart-broken, and ſin-hating manner. True Chriſtians juſtify God, and judge and condemn themſelves, under the heavieſt afflictions. The leaſt ſpiritual things, ought to be preferred to the greateſt temporal ones. There is no real bondage, but either in ſin, or for ſin. Chriſtians will ſooner overcome their outward enemies by praying for them, than by praying or fighting againſt them. Bad times well improved, are far better than good times miſpent and abuſed. We ought alway to ſhut our eyes from beholding, our ears from hearing, and our heart from entertaining ſin. If once we be willing to part with our deareſt luſt, we will be willing to part with our life for Chriſt. Chriſtians muſt be brought into fires of perſecution, in order to heat them for being joined together in love.—Men will have little comfort in ſuffering for that which is but a notion in their head, and not a truth fixed in their heart. The leſſer the truths be for which we ſuffer, our love to Chriſt appears the more. God's leaſt things are of more importance than the world's greateſt things.—Words, opinions, and outward performance of duties, are but the ſmaller points of religion. Men never truſt Chriſt, but they find him faithful; and never truſt their heart, but they find it deceitful. ——If God hide our ſecret ſins from the view of the world, we ſhould the more freely confeſs them to himſelf.—The ſtrength of all our inward corruptions ſometimes appears in one; ſo that if we overcome that, we overcome them all. The ſtrength of inward corruption is never known, but when we meet with temptations to, and opportunities of exerting it.—Souls will ſoon become empty, which are alway letting out, but not careful to lay in from Chriſt.—We ſhould lay in Chriſt, lay up with Chriſt, and then lay out for Chriſt. We ought to beware of being alway wooing Chriſt, without ever marrying him.—If Satan ceaſe his aſſaults, he is but damming up his temptations, that he may, of a ſudden, let them out with more violence. He doth not, like Chriſt, warn before he ſtrike.—Chriſt's work is its own wages, and his ſervice perfect freedom. As our ſafety lies in our doing our duty, our duty ought always to be chiefly aimed at by us. He that love not Chriſt more than his life, bids fair to loſe both Chriſt and his life. Chriſt, as a loadſtone, draws ſouls to himſelf; and, as cryſtal amongſt ſtones, he gives them a luſtre. The only way to avoid ſome temptations, is humbly to fall down on our face. If we make haſte to perform our duty, God will make haſte to give us our reward. Saints ſins are new ſufferings to Chriſt, and their afflictions are his wounds. Reading of the ſcripture promotes meditation, and meditation prayer, and prayer every good work. Men may come too late to God; but he can never come too late to them. If we be content with that which Chriſt gives us, we ſhall want nothing. It is a mercy to feel our want of grace, and a greater to know the worth of grace. It is a great matter to have true grace; a greater to have aſſurance of it; and no leſs, to uſe that aſſurance aright. It is never honourable to commend friends, or diſcommend enemies very much. We never command others aright, till we have learned to obey; and unleſs we command in love, humility, and ſelf-denial.—An even, thorough-paced, ſelf-fearing, and heart-melting Chriſtian, is alway the beſt. This world is a bulky nothing, deluding the bad, and diſturbing and diſtracting the good. Satan prevails more by his craft, than by his cruel power and violence. Hypocrites hearts are like ſtinking ponds, in which fiſh die, and frogs live. If we flee from the devil, he will certainly purſue us; but ſometimes it is better to ſlight his temptations, than to fight with them. —Serious thoughts of our death, tend to deaden our ſinful luſts. Opinion ſowing, and church-railing profeſſors, have commonly more ſelf than grace. Both Chriſt, and ſin, appear biggeſt in the view of Chriſtians, when they are under trouble. Chriſt puts moſt of his oil of grace into broken hearts; and there it is beſt kept. The leſs we ſtrive for ourſelves, the more will Chriſt contend for us. Our ſoul ought, like a dial, to follow Chriſt, the Sun of righteouſneſs.——Afflictions are Chriſt's love tokens. Small ſins yielded to, make way for greater. He that converts a ſoul, covers and gains more than a world. Zeal, without knowledge, is like metal in a blind horſe, which ſtumbles and overthrows his rider. Young Chriſtians commonly need a curb, and old ones a ſpur. If we do not wiſh to be envied, let us never be too eager to be loved. Our grace ſhould alway lead and govern all our gifts. A graceleſs heart is content with nothing, but what helps it toward hell; nor a gracious, with any thing but what helps it heavenward. All our grace ought to be exerciſed in oppoſition to ſin, and never for it. Whenever we are beaten, or in danger, we ſhould flee to Chriſt our tower. Nor ought we ever to complain of our reſtraint, as long as our heart can go out toward God and his ways. Nor ſhould we ever wiſh to be out of this evil world, till God hath no ſervice for us in it. Changes of lot, by marriage, advancement, *&c.* much try the reality of our grace. One ſin ſhould cauſe more grief to us than all our ſufferings. Sins die and fall off true Chriſtians, as leaves fall off trees, in harveſt. Chriſt's ſufferings beſt repreſent the real weight, and dreadful nature of ſin. All our good works ſhould be improven to ſtrengthen our faith; and all our bad ones, to promote our repentance. God's promiſes are our proſpectives; and faith is the only eye that can look through them. It is as abſurd to wiſh deliverances before God's time, as for women to wiſh untimely births. —Saints ſins are like weeds heaped up, in order to rot. True Chriſtians are like flint-ſtones, which keep their fire under water itſelf. Our graces ought to be exerciſed, chiefly in oppoſition to our leading corruptions. It is very hard to act faith, when there is no outward encouragements; and as hard to do it, when our eyes are filled with them. The more we believe of what Chriſt ſays, or ſuffer for his ſake, the more we may expect of his ſpirit. All exerciſe of grace ſtrengthens itſelf, and deſtroys ſin. We ought firſt to put forth faith in our prayers, and then follow them with faith. We ought to rejoice in what Chriſt is, and doth for us, rather than in what we are, and do for him. We ſhould mightily oppoſe ſin, when we feel it ſtrong, and eagerly mortify it, when it ſeems to grow weak. We never reprove aright, unleſs we hate the ſin, and pity the ſinner. And, unleſs we reliſh Chriſtian reproof, we love our ſin more than our ſoul.

It is dreadful, to be neither careful to do well, nor penitent when we do ill. True Chriſtians are often killed, but never hurt. Chriſt gives more ſweets than balance all his bitters. We are ſeldom willing to leave the world, till God make it too hot for us. Nor do we ever know the weakneſs of our grace, till God's Spirit withdraw from us, and ſin and Satan violently aſſault us. We are apt to be ſooneſt weary of ſelf-examination, meditation, and other beſt exerciſes. Careleſs hearing or reading makes careleſs hearts, and careleſs hearts make curſed lives. We ſhould labour to know God, and ourſelves in Chriſt, and Chriſt in ourſelves; and to learn to live in the Lord, on the Lord, and by, and from, and to the Lord; that we may live for ever with him. Our care ought to be, to wait on God, to walk with God, work all our works in and for God; and to bring our will in every thing to the will of God: and, the worſe we ſee others, to be the better ourſelves. Lord, write theſe proverbs in my heart, and copy them out in my life.

"Yonder friend ſcatters a lapful of apples "among his reapers: what running: what ſtriving "among them for a ſhare!" O Tree of life, when thou ſhakeſt thy fruit, when thou caſteſt abroad the apples of thy everlaſting bleſſings amongſt us, how ſhould we run and ſtrive to get large ſhares thereof! Shall we ſtrive for earthly vanities, and not for the *fruit* that *is better than gold?* Thrice happy, when the kingdom of heaven ſuffereth violence, and the violent take it by force, and every man preſſeth into it?

"Here the corn is ſo thin and ſhort, or ſo bro- "ken down by the beaſts, and by the wind or rain, "that it can hardly be reaped." But, you judgments of God, you *king of terrors*, find no difficulty to thruſt in your *ſharp ſickle*, and mow down the nations, ſmall or great:—how unpleaſant to come into your hands, while I am a dwarf in religion, or trodden down by luſt and temptation!

"What noiſe do I hear! it is that of the guns "diſcharged from yonder caſtle, to celebrate the late "victory of our troops." How aſtoniſhing! Have an army of blaſphemers obtained a victory in favour of an abandoned, a perjured people? Lord, how great is thy goodneſs! how great is thy ſovereignty!—Rejoice evermore, my ſoul; rejoice, ye ranſomed, that Jeſus triumphed over principalities and powers, making a ſhew of them openly on his croſs: that he hath ſubdued the nations; goeth *forth conquering and to conquer*;—that he ſhall deſtroy Antichriſt, and every other oppoſer; gather *the kingdoms of this world* to himſelf:—that Chriſt in me, ſhall quickly ſubdue and root out every luſt: that I, with millions, ſhall, in endleſs hoſannas, celebrate his nonſuch victories on Calvary, and on the judgment-ſeat.

"Yonder runs a mad dog, with purſuers at his "heels: poor animal, he hath eaten too much car-"rion; hath over-reached his ſtrength; or been "bitten by his mad fellow." How is my ſoul maddened by the bite of the enraged old ſerpent! by feeding on earthly enjoyments! and by hard labour for every vanity! how often hath my tongue lolled out idle and evil language! how often have I *foamed out* my own rage and *ſhame!* how often do I run to and fro in doing miſchief! how I have been terrified at, and ſhunned drinking of, or bathing in the water of life! But how ſtupenduous have the mercy and patience of God to me been! how ſtupenduous, that, to-day, neither God nor men purſue me to my ruin! that my madneſs is not puniſhed with the enraging bite of this mad beaſt? "Were this animal ſpared, what miſchief might he quickly do!" *One ſinner deſtroyeth much good;* like one infected with the plague, he with pleaſure ſpreads the infection unto all around: one generation, from age to age, infects another. Ah! Lord, how many have my ſinful advice and example already corrupted! O quickly cure me of my madneſs, that I may infect no more.

"HERE the herds and flocks are expoſed to public auction." How many ſuch animals were yearly ſlain to remove the Hebrews guilt! but not theſe, but Jeſus, *by one offering* of himſelf, finiſhed tranſgreſſion and made an end of ſin, *for ever perfecting them that are ſanctified.* May his atonement be the endleſs righteouſneſs, peace, comfort, and feaſt of my ſoul! "Here every thing is ſold to the higheſt bidder." But, in Chriſt's market, every thing is given to the loweſt bidder; *to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that juſtifieth the ungodly.* O fit! O happy! thrice happy ſale for me, who have nothing of my own but my ſin! When I retire into myſelf, I ſee nothing in the univerſe more vile, more miſerable.—But thrice-bleſſed maxim of Heaven, that *it is more bleſſed to give than to receive!* However let me give myſelf to the higheſt bidder:—By his power Jeſus made me: by his blood he redeemed me: by his bounty he preſerves and provides for me: by his grace he bequeaths to me the everlaſting *fulneſs of God.*—Till Satan and the world can do more for me, let Chriſt alone poſſeſs my heart.—O his infinite lovelineſs and love! He became like us, that he might make us like himſelf. By his death ſin was expiated, the law ſatisfied, the devil conquered, and men are ſaved. If therefore I would be a Chriſtian, his blood muſt be my *ranſom*, his Spirit my *inſtructor* and *comforter*, his word my *rule*, and my food, his ſupper my *feaſt*, and his ſabbath my *fair*. If I would walk or work, he muſt be my ſtrength: if I would ſtand, he muſt be my foundation: if I would be ſaved, he muſt be my ſanctuary: if I would live, he muſt live in me: If I would have Chriſt ALL to me, I muſt neither abuſe him by ſelf-conceited preſumption, nor refuſe him by ſelf-deſtroying deſpair! and the more my own ſinfulneſs is known and felt, the more will he be prized: if it be bitter, he will be ſweet; if it be hell, he will be heaven.——There is no ſafety, but in his arms, boſom, and heart;—no comfort but in his living in us on earth, and in our going to him at death: there is no honour like relation to him, no riches like his graces;—no learning like the knowledge of him,—no perſons like his friends and ſervants. Let me always behold and admire his perſon as lovely, love his name as ſweet, embrace his doctrines as comfortable, obey his commands as reaſonable, and ſubmit to his croſs as honourable.—Let me with wonder behold, believe, pry into, and ſurvey his love in its topleſs height, bottomleſs depth, endleſs length, and unbounded breadth!—Oh! if I but knew myſelf and my Saviour! I am poor, but he is rich: I am dead, but he is life: I am ſin, but he is righteouſneſs: I am guiltineſs, but he is grace: I am miſery, but he is mercy: I am luſt, but he is ſalvation. He ever lives,—ever loves, ever pities, ever pleads, and ever ſaves *to the uttermoſt*.

“ HERE two neighbours have exchanged their “ horſe: methinks the one hath got a conſiderable "advantage." Lord, how often hath my wicked heart attempted to exchange thee, and my immortal ſoul, for that which is but *vanity of vanities!* How often for a trifle, nay, for a ſinful pleaſure, have I neglected a thought, a viſit, an adoration of thee! But happy, happy, that my ſtupid folly, my curſed enmity, cannot diſlodge thee from my heart, nor put thee out of my poſſeſſion!—Let me never take the advantage of a neighbour: if I gain he muſt loſe, rather I muſt loſe; ſince, by fraudulence and falſehood, I give my ſoul to Satan, as a boot to the bargain.—Let me never haſten to be rich: great gain is ſeldom honeſt, and rarely gives content.—But let me ever buy, never ſell Chriſt, truth, and time: ſo ſhall my gain be large at laſt.—Ah! how Chriſt and truth undervalued, time and eternity miſmeaſured, ruin mankind!

"YONDER friendly cur daily attends his maſter, "and would rather loſe his life, than ſuffer him to "be hurt; yet has nothing for his reward but "bones and crumbs: and the outſide of the door "for his lodging." How conſtantly, how faithfully, even unto death, do multitudes ſerve the devil, the world, and their luſts, without any other reward than ſome bones of outward enjoyments, ſome crumbs of ſinful pleaſure, with an everlaſting bed amidſt devouring flames! Lord, may I never ſerve ſuch monſters of ingratitude: but let my ſoul cleave to thee; delight in thy preſence; gladly lie at thy feet; follow thee whitherſoever thou goeſt; and riſk my life in *defence of the goſpel*. O then, the grace, the glory that is appointed for me! Mark, my ſoul, "How this brute ſnarls at the ſtone thrown "at him, and overlooks the hand which threw it." Alas! how often do I, how often do multitudes ſpurn trouble, without eyeing the hand of God in it! how many take both affliction and deliverance as no more than CHANCE that happeneth to them! "Lo, how the vile animal licks up his own vomit!" Woes me! how often have I recommitted the ſins, for which I once felt deep remorſe! how many, with pleaſure, return to the abominations which they once ſeemed to repent of! O to be ſaved from ſuch horrid filthineſs! God allows us any thing but ſin. If ſin, therefore, be in the faſhion, we muſt be out of it. None can be a true chriſtian, if he doth not chooſe to ſuffer rather than ſin. Sin breeds plagues and diſeaſes in us, draws down troubles and death on us; digs graves, and kindles hell for us. Why then are we not troubled, on account of the cauſe of all our trouble! Why do we not groan under that burden, which makes the whole creation to groan? Why plead in defence, denial, or excuſe of our moſt dreadful accuſer? How can I love Chriſt, if I love Sin, which is the arch-enemy of his life, his glory, intereſt, and people? and which provokes him in his enemies, and grieves him in his friends? How can I believe his grace, if the ſenſe of it do not make me to hate ſin! —Let me then account ſin my burden and wound, and Chriſt my cure and comfort.—Since he died for my ſin, that it might die and my ſoul live; let me be ſick of ſin that I may die to it: let me cheerfully take ſhame, be humbled for, and hate ſin; and ſuffer any thing rather than ſin: let me repent of it *as ſin*, and ſo of all ſin. Let no ſinful pleaſures prevent my godly ſorrows for ſin. In the faith and hope of God's mercy, let me repent of, and confeſs my ſin, to his glory, and my own ſhame.

"WITH what pleaſure do yonder ſwine lie in "their dunghill? how would they grunt and gnaſh, "ſhould I attempt to ſtir them up! they abhor a "cleanly apartment; and if waſhed, would quickly "return to grovel and wallow in the mire." Mournful picture of ſinners lying in the dunghill of earthly portions, carnal luſts, and ſinful pleaſures! Ah! how theſe hate awakening troubles, gnaſh at alarming reproofs, and continue in their ſin and ſloth! how they hate Jeſus' boſom, and his pure ordinances; and are ſet upon returning to folly! "How "earneſtly theſe grovelling brutes dig in the earth "with their ſnouts, and eat almoſt any thing that "comes in their way!" What multitudes, multitudes of men, by carnal thoughts, purpoſes, and deſires, daily dig in this earth, this manſion of worms; and ſadly eſteem, and content themſelves with any but Chriſt, for their food. "How comely yonder pigs! but how unſightly when old!" How awful, that many who appear as Jeſus' lambs in their youth, are, by wallowing in ſins, transformed into the likeneſs of devils, as they grow old! "How often in agonies of birth, doth the ſavage "ſow eat up the juſt-ferried fruit of her womb!" Ye worſe than brutal mothers, behold your horrid picture! how often to conceal your guilt, do you murder the hapleſs tenant of your belly! how often imbrue your hands in your infants guiltleſs blood! ——How often, you indulgent but bloody parents, doth your ungodly examples, your neglect of prayer for, and of Chriſtian inſtruction of your children, pierce them through *with many*, with eternal *ſorrows?* How often, amidſt your fawning care, amidſt the gaudy ſcenes of vanity, do you bring them up to endleſs fire?—You parents and teachers, have you forgot that theſe pretty children have immortal ſouls?—that God hath charged you to take, and train them up for him?—If no conſcience of duty move you, think how you will pleaſe to have your ears dunned, your heart ſhocked, with the rueful ſhrieks, the horrid curſes of your damned offspring, your damned charge! how will you hear them, at the tribunal, imprecate tenfold vengeance on your murderous head!—Tremble at your ugly image, you careleſs paſtors, who feed themſelves upon your flocks, and ſeek not them, but theirs.

"How this dunghill ſwarms with vermine!" How ſwarms our dunghill world with ſinners, temptations, and ſnares!—How, after inexpreſſible pains from above to ſanctify me, doth my ſoul ſwarm with luſts; pride, unbelief, legality, blaſphemy, covetouſneſs, and the like? "I am carnal, ſold under ſin. In me, that is, in my fleſh, dwelleth no good thing;" but my *name is legion;* for many luſts and devils are lodged in me. O wretched man that I am, who ſhall deliver me from this body of death!

"Here the poultry have deſtroyed more corn "than they are worth: here they have trampled "under foot what a few months ago they would "have gladly eaten." Alas! what good do ſinners deſtroy! how we waſte the offers and the influences of divine grace; and contemn the ordinances, opportunities, and enjoyments, which at other times we would have gladly embraced! Let me ſo imitate theſe feathered tribes no more: but when I drink water out of the wells of ſalvation, let not my head, as theirs, but my heart be lifted up to heaven, where my treaſure is: lifted up in praiſe, for what I have received; and in prayer for what I further need. "Yonder lie the ſcattered pinions of one, which "perhaps the fox, this morning, carried off from "the rooſt." O the curſed diligence, ſubtlety, and boldneſs of Satan, that crafty fox, and his ſeed!

how late they ſit: how early they riſe, to do miſchief! Even in my ſpiritual reſt of fellowſhip with God, how readily they may ſeize me! Bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul, that they cannot kill thee; nor carry thee quite off:—"Watch and pray, that *thou* enter not into temptation."

"How ſtrangely have the fields ripened this fort-"night paſt! the clear ſhining ſun, and the bright "moon, are the cauſe." When my ſoul feels the warming, the enlightening power of Jeſus and his word, how faſt her graces ripen!—How ſhall my virtues ſpread below his heavenly beams! and thro' endleſs ages ripen into higher powers!

"Here comes a body of clergymen: this is ac-"counted a laborious farmer; that a bright poet: "this a fine orator; that a great wit: this a noted "critic; and that a polite gentleman." How much ſuperior is the character of a *faithful miniſter of Jeſus Chriſt!* Woes me! do the clergy of this place think themſelves more than ſufficient for the work of the goſpel? Or, are fields, in their eſteem, more precious than immortal ſouls;—than a divine Saviour?—Will the *wiſdom of words* win men to Chriſt? —What advantage hath a wit above others, but that he hath a greater freedom to play the fool?—And pray, of how little uſe are the moſt of critics! how often, like proud fools they take offence at every trifle! how often, like rats ſwarming about the beſt cheeſe, do they eſpecially attack the choiceſt books! how often they obſerve ſo much upon others, that they take no heed to themſelves! how often, by miſleading our judgment, do they more miſchief than the bad writer,—who only tires our patience! how often, by pardoning abſurdities in themſelves, which they cannot ſuffer in others, do they teſtify that they are more willing to be fools, than to ſee others ſo!—Is not common ſenſe more uſeful than fine ſenſe? how often doth polite gentlemen ſignify no more, but one who gallants the ladies? one who is ready to practiſe crimes, the moſt abhorrent to nature, and contradictory to our Chriſtian faith? one that blaſphemes his Maker, or ſmiles at the man who doth it? and yet is ready to run him through who ſpeaks evil of his friend.—Lord, let us have nothing to do with clergy, who know better how to manage farms, than to wreſtle with God, and deal with hardened and wounded conſciences;—that give us fine language, and airy flights, rather than rouſing lectures of the corruption of our nature, and of a crucified Chriſt; or who value the company of the graceleſs great, more than that of the debaſed ſaint.

" Yonder lies a noiſome carcaſe: what dogs, " what ravens conſpire to devour it!" Humbling image of a ſinner! he lies *dead in treſpaſſes and ſins*; Satan *blinds* his *mind*, and digs out his eyes: all around are ready to tear and deſtroy him.——How like this carcaſe is the noiſome food of wicked men!—How like it is a reproached perſon! how readily every reviler around combines to tear his reputation!—Lord, if I am called a bad man, let me ſilence calumny, by ever doing what is praiſe-worthy; and revenge my reproachers, by ſhining brighter in good works.

" Here comes my friend's ſon: he is bound ap- " prentice to one, who bids fair to ruin his morals." Alas! how few ponder to whom they hire or bind themſelves, or their ſeed! If we chuſe not to make a preſent of ourſelves to Satan, let us beware of voluntary entering into the families of ſuch as are openly his children.——Lord, what a long apprenticeſhip to him did my ſoul ſerve! what awful progreſs did I make in his buſineſs going *aſtray from the womb*, *ſpeaking lies*, hating God, murdering myſelf and my neighbour!—Now, may Jeſus *teach* me, and this youth, to *number our days*, *work out* our *ſalvation*, and trade with heaven.

"Now I approach to the city wall." Ten thouſand times higher and ſtronger is God, the wall of defence to his people: and, by his aſſiſtance, they overleap walls of difficulty and oppoſition. "Yonder are the caſtle and bulwarks." *Salvation will God appoint* to his people *for walls and for bulwarks*; himſelf is their *rock*, their *fortreſs*, and their *ſhield*. "Here the laborious maſons repair the breach." Sin is as a breach breaking out in an inſtant; it threatens us with ſudden deſtruction.——By the line, the rule of inſpiration, gradually build up thyſelf, my ſoul, in thy *moſt holy faith*, and on Jeſus as thy *ſure foundation*.——Craftſmen's brotherly affection, and their tender care of the poor, I highly applaud:—But is not the ſwearing of an oath to conſtitute them brethren, *too ſolemn*, too like a profanation of the great name of our God? is it not a heinous ſin to ſwear to the obſervation of trifles; or to conceal that which, for ought we know, it may be for the honour of God to publiſh? Can it be lawful to uſe a part of inſpiration in almoſt the manner of a charm? Can it be innocent, to impoſe a dubious or ſinful oath, upon unthinking youth, who underſtand it not? or to take it in a ſuperſtitious faſhion? "I enter the gate." As the breaker up, and forerunner for me, haſt thou, Jeſus, gone up, and paſſed through the gates of death and the grave, and to the new Jeruſalem, that I might follow in mine order: but, alas! alas! that I have but juſt paſſed the gate of converſion! and that when I travel ſo long an earthly journey in a few hours, my motion heavenward for many years, is ſcarce diſcernible!

"Here numerous ſigns, on ſide-poſts and upper "lintels, declare what is to be ſold within." Our Redeemer's ſign is the glorious goſpel: it exhibits and declares what is to be enjoyed in the *chambers* of preſence; and in the *houſe eternal in the heavens.* Miniſters are his ſign, that *bear* his *name before the Gentiles; preach* his *unſearchable riches:* and alas! too many of them, like ſigns, invite others to go in, taſte, and ſee that God is good; but never do it themſelves.

"Yonder ſtands a fellow, who lately ran off from "his maſter." Alas! there be many profeſſors now-a-days, *that break away, every man, from* Jeſus, our adored *Maſter; that go back, and walk no more with him.*—But bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul, that when, times without number, I have outrun his ſervice, he hath purſued me; and by rods of trouble, and cords of love, brought me back to it. "From "within this houſe, I hear the cries of a travailing "woman." Is this the bitter fruit of woman's firſt eating of the forbidden tree?—Is this, O Jeſus, the emblem of thy ſoul-travail in the garden, and place of a ſkull? O thy pangs, thy throws, at love's delivery of a new-born world of ranſomed men! O ſee thy ſeed, and remember thine anguiſh no more, for joy that men-children to God are born into this new world.—Do thou JEHOVAH, *cry like a travailing woman;* till, in thy providence, thou bring forth *ſalvation to all the ends of the earth.*—Let me by fervent ſupplication, and earneſt endeavours, *travail as in birth, till Chriſt be formed* in the hearts of all around me.

"Yonder child runs from his correcting parent." How often in trouble do I flee from the Lord, rather than to him!—O purſue and bring me *from Baſhan hill*, and from the ſea's devouring depths.——"This child, I ſuppoſe, hath hurt his health by "eating unripe fruit." And how often have I hurt my ſoul, by haſtily catching at unripe deliverances and enjoyments! But, ever-ripe Jeſus, never can I feed too early on thee.

"HERE the baker, having heated his oven, fires "his loaves." *Bread of life*, how waſt thou fired in JEHOVAH's indignation; that for us there might be *bread enough, and to ſpare!*—How juſtly ſhall *the day* of vengeance *burn as an oven*, upon all them that deſpiſe thee; and all that do wickedly be caſt into it!

"HERE is a laboratory; and yonder a diſtillery." By what wonderful operations do men prepare medicines and cordials for our body!—By what ſtupendous work, doſt thou, Lord, provide for the health and refreſhment of our ſouls!—For our ſakes, Jeſus' heart was *melted amidſt* his *bowels*: good is brought out of evil; ſweet out of bitter; and "all things made to work for good to them that love God, and are called according to his purpoſe."

"HERE is a printing houſe." Our Redeemer's church and ordinances are his printing-houſe: where multitudes are caſt into the goſpel-mould, and have his law imprinted on their heart.——O for the time, when he will caſt off a thouſand copies in a day!—Woes me, Lord, I am a ſorry proof-ſheet, with a ſad errata: but examine and try me, and put me, again and again, into the preſs of a fellowſhip with thyſelf, till I get the finiſhing ſtroke, and perfectly correſpond with my type the word, and my original copy the Chriſt of God.—Thrice happy, that thy types, like theſe in China, ſtand ever ready to caſt off new copies!

"Here dwells the engraver." Bleſſed be the Lord, that engraven as in leaves of braſs, the mighty promiſe ſhines: may I, by faith, lay it in my boſom, preſs it down with prayer, till it be engraven on my heart. And, bleſſed be the Lord, that my ſins, engraven *as with a pen of iron, and point of a diamond*, are blotted out; and the requeſts of my heart are *engraven in the rock*, engraven in the heart of God *for ever.*

"Yonder is the high ſchool; and, a little be-"yond, the college." O to be thoroughly entered to Jeſus' ſchool! Let his word be nearer to me than my friends, dearer to me than my life, ſweeter to me than my liberty, and more pleaſant than all earthly comforts: let it, as God's candle, ſearch all the corners of my heart. If it threaten, let me tremble and repent: if it promiſe, let me believe and receive; if it command, let me obey.—As Jeſus came from his Father's boſom, ſo his promiſes come from his ſide. His church cannot live without faith, nor faith without promiſes. Bleſſed be God, that though we have leſs power to ſtand than Adam had, yet we have better promiſes, ſealed and confirmed by the oath of the Father, the blood of the Son, and witneſs of the Spirit.—O to enter to the college of the "general aſſembly of the firſt-born from among men!" to obtain that liberal education, which lieth in ſeeing God as he is; no more *through a glaſs darkly*, but *face to face!* Thrice bleſſed heavenly ſtate, in which God will never hide his face, nor ſin nor Satan ſhew theirs;—where it is day without a cloud to darken it, and without a night to end it;—where all good is preſent, and all evil abſent;—where all God's ſervants are abundantly ſatisfied with all his diſpenſations, in bringing them to it; and where their grace, begun here, ſhall be perfected in glory. Let my aim therefore be, to be now as rich in grace, and as much for the glory of God, as poſſible; that my eternal happineſs and honour may be the more abundant.

"WHAT a mighty noiſe this copperer makes with "his work." Ah! how many profeſſors are there, whoſe true motto is, *Noiſe without action!* "Here "lives the tobacconiſt: how far he fetcheth his fo- "reign plant! what labour he beſtows upon it! "and what revenue it brings to the government!" Thou *Plant of renown*, from what diſtant region cameſt thou to *the lower parts of the earth!* how cut down! how preſſed by the Father's vengeance, that thou mighteſt purge off our inward filth, and heal our hearts! what revenues of glory for ever redound to God our Sovereign, through thee?

"HERE is a play-houſe." Unhappy lodging, baſely doomed to be Satan's ſynagogue; a theatre of rebellion againſt God thy Maker; a nurſery of luſt, lies, and vanity! Shall mortals dearly purchaſe room in thy pit, thy galleries, to fit themſelves for deſtruction? ſhall they with pleaſure, liſten ſeveral hours to Satan's buffoons, who have not one hour's patience to beſtow upon the ambaſſador of Chriſt? —Chriſtians by name, come not near her door; turn away from it: it is the *way to hell, going down to the chambers of death:* ſhe is but a garniſhed ſepulchre; the *dead while they live* go here; and are not her former gueſts, moſtly, in the depths of hell? Lies, luſt, mockery at ſin, are not fit paſtimes for the followers of the holy Jeſus, "the way, the truth, and the life: Avoid filthineſs, fooliſh talking, and jeſting which is not convenient:" Retire, read your Bibles, and be gay; there truths abound, of ſovereign aid to peace and cheerfulneſs.

"HERE comes my old acquaintance: I fear I "muſt ſtop a little at his houſe: how he fawns up- "on, and flatters me! though, were my back turn- "ed, he would call me plenty of ill names."——Let my ſoul truſt as little to a ſmiling world, and a flattering heart, as I do to this man's oiled words: let me be aſhamed of their praiſe, as I would be of his, did I believe him in earneſt.——But, friend, why all this waſte, this proſtitution of praiſe? like ambergreaſe, a ſmall whiff of it is agreeable, but a whole lump of it held to the noſe, ſtrikes down one with the ſtink.——Is it polite behaviour, to neglect the praiſes of thy Maker; and to blow up a croaking toad? are you ſo utter a ſtranger to yourſelf, as to be ignorant that vain glory needs none to blow the coals; and that this laſt gathers ſtrength, even by the defeat of her companions.—O the irreſiſtible power of ſelf-flattery! how few guard againſt this!

"How the flies now ſwarm in this houſe!" Ah! how *principalities, powers, and ſpiritual wickedneſſes in high places*, abound in our heart, and in the church; eſpecially in the harveſt-ſeaſon of goſpel-grace, or of near approaches to death!—How Beelzebub, the god of flies, haunts the habitation of the wicked, and waits to fetch them away into everlaſting perdition! "Yonder flie hath ſeated "himſelf upon the ſurface of a rough ſtone.—Piti- "ful inſect, he hath not an eye to take in the beau- "ty and ſymmetry of the whole houſe, but con-

"tents himſelf with the proſpect of a few hairs-"breadth of the rough ſide of a ſingle ſtone." Juſt picture of a Deiſt: This puny animal has not ſenſe enough to conſider revelation in her whole extent, and glorious connection: he can only diſcern a few ſeeming contradictions, or dark expreſſions, in the ſurface of a particular part of the ſacred page. Theſe, like other fools, he hath an itch to deride. Poor ſoul, he cannot diſcern the excellency of the Chriſtian religion, perhaps can ſcarce read a chapter of the New Teſtament; but he can rail and laugh: Let him remember, that the man who rails at religion, and confutes it with bold jeſts, doth not make religion, but himſelf ridiculous; becauſe he ſports with his life: To utter contumelies, eſpecially of this kind, is to make fools merry, and wiſe men ſick. "How the flies ſwarm about this ho-"ney! more of them could be caught with an "ounce of it, than with a ton of vinegar." Soft words moſt effectually gain our friend.—Not by the angry threatenings of thy law, not by thine awful terrors, but by thy promiſes, the ſweet diſcoveries of thy love, didſt thou, Jeſus, gain my heart? How often a word from God, a look from Chriſt, and a touch from the Spirit, have broken my heart! How often his ſoft mercies have melted it!

"YONDER a poor man is carried to priſon for "debt." Think, my ſoul, into what fearful priſon of judgment and of hell, God caſts them who are deep in debt to his juſtice, by the broken covenant of works; and refuſe *remiſſion of ſin*, through the blood of his Son!—Oh! Sovereign grace, be thou my only creditor: the more I owe thee, the more thou wilt love, careſs, and exalt me: Jeſus' boſom and throne is the ſole, the ſweet priſon appointed for thy bankrupts: may I be the deepeſt of the countleſs number.

"It is not ſafe for my ſoul to continue in this "man's company." For who are next to knaves, but thoſe who voluntarily converſe with them? *A companion of fools ſhall be deſtroyed.*—And when I am neceſſarily in the company of evil men, I am like one travelling with an oppreſſive burden on his back. "Adieu, Sir, I am obliged to you for your kindneſs." But may God, by convincing your conſcience, enlightening your mind, renewing your will, and forgiving your ſin, ſpeedily lay you under deeper obligations to him.

"How extremely impudent is this beggar! I "ſerved him, as I went in; and yet now he bawls "for more." Imitate him, my ſoul, in thy dealing with Chriſt; the more he gives, accoſt him the more vehemently for further ſupply. Whenever thou receiveſt one favour, poſt back to his throne, to aſk a greater.—Lord, give me the full, the immediate enjoyment of thyſelf, and I will never aſk more. But till then, let me fill up all the void ſpaces of my time with meditation and prayer.—They are ſafeſt who live moſt in ſecret prayer, proceeding from a broken heart. If my prayers aſcend to the throne of grace, my perſon ſhall quickly aſcend to the throne of glory. Believing prayers can turn all the promiſes of God into performance.—May God pour his Spirit on me, that I may pour out my heart before him. If I live without prayer, or pray without life, I have not the Spirit of God.—If my heart be willing, my cries for help will be frequent and earneſt. Waiting upon God will abate my unneceſſary cares, and ſweeten my neceſſary ones: Let therefore, nothing get between me and my prayers, and get nothing between heaven and my prayers, but Chriſt. If the ſpirit of faith teach me to pray earneſtly, it will teach me to wait patiently; aſſuring me, that the mercies, which are in the Lord's hand, will be given to me in the Lord's time. If I ſpend my days in faith and prayer, I ſhall end them in peace and comfort.

"Here people return from electing their magi-"ſtrates." Alas! how often do men proſtitute their conſcience, when ſo employed! God alone can conceive what horrid ſcenes of bribery, by drink, money, advancement to poſts, or the like are now too common in Britain! How can his curſe fail to attend ſuch elections, or the means which procured them. And what ſhameful and damning diſcoveries ſhall take place at the laſt day? how ſeldom men *fearing God and hating covetouſneſs* are preferred, either for parliament, cities, burghs, *&c.*? how few *rulers are a terror* to thoſe who profane the name and Sabbath of the Lord, *and a praiſe to them that do well!* "Perhaps, to-night, the old magiſ-"trates will ſolemnly reſign their badges of power "to the new, and wiſh them joy of their office." Happy day, and *holy mount*, where Moſes and Elias, repreſenting the law and the prophets, reſigned their power to Jeſus, and wiſhed him joy of his work!—Happy day, when my luſts were obliged to reſign their authority to him: when my whole ſoul wiſhed him endleſs joy of his work!

"Yonder a criminal hangs on a gibbet." Sin thou abominable thing! Is this the reward, the beſt reward, of thy bold friends? What profit have we of thoſe things whereof we are at laſt aſhamed?—— Be aſtoniſhed, my ſoul, that divine providence hath not permitted my luſts to bring me to this ſhameful end!—be pained, that they brought my Saviour to hang on an accurſed tree!—but, O how the charm-ſound forgive dwelt on his dying lips! how every groan, every gaping wound, cried, Father, Let the ſinful rebels, let my murderers live: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"Here the fruitful garden fully repays her maſ-"ter's care." Lord, not I, but my Surety ſufficiently repays thy care, thy pains for me. Depending on his righteouſneſs and ſtrength, let me ever ſtudy, by word and deed, to proclaim myſelf thy diſtinguiſhed debtor. May men *take knowledge* of me, that I have *been with Jeſus.* "Here the trees, "eſpecially one whoſe form is aukward, are laden "with fruit." O the riches and ſovereignty of God's grace! "Not many wiſe men after the fleſh; not many mighty, not many noble are called: but God hath choſen the fooliſh things of the world, to confound the wiſe; and the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and baſe things of the world, and things which are deſpiſed, hath God choſen; and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no fleſh might glory in his preſence; but that he glorieth might glory in the Lord."—How often do private Chriſtians, who are deſpiſed and overlooked, poſſeſs more real grace, than ſuch as are in the higheſt ſtations, and have the moſt famous character and ſhining appearances in the church! "Some fruit "here, and part of corn in the field, have been ſha-"ken out by the late wind." How often do winds of temptation caſt down many who have real grace, and make ſhocking diſcoveries of thoſe that want it! "How quickly fallen fruit ſpoils, if it continue "on the ground!" How fearfully do profeſſors continuance in apoſtacy, and earthlineſs, diſcover and promote the rottenneſs of their heart! "How "buſily the gardener gathers in his fruit before win- "ter!" How often God *takes away the righteous from the evil to come!*——May I lay up great ſtore of thoughts and prayers in heaven, before my winter of affliction and death. O to lay in Chriſt, lay up Chriſt, and lay out for Chriſt. "Little of this "fruit will eat well, till it lie and be mellowed." By lying in the chamber of a Redeemer's love, let my ſoul be fitly mellowed for the feaſt above: let his balmy Spirit breathe on my fruits, untaught to fail; and let the grave prepare my body for endleſs bliſs. "How faſt the leaves fall off this tree!" How faſt do windy trials ſtrip profeſſors of outward flouriſh and ſhadowy piety! How faſt death ſtrips the world of her once flouriſhing inhabitants! ſtrips men of unſubſtantial appearances, and earthly enjoyments! Lord, may it find the *root of the matter in me.* And faſt, faſt may my ſins, and my carnal cares, fall off me, now when I am near death!

"YONDER ſtand the laſt remains of the embat- "tled beans and roving peas: their pods conceal "the nouriſhing product." How hid is the joy, the wealth of real religion! let not me look at *the things that are ſeen, which are temporal;* but at the *things which are not ſeen, which are eternal.* Let my ſoul be one of God's *hidden ones*, one of his ſons, all of whom are like himſelf. All believers are children of the ſame Father, members of the ſame Son, and habitations of the ſame Spirit;—all fellow-citizens, fellow-ſervants, fellow-ſoldiers, fellow-travellers to the ſame country, and fellow-heirs of the ſame everlaſting fulneſs. None are ſo fully acquainted, cloſely connected, or ſo much endeared to one another, as real Chriſtians.—Notwithſtanding all their leſſer differences, they do, or ought to love one another as friends, in different garbs.—Heart-work is better than head work;—fervent charity, than warm diſputes.—It is better to be a melancholy ſaint, than a mad ſinner. If ſaints have doubts, fears, and groans, they have ſufficient joys in, and at the end of their way, to overbalance them.——Though ſin live in them, it cannot reign, nor they live in it.—The more they are acquainted with themſelves, the more readily will they prefer their neighbours; and while they live like ſaints, they will pray like ſinners.—Their ſins can never triumph, their graces never die, nor their ſouls ever be loſt, or ſeparated from the love of Chriſt.——Satan can aſſoon pluck Chriſt out of heaven, as pull him out of his throne in a believer's heart.

" THERE ſtand the ranked cabbage; chiefly valu-
" able for their large and ſolid heart." As my heart is before God, ſo much am I, and no more: Lord Jeſus, enlarge and fill it with thyſelf and thy grace.—Alas! what odd hearts are to be found with men! Some are *toy-ſhops*, filled with fantaſtic heads, ribbons, laces, fans, ſilks, rings, and other gewgaws: ſome are *confuſed chaos* of coaches, cards, play-houſes, puppet-ſhews, lap-dogs, guinea-pigs, ſquirrels, monkeys, beaus, coquettes: ſome are *ſhelves* for romances and plays: ſome are *ſtables* for cattle, and *folds* for ſheep: ſome *ſhips*, or *warehouſes* for goods: ſome *iron cheſts* and repoſitories for caſh: ſome *ſtews* of abominable filthineſs: ſome *ſmoky furnaces* of malice and envy: ſome *dunghills* of earthly-mindedneſs.—And are not thoſe things which fill the heart, worſhipped in God's ſtead? O horrid idolatry!

" The ſnails and vermine have ruined theſe " greens." By what inſignificant means could God ruin our outward enjoyments! how wretched a portion is this world, that can be ſo eaſily marred! —How often have my indwelling luſt left me ſcarce a ſhadow or ſtump of grace! how withered and worm-eaten have they rendered my converſation! May God ſpeedily purge them out, otherwiſe they will eat my ſoul through and through, and fill me with filth and pain.

" Here ſome gentlemen play at the golf." How innocent this diverſion! pity it is, that it, or any lawful recreation, ſhould be the proſtituted occaſion of profeſſors intimacy with the openly wicked; and the introduction of unneceſſary drinking. " What " fine ſtrokes do ſome give beyond others!" To be no more than as good as our neighbours, is to be very bad. Lord Jeſus, let thy love ſtrike me home to thyſelf: and may I, with ſkill and force, drive temptations far from me. " Here one of the ſpec- " tators ſhews his neighbour his Baſkerville's Vir- " gil." Why is it not as polite to pull out a New Teſtament out of one's pocket, as a Heathen claſſic? and to extol a rapture of inſpiration, as readily as a comparatively mean expreſſion of Horace or Homer? Are we aſhamed of our Bible, becauſe God is the author of it?

" Yonder they level an eminence." Bleſſed Jeſus, let thy love level every *mountain* of guilt, pollution, rebellion, temptation, trouble, and deſertion, that riſeth between thee and my ſoul: By thy grace, make inſignificant *worm* me *to threſh them down, and make them ſmall as chaff*. " How hath " this row of large oaks exhauſted the ſap of the " earth, that nothing contiguous can proſper!"

And how fearfully doth earthly-mindedneſs, or any other prevailing luſt, exhauſt the ſap of my ſoul, that no grace, no good thought, word, or deed, can thrive near it! "How greedily yonder ſwine "devour the acorns, without ever looking up to "the branches whence they fell!" How like theſe atheiſtical ſinners, who receive God's bounty, without regard to himſelf; and who eat and drink at his board, without aſking his bleſſing, or rendering him thanks!

"Here ſome perſons in coaches, and others on "horſe-back, take the ſea air for their health." For thine, my ſoul, ride in the *chariot of the wood of Lebanon*, the new covenant; and on the *white horſe* of the everlaſting goſpel: let the improvement of theſe, by faith and love, the freſh gales of divine influence, from off the ocean of redeeming love, recover me from my conſumption: refreſh my ſpirit, ſtrengthen my heart, reſtore my ſoul, and make my *fleſh freſher than that of a child.* "Now the "birds of paſſage betake themſelves to warmer cli- "mates: what pinioned nations come and go! what "tranſmigrations here!" In the view of approaching winters of trouble and death, fly my ſoul, to the warm climates of nearneſs to thy God. O for ſuch views of his perfections, as to make me eſteem them all in the higheſt manner!—to behold his goodneſs as rendering his majeſty amiable; and his majeſty as making his mercy wonderful;—his holineſs, as inclining him to dwell in, and ſanctify the poor in Spirit. His majeſty is ſo great, that he can admire nothing; and his mercy ſo great, that he cannot contemn the meaneſt ſinner. Let me believe him for his faithfulneſs, love him for his goodneſs, praiſe him for his greatneſs, revere him for his majeſty, fear him for his power, and truſt him for his wiſdom, and adore him for his holineſs and juſtice; and whatſoever pleaſeth him, let it pleaſe me. Let views of him begin my ſaintſhip on earth, and perfect it in heaven.—Without his powerful preſence, I ſing into nothing; without his gracious preſence, I fall into ſin; without his merciful preſence, I plunge into hell. His love muſt ſet me on my work, make me perſevere in it, and then graciouſly reward me for it. A I hated him without a cauſe, he loved me without a cauſe. All my love to him is but the production and the reflection of his love to me.——Thrice aſtoniſhing! he loves me in his Son; loves me as he loves his Son; and will love me as long as he will love his Son! "The "ſea-meaws betake themſelves to the inland parts: "perhaps a ſign that no herring-drove, but a ſtorm "approacheth." When miniſters become careleſs and *earthly*-minded, applying themſelves to civil buſineſs, ſtorms of wrath approach, and few ſouls of men lie fair to be caught in the goſpel net.—Divine Director of theſe fiſhes and fowls to ſeek their food, ſave me from waiting on ſhadowy ordinances, where Jeſus is not held forth as the only, the all-ſufficient portion of my ſoul: let not me, with too many, dream, that ſight of church-walls, and hearing of fine language, can ſatisfy an immortal ſpirit. Would not men reckon me a murderer, ſhould I ſo attempt to nouriſh my body?

"YONDER is a crowd of people, who attend the "neighbouring ſpaw, to drink, or bathe in it." Bleſſed Jeſus, mineral Well, great Spaw, ſuited to all our maladies, let us daily bathe in thy blood; and abundantly drink of the influences of thy Spirit: O the blind, halt, maimed, withered, and conſumptive ſinners, that have been hereby healed!"

May virtue proceed from thee, to heal us alſo, of whatſoever diſeaſe we have.

"What crowds have to-day attended the race "here!" Alas! that men ſhould ſo abuſe their beaſts, endanger the riders life, fondly behold vanity, and accompany with the profane ſwearer or drunkard! While ſuch fewel of corruption is in me, avoid my ſoul, every occaſion of blowing it into a flame; but *laying aſide every weight* of luſt, guilt, or anxious care, and eſpecially that *which doth ſo eaſily beſet me:—run with patience the race* of goſpel-holineſs, which God in his word hath *ſet before me, looking unto Jeſus, as the author and finiſher of my faith*, and the pattern of my life.—What noble prize, what *incorruptible crown* of glory ſhall I thus gain!

"Here they make glaſs: its original is ſtones, "ſand, kelp, and ſuch briny materials: by what "grinding, melting, and poliſhing they transform "it into the uſeful, the tranſparent ſubſtance!" Think, my ſoul, O the tremendous grinding and melting of the Son of God *in the likeneſs of ſinful fleſh*, to prepare the *glazen ſea* of his righteouſneſs, mingled with *the* fiery, the purifying influence of his Spirit and love! to prepare the glaſs, the *glazen ſea* of the goſpel of our ſalvation: and of a pure church, actuated by the *fire* of holy zeal; and to prepare a *bottle* for God to *put my tears in?*

"Here comes a lawyer." Lord Jeſus, let my law-ſuits lie before the Father's throne: Into thy hand, as mine only advocate, I devolve all my pleas, and hope for a good iſſue thereof: I am ſo poor, that I can afford no fee; ſo ignorant, that I underſtand not my caſe; and ſo wicked that I am innocent of no crime: but let thy grace anſwer for my poverty; thy ſkill for my ignorance; and thy blood to every charge that an omniſcient God, an awakened conſcience, or an enraged devil, can lay againſt me.

" A LITTLE below is the old ruinous bridge." Juſt emblem of the covenant of works, which, being partly founded on the ſandy bottom of created goodneſs, fell; and great was the fall of it.—All mankind were ruined in the *one man*, by whom *ſin entered into the world*—Alas! that men, by continued attempts to paſs over it into heaven, ſo often plunge themſelves into the current of everlaſting wrath! What is our preſent world, and our life here, but a bridge full of holes, through which numbers daily fall into the depths of death; ſome in reſpect of age before us, ſome behind us, and others at our ſide!—Yet with what heedleſs unconcern do moſt puſh forward, till themſelves fall, and are hurried down into the ocean of eternity!

" BUT here, at ſtupendous expence, and with " amazing art, is this new bridge reared upon ſolid " rock." With what diſplay of God's manifold wiſdom, at what expence of divine love, obedience, and blood, art thou, bleſſed bridge of the new covenant, founded on Godhead, and thrown over betwixt heaven and hell!—My ſoul, never hazard thy life on the old, while the new is at hand.—— What but ignorance of God, and raging enmity againſt the Saviour, can tempt the legal heart to do ſo? Legal preacher, extoller of human abilities and works, what but this tempts thee to ſeduce men to their eternal ruin?

" YONDER is a bee-hive: with what labour they " collect their honey from the countleſs flowers of "the field and garden? with what nice art, from "poiſonous herbs, they extract the healing dew? "in what curious cells they depoſit their ſtore, "againſt the approaching winter! how angrily they "buzz and ſting him who attempts to rob them of "their proviſion!" My ſoul, make theſe thy pattern: unweariedly collect nouriſhment and medicine from every promiſe, ordinance, and providence: extract good out of evil; let ſins, let ſorrows, puſh thee from ſelf to Jeſus: lay up God's truth and grace in thy heart; commit every good thing to Chriſt, that he may keep it for thee againſt that day: vigorouſly oppoſe every attempt to rob thee of thy treaſure. "Why do honied roſes grow on "thorns? why honey formers wear a ſting!" All created pleaſures muſt be daſhed with pain: how often men feel the ſtings of pleaſure, and the pangs of love! Nothing is altogether lovely but my God. "Perhaps to-night this hive ſhall be ſnatched and "fixed on ſulphur, robbed, and murdered; that "the ſpoiler, man, may enjoy their delicious ſtore." In the evening of the world, was not Jeſus ſlain, that his ſweet treaſures of grace and glory might be given to his *betrayers and murderers?*—Nor ſhall devils or men, or any other creature, ever be able to rob me of my ſhare thereof, laid up in the promiſe for me: I ſhall not die, but live, and feed for ever on *honey from the Rock* of ages.—*O death where is* now *thy ſting?* was not my Jeſus thy *plague? O grave, where is thy victory?* was not he thy *deſtruction?*

"Perhaps a waſp-neſt is at hand. How curi-"ouſly theſe inſects rear their combs! how often "they attempt to rob the laborious bees! afflict ſuch "as are at peace with them! deſperately ſting the "deſtroyer of their combs! and by neglecting to

“ provide for the winter, ruin themſelves and their “ ſeed!” Juſt figure of ſinners, and their luſts! How craftily theſe commit, and conceal wickedneſs! how they oppoſe whatever is of God; neglect to provide for eternity; murder the ſouls of themſelves, and their ſeed; and with rage perſecute him who goeth about to diſlodge, or ſpoil them of opportunity to do miſchief.

“ Here is an ant-hill: how ſagaciouſly theſe inſects provide for the winter! with what toil they “ collect their corn! how averſe! how aſhamed to “ return empty! how wiſely they dry their ſtores “ at the ſun by day! but if near a pigeon-houſe, or “ an habitation of birds, at the moon by night! “ how careful of their young! and when the rain “ delugeth their upper chambers, how deep they “ lodge both progeny and proviſion!” Learn, my ſoul, their *ways and be wiſe:* In time let me provide for death and eternity: let me be aſhamed to return empty from any ordinance, any promiſe; with care let me diſcern, and *redeem the time:* let me take heed, leſt I *loſe what* I *have wrought:* let me cheriſh and watch over my tender grace: let me diligently train up my children in the fear of God.—In every danger, with the deepeſt humility, let me lodge myſelf, and all that I have, in the *ſecret place of the Moſt High;* that *when the hail* of temptation, or judgment, *comes down on the foreſt* I may *be low, in a low place.*—You ſons of ſloth, you careleſs daughters, behold how buſy all nature is around you, and reproacheth you for your idleneſs!—How oddly you complain that time lieth heavy on your hand! and that you often know not what to do with yourſelves!—When the all-dreadful Judge ſhall cite you at his tribunal, and enquires how you are employed on earth, what can you anſwer?——Is it that you played at crimp? dreſſed jointed babies? read plays and romances? dreſſed your body, and did eat your victuals? ſhewed a ſolemn, or a ſmiling face in every ſtreet? or perhaps ſo criticiſed on the faults of others, that you could find no opportunity to amend your own?—No doubt, ſome will almoſt approach the Judge, laughing, ſinging, and dancing; but with terror ſhall his tremendous frown, his awful ſentence, ſpoil your mirth.—Think, my ſoul, earth is a great mole-hill, where human emmets round the heap, crowd and buſtle in a thouſand forms of ſtrife and toil, to purchaſe wealth, or fame, an empty bubble, or ſordid duſt.—What is fame, but a fancied life on others breath? what is wiſdom, but to know our neighbours faults, and feel our own?—Sure pride was never made for ignorant, ſinful, wretched man. How ſhould we ſmile, to hear of honorary diſtinctions among piſmires! and that the reſt made way for an emmet of quality, with noble blood in his veins!—It is not for the followers of a humble Saviour, to fancy there is any thing great in pride and lightneſs of ſpirit.—Let Jeſus, let Chriſtianity alone, exalt me, and give me an univerſal greatneſs of ſoul: How this ſtrengthens and ſublimates my powers, branches out my ſoul, as it were, into new faculties, and makes me like the angels in heaven!—What but the deſcent of the Son of God, what but the rays of his truth, have made the barbarous nations more polite than ancient Greece? What, but his deſcent into my ſoul, makes me *wiſe unto ſalvation;* a fearer of God, a true friend of man?

"WHAT thouſands of conies lodge in this war-
"ren! how, at the ſound of my voice, the timo-
"rous tribe crowd to their ſubterraneous manſions!
"how bare and withered they have made the whole

"ſurface around!" Alas! what numbers of men are *earthly, ſenſual, deviliſh!* how, in trouble, this earth is their reſt, their refuge, their ALL! how they run to earthly cares, and carnal courſes, when God ſpeaks to them in his word and providence! Ah! how an earthly mind withers our ſoul, renders it barren; withers ordinances, makes them unfruitful; withers our frames, that they quickly fade away: withers our profeſſion and practice, till they be ſcarce a ſhadow; withers our outward enjoyments, that they cannot give contentment!

"How hath the mole caſt up this fat field!" How rarely do men poſſeſs fulneſs of outward bleſſings, without becoming the prey of an earthly, carnal mind! "A worm is the *glorious prize*, for "which the mole hath ſo wearied herſelf." How often do carnal, covetous men, weary themſelves for very vanity; waſte time and ſtrength in purſuing that pleaſure, profit, or honour, which at the end will beget a gnawing conſcience; bite like a ſerpent, and ſting like an adder! "Yonder the "mole-catcher ſets his traps." Lord Jeſus, *hide thy word* richly *in my heart*, that my carnal thoughts and deſires may be thereby taken and deſtroyed.

"HERE, I ſuppoſe, the too fat paſture hath "ſwollen and killed this fat lamb." How hazardous for our ſoul! how ready to ſwell us with pride, is an abundant affluence in the days of youth! "Yonder the full-bellied cattle proſtrate themſelves "on the earth for reſt." The more of this world the carnal man enjoys, the more his belly, his heart and ſoul cleave to it.—Nay, alas! after feeding on the fat paſture of ordinances, how often have I permitted my heart to ſeek eaſe and reſt on the earth!

"LATELY bloomed the heath, which ſcarce *knows* "*when* the *good* of ſpring or ſummer cometh." And are not ſome called at the eleventh hour, and *born* to Chriſt *out of due time?* My ſoul, am not I much ſo? "How quickly the flocks feed "upon the blooming vegetable!" How beneficial may perſons and things prove, from which we once expected no ſervice! let me therefore never deſpiſe, nor injure, the moſt inſignificant: a time may come, when they may be very uſeful, or very hurtful to my intereſt.

"HERE the reapers ply their buſineſs to purpoſe: "I ſuppoſe they have got their ale; or to-night "they intend to finiſh their harveſt;—here the piper "with his tune animates them to their work." When, with open mouth, I *drink out of the wells of ſalvation*, am brought to Jeſus' banqueting houſe, have a near proſpect of glory, and have the joy of the Lord for my ſtrength, how I abound in the work of the Lord!

"HERE the ſteward pays off the reapers: he acts "under authority, and muſt account for whatever "he diſtributes." Think, my ſoul, of God's judging the world, *by the Man whom he hath ordained, to render to every man according to his works.*—O let me diſpoſe of my time and talents, as I am perſuaded he would do if in my place. Ye ſons of men, remember you are ſtewards, not lords, of whatever you enjoy; uſe it as thoſe who muſt give an account: Ye miniſters of Chriſt, give ſaints and ſinners their *portion in due ſeaſon:* hazard not your ſoul by diſcouraging the righteous, or flattering the wicked.

“ HERE the huſbandman gradually fetcheth home “ his crop; it is much more bulky and valuable, “ than when it was carried forth into ſeed; yet per- “ haps he forgets himſelf indebted to God for the “ increaſe.” Gradually doth God, by his carriages, his chariots of angels, fetch home his choſen ſaints to his heavenly garner; gradually are men carried to their long home.—But alas! how many are the worſe, not the better of life! how little holineſs, nay, how little honeſty is in the world? it is uſed as a perfume, a ſmall quantity of which is made to go far. How many are intent upon offending God as long as they can, and only purpoſe to become ſerious, when the weakneſs of old age renders them incapable to bear arms againſt him; or the ſtorms of trouble and death force them upon him againſt their will! To how poor account is our life ſpent! how much of it is waſted in ſleep! how much in ſickneſs and infirmity! how much in recreation, madneſs, and folly! how much in miſchief! how much in we know not what! how many live, as if their great work was to excel others in devouring the product of the earth; in poſſeſſing the puny trinkets of pride and luxury, or the excitements of injuſtice and violence! how many act, as if rich cloaths reformed the heart, and choice food nobilitated the blood! and the more God give them of what they love, they hate him the more heartily! love the gift, but hate the giver?——What a cup mingled with bitter ingredients is our life! and doth any thing create us ſo much vexation, as our placing on creatures that love which is due to God!—My ſoul, thine outward accommodations are but a cloak for winter! let not me wiſh the winter were lengthened, becauſe I have a cloak; but long, long, for thy ingathering to Jeſus: and, O may he carry me out of life much better than he brought me in.

"ALREADY this induſtrious farmer hath got his "corn cut down, and gathered in: perhaps he "now feaſts his reapers." O happy day, when Jeſus cuts down his ſaints by death! when he ſends forth his angels, and gathers them to him at his ſecond coming! then ſhall he make for them "a feaſt of fat things, of wines on the lees; of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined. —Let us be glad and rejoice, *for the Lamb's feaſt of ingathering ſhall come:* the ranſomed of the Lord ſhall return, and come to Zion with ſongs, and everlaſting joy upon their heads; they ſhall obtain joy and gladneſs, and ſorrow and ſighing ſhall flee away."——"On yonder fields the harveſt is ſcarce "begun: to what hazard, from wind and rain, will "the crop be expoſed before it be got in!" O the hazard of ſlothful delays! how many by theſe are ruined for time and eternity! how often the ſinner of eighty cannot repent, becauſe he is cut off by an untimely death! "Here the gleaner winnows his "corn: poverty obligeth him to threſh it out for "preſent uſe." With what threſhing afflictions, and winnowing influences, doth God ſeparate our chaff of corruption, from the ſolid grain of our grace?——Becauſe I am daily at the point of ſtarving, let me improve every ordinance for preſent ſupply.

"How warm is this valley, while yonder hills "are covered with ſnow!" Alas! how are proud profeſſors expoſed to the early ſtorms of divine wrath! and how much happier is a gracious ſtate, and the lot of an humble ſaint, than that of the moſt exalted ſinner! "Here comes the travelling mer-"chant, with a burden ſo heavy, as would certainly "break his back were he not uſed to it.—Perhaps "he does not yet know where, nor how he muſt "lodge to-night." Alas! how many, by living under the power of guilt, luſt, and carnal care, render themſelves inſenſible of the burden!—How many, in the evening of life, know not how, nor where they muſt be lodged for ever! "Here the "juſt kindled green furze, are immediately extin- "guiſhed by their own natural ſap." How often, my ſoul, when I have begun ſpiritual meditation, hath the commenced glow been quenched by the force of my inward corruption! Heavenly thoughts are not my inhabitants, but way-faring men, which turn aſide to tarry for a moment.—Ah! I do not lodge in honour, but am like the beaſts that periſh.

"Here my Lord **** paſſeth by: what homage "is given him!" It is only man, however, who reſpects outward greatneſs: Nature brought his lordſhip into the world as naked as I; affords him no other ſun, moon, nor ſtars, than ſhe doth me: diſeaſes, death, and hell, are as ready to prey upon him, as on me: nor doth God open his arms of ſpecial favour, or heaven her gates of eternal happineſs, to him, a whit more readily than to yonder indigent.——Homage is given to him, juſt as to the Egyptian aſs, which bare the goddeſs; it is not done to himſelf, but to his burden of power and wealth. Wiſe men regard us for true excellency and dignity: fools regard us for our fine clothing and great riches. Wordly things are very unequally divided, to our view: The one half of mankind know not how the other lives; and very often the beſt deſerving have but the ſmalleſt ſhare: Every where, the worſt perſons and things are moſt common:—nor, taking things at their beſt, do I know if hell is more unhappy in reſpect of earth, than earth is in reſpect of heaven.—Why then ſhould I debaſe and toil myſelf, to get into the office of a petty treaſurer of a ſmall ſhare of the dunghill? let me be God's *ſteward* to earthly things,—which it is ſhameful and wicked to procure, in order to keep; and a *treaſurer* only to himſelf and his grace.—Never did I taſte any thing earthly that well deſerved the keeping: That which was ſweet in opinion, was ordinarily bitter in experience: that which was hard and long in obtaining, was eaſily, and often uncomfortably ſpent: in great numbers, evil things came poſting on horſeback, and went away, one by one, upon foot; pleaſures came creeping as ſnails, and flew away as eagles.—Every earthly excellency is balanced with ſome great defect: how readily the man of wealth is plagued with a weak body, a drunken appetite, a proud mind, a covetous heart, an unruly family, or an envious neighbour!—If a man's memory be good, how readily is his fancy dull! if his imagintation be ſprightly, how often is his judgment weak! or, if ſtrong, how readily is his utterance bad!——Ah! how wants every where prevail! the proud man wants God; the envious man wants the comfort of his neighbour; the covetous man wants the pleaſure of his own wealth; and the angry man wants himſelf.—Suppoſe the world would make me her minion, as this nobleman is, ſhe could give me no more but a ſmoke of honour, a ſhadow of wealth, a ſound of pleaſure, and a blaſt of fame; none of which could make me live a moment longer, or a whit happier.—Security and ignorance might procure me ſome morſels of joy, ſeaſoned with much bitterneſs; and make me, like ſome fooliſh houſe-keepers, live one day in extravagance and merriment, and half ſtarve all the reſt of the year: but better have little, than loſe all.—The world, indeed, is a great deal franker in appearance than Chriſt; ſhe, undeſired, ſhews us her toys, and thruſts them into our hand; while he informs us of a crown, but tells us that we muſt run, and wait for it: Let me never pay the coſtly price of my ſoul for her vanities, rather than tarry a moment for his *exceeding great reward.*--If God hath placed gold under the earth, let my heart tread it under her feet, leſt it draw her down to the earth; and at laſt ſink her to the depths of hell. God forbid that I ſhould play the hypocrite, in holding my face toward heaven and my heart towards the earth; And while the world is ſo thieviſh as to catch at every thing, let me leave nothing to her credit, which I can, by giving in alms, and to pious purpoſes, juſtly carry away with me.——To conſtitute me noble and happy, no more is neceſſary than to improve my God and myſelf; which are things every where to be had. I am no fool, if I know myſelf; I need no more pleaſure, but to content myſelf: no more victory, but to overcome myſelf; no more wealth, but to poſſeſs my ſoul in patience, and ſatisfaction in God: let me therefore never be ſo perverſe, as to ſcorn what I have, and deſire what I have not. Moſt men's life lieth in hoping well, bearing ill, and fearing worſe; let me live by ſtrong faith on God as my own; and I ſhall never be either diſcontented or covetous. If property balance many diſadvantages, if the tender mother ſuffers ſharp pangs, days of toil, and nights of trouble for a child, becauſe he is her own; what inconveniencies may my aſſured property in God balance to my ſoul? Let me have time and grace to enjoy him, and I defy the world to make me either poor or ſad: death cannot bereave me of *time*, to *be for ever with the Lord;* nor will God, whoſe *gifts and callings are without repentance*, take away his grace from me.—At my death, the world will miſs me little; the ſun will riſe as bright, the moon as gay, the ſtars as ſparkling: and men will continue as merry and mad as ever; and I ſhall miſs her leſs, when I depart to *be with Chriſt*, *which is far better.*

"Here is a large caſk, filled either with liquor "or air." So every man's heart, every man's life is repleniſhed with that which is either ſubſtantial or trifling: and how many, by their care and ſcrupulouſneſs about trifles, mark the wickedneſs of their hearts!—Since my ſpiritual appetite hath been ſo much weakened by the influence of airy trifles, let me feed the oftener on Chriſt. O to have my whole heart filled with his fulneſs! He will have all of me, or nothing: Satan indeed pretends to be more ſocial, and to be ready to accept of a part; but it is merely becauſe he knows, that if he get part, God, his rival will get nothing at all.

"The nearer yonder rolling ſtone approacheth "the foot of the hill, its motion is the quicker."—When natural things draw towards their end, their motion is often moſt violent. *Soon ripe, ſoon rotten*, is the juſt motto of earthly excellency.—O may Satan's violence to my ſoul preſage his ſpeedy adieu; and the violence of my luſts, forbode their approaching exit! The nearer my diſſolution approacheth, let me run with the more ſpeed and vigour towards God.

"Here is a large load of *freſh* fiſh taken from the "ſalt ſea!" Let me, like them, live in the world, mortified to it; live on earth, with my *affections on things above;* live, in the midſt of a crooked and perverſe generation, holy, harmleſs, a child of God without rebuke.—And, ſince almoſt all things partake of the ſoil, let me obſerve a due diſtance from wicked men, that I be not infected: let me have no companions but ſuch as will be kind to my ſoul, and ſevere to my ſins: no companions, but will either teach or learn ſome good of me. Let me uſe them as Moſes did his ſtaff; ſo long as they are a rod to ſupport, or kindly correct me, let me cleave to them: but when they become ſerpents to tempt and ſting me, let me flee from them.

"Here is a man wonderfully famed for his learning, but ſurpriſingly proud and contentious."—Sad bane for the church or ſtate, which never thrive but when peace and truth meet together; when meekneſs, humility, knowledge, and zeal, kiſs one another! Anger begets, pride foſters, and covetouſneſs confirms every ſchiſm, truly ſo called. Sad bane for himſelf! paſſion, pride, and contention, render men fools, that are not; and ſhew them to be ſo, that are; they are plague and torment enough for an enemy; and render men their own executioners: ah! how they rack them with griefs, hopes, fears! how they enſlave them into the envy of all around! of theſe, becauſe they are above them! of thoſe, becauſe they are equals! and of the reſt, becauſe not far enough below them, nor ready enough to flatter their vanity!—How readily is this proud wicked man afraid of every thing! of God, as his Judge! of conſcience, as his accuſer! of Satan, as his tormentor! and of every creature, as his enemy! —How readily is he hurtful in every thing! his indiſcreet good-like actions being little better than diſcreet miſchiefs.—Knowledge that puffeth up is of little uſe in the world, but to contrive error; or to defend a bad practice, the worſt of hereſies. Scarce, in any age, was there, more noiſe about knowledge, and leſs of what deſerves the name. It is impoſſible I can have any true knowledge, if I know not the things which are alway neareſt me, God and my heart: Theſe I can really know no further than I chuſe, love, and delight in the one, and ſtudy to keep and purify the other.— Oſtentation, and real learning; fine ſentiment, and pompous language; ſeldom meet: The very conceit of knowledge hinders a man from the means to procure it, and ſhews him to be ignorant. Lord, may I be always thy humble diſciple, daily learning after thy divine method, of truſting, of *believing, and then trying;* always readier to endure injuries, than to commit, or reſent them;—and to conquer my enemies by praying for them, rather than by praying or fighting againſt them.

" WHAT a mixture of grain is on this ridge!"—Mixture prevails every where on earth: no man, no thing, is altogether excellent; perhaps none ſurpaſs in every ſin: one is reckoned a civil Atheiſt; another a religious villain; a third an honeſt drunkard; another a compaſſionate whoremonger; and, in fine, ſome deteſt all wrong, except that which is done to their Maker.

" LATELY this poor fellow loſt his eye." If I am a true Chriſtian, I have a threefold eye; one of ſenſe, to diſcern material ſubſtance; another of reaſon, to diſcern God in it; and a third of faith, to look at the things that are not ſeen, which are eternal: to diſcern God in Chriſt as my reconciled Saviour; let me alſo have three guides; Jeſus, in his Spirit and truth, to go before me: and his daughters, of wiſdom and charity, to attend at my ſides.

" To alight with violence on her prey, how high " ſoars yonder hawk!" That I may alight with noted force upon my ſinful luſts, my ſpiritual foes, let my ſoul aſcend high in the faith of Jeſus and his love: ſo ſhall I more effectually tear and tread them under my feet. But let me carefully watch againſt Satan, when he mounts high as an angel of light: and never puſh high to ſecure temporal enjoyments.

“ HERE comes * * * * the bankrupt.” It is only honourable to be a bankrupt to Chriſt. O his wonderful mercy, who at once forgives my infinite debt to himſelf, and becomes an eternal debtor to me! my life, my ALL, is already borrowed from him; yet I have his obligation for all his *unſearchable riches*; by deſert, I owe him my ALL, ten thouſand fold; by covenant engagement he owes HIS ALL to me.

“ IN how little room hath this ſkilful waggoner “ turned his carriage!” Let me rather ſtudy to live well in ſtraitening circumſtances, than to encreaſe my wealth: to live royally amidſt riches, in the honour of an eſtate; to live happily on little, is the honour of the poſſeſſor.—Let me never wrong myſelf by ſullen dulneſs, nor loſe dainties for want of a ſtomach; If God, to mark his pleaſure in his ſervant's proſperity, put Adam into a garden, let me make the beſt of whatever I have.—Were I a beggar, I would readily wiſh to live a monarch; and were I a monarch, how readily, at death, would I wiſh that I had lived a beggar! Only the everlaſting enjoyment of God is preciſely as I wiſh; it is *all my ſalvation, and all my deſire.*—Why ſhould not I even now find as much joy in him, as worldlings do in their forced merriment, or lewd wretches in their filthy luſt? Let me neither debaſe my immortal, my rational ſoul, to partake of the mad laughter of fools; nor let my ſullen behaviour tempt the profane world to imagane that the God whom I worſhip is ſome ſurly devil; let me live in God, and I ſhall never weary, either for want of work or pleaſure.—All men ſhall concur to do me good: Theſe who are friends, ſhall give me the comfort of their ſociety, and the help of their prayers. Theſe reckoned enemies, ſhall cauſe me to take heed to my ways; ſhall diſcover to me the faults overlooked by my indulgent friend; ſhall give me opportunity to honour myſelf, in rendering them love for hatred: good for evil, and bleſſing for curſing.

"Why doth yonder boy ſpur the gallopping "horſe?" How mad to incite ſinful men to miſchief! what can be a more deviliſh; what a more thankleſs office? If the tranſgreſſor be convinced, he will deteſt;—and if he be damned he will curſe his tempter.—How mad to puſh forward time which already flies ſwifter than an eagle! "Let me eſcape "out of the way, that I be not hurt." Let me alway take heed to myſelf: let me never, with Shimei, throw away my own life to ſeek my ſervant; never loſe my ſoul to pleaſe my body; never loſe heaven by graſping at this earth.—I am ſufficiently intelligent, honoured, and happy, if I know, overcome, and content myſelf; nor can any hurt me, if I aſſiſt them not; not Satan, but by my own corruption; not afflictions, but by my own impatience; not temptations, but by my own yielding; not death, but by my own ſinfulneſs: nor ſin, without my own impatience and unbelief; nor outrageous abuſe, unleſs by ſtudy of revenge, I, like the angry bee, loſe my ſting, and caſt away my calm temper. If the world abuſe me, let me never, on that account, abuſe myſelf with ſinful anger, diſcompoſing grief, or proud reſentment; better endure a thouſand wrongs, than do one; Who, by revenge, ever gained any thing more than plunging himſelf into deeper diſtreſs?

“ Here is a fellow with his puppet-ſhew.” How wickedly he earns his bread, by impoſing on his neighbours!—Did he not at leaſt derive this part of his buſineſs from Satan?——How men run to obſerve his pitiful trinkets, rather than to behold the *Lamb of God!*——Lord, how rarity, even of trifles, renders them *wondered at!* while the marvellous riſing of thy ſun, the motion of thy air, the life of our body, and union thereof with our ſoul, becauſe common, are overlooked! nay, while the rare, the marvellous Saviour is contemned! “ Even this ſorry fellow doth not make his ſervant familiar with “ him.” And am inſignificant I, the meaneſt of God's ſervants, alſo his *ſon* and intimate friend?——“ How idle and uſeleſs are theſe fellows!” To a good man few things are more troubleſome than idleneſs: nor is the life of any more expoſed than of idlers; they are Satan's pillow, where he takes his eaſe; are fitly diſpoſed for every wicked motion; and, as ſtanding pools, ſoon ſtink with the ſavour of filthy luſts. And they that hide their talents in the earth, need expect no treaſures in heaven.

“ Yonder ſtands **** with her baſtard-ſon in “ her arms: fooliſh attendance at **** marriage “ laſt year; with her light dancing, and perhaps “ her drunkenneſs, iſſued in this.” Are multitudes of our marriages now made in Satan's name; that the parties muſt be initiated into his ſervice, by aſſembling a number of light and vain perſons, on the marriage-day, to flatter, whore, drink, dance, and ſpue? Can I act like a tender Chriſtian without being aſhamed to countenance ſuch infectious rambles? durſt I pray for the bleſſing of God on my attendance? would my being there make me ready for the marriage of the Lamb? would it correſpond with my profeſſion, to be a mourner for the abounding diſhonours of my God? have I forgot the filthy, the bloody iſſue of Dinah's attendance on a ſimilar convention? Let none of my children be ſo employed, till once I want them whores, ſots, or fools. How often have I ſeen the very money collected on ſuch occaſions, ſeemingly curſed of God, and quickly waſted?—Satan hath too many to promote conventions of vanity and guilt, though I be none of the number. When I think ſeriouſly of death, or of accounting to God for the moments of my time, how my conſcience ſtings me, that ever I was guilty of ſuch conduct!—How my conſcience ſmites me, that ever I had any ſhare in the mad races, and the inhuman ſporting with animal life, ſo well known to the ſervile tribe?

"Here two neighbours diſagree, and call one "another bad names." How often my ſoul and body are at odds! what is for the pleaſure of this is ſeldom for the advantage of that.—It fills me with ſhame to think that my better part is impriſoned in a dunghill, and that ſo very a trifle provokes me to variance with my fellow ſaints; nay, with my gracious God.—O could I love every neighbour into friendſhip! The ſolitary have fewer temptations to evil, but fewer excitements to good. —In me, let even the dead, the abſent, always find a truſty friend; Chriſt's love, ſo immenſely great, obligeth me to live in bankruptcy of love to him; but let me ſtudy to run bankrupt in love to none beſide.——God forbid that my heart ſhould be a hall to plot my neighbour's ruin; my hand a ſword to hurt his perſon, a drag to catch his wealth; or my throat an *open ſepulchre*, to bury his fame, or rot his character. If I can ſay no good, let me ſay no evil of him!—A wounded reputation, is like a rent garment, eaſily torn by every nail that comes in the way. In reſpect of their fame, ſome men are their own executors: their character is rotten before their carcaſe: others are held infamous till they be dead; and then fall heirs to their reputation; ſo precarious, however precious, is a good name.——To promote and maintain mine, let me take Chriſt to be my huſband and pattern; let me have a faithful friend, who will firſt heat me with evidence of affection, and then beat me with ſtrokes of Chriſtian reproof; who, like ſweet honey, will kindly, but ſharply ſearch my corrupting wounds. Rather let me be contemned than flattered.

"YONDER comes a moſt covetous and unthankful perſon." Covetouſneſs, pride, and envy, alway render men unthankful: whoever ſinfully covets more than he hath, contemns what he hath, and forgets to acknowledge it; pride makes a man ſo admire himſelf, as to value neither God nor his gifts; envy ſo draws out his heart againſt the felicity of his neighbour, that he ſees not his own. ————May unworthy I, in every thing give thanks: when, like the elephant, I have reaſon to ſtartle at my own likeneſs, how marvellous, that God ſhould graciouſly look on me! let me thank him, even for what I dare not pray for.

"NOT this charming, but the thorny, the miry path, muſt be mine." My near way to glory, is not through charming outward pleaſure; but through much tribulation; like Jonathan's way up the rock, *ſlippery* on the one ſide; *thorny* on the other: here I muſt wear my *black* garments of mourning, and my *red* of bloody ſuffering;—hereafter I ſhall walk with the Lamb in *white*, for he hath made me worthy: trouble obliges me now to ſow in tears, but

I ſhall reap in joy: ſcarce is it ever well with my ſoul, but when the rod of God is upon me; but when no good thing is eaſily come by, why ſhould I baulk any to win Chriſt and obtain glory?—If Satan and the world oppoſe me much, it is a ſign that my work is good; and let oppoſition render me reſolute in it.—The longer Chriſt's yoke is borne, it is the eaſier.—How many eſcape trouble, juſt becauſe the world loves them, and God hates them! how many, the more they ſtrive to get out of affliction, the more they are entangled! and how many get relief, worſe than their diſtreſs! In fits of trouble, and acts of religion, it is an unhappy ſign, if I am glad and think all is well, that they are got over.

"What languiſhing appears in the countenance "of yonder friend! in his dying condition, let me "aſk of his welfare:—extremity diſtinguiſhes "friends." Every ailment is a little, a begun death: to die often, to die daily, is to die well: better go forth to meet death, than loiter till he come and ſeize us. In the mount the Lord ſhall be ſeen: grief, trouble, and death IN HIM, will be a ſweet back look. Far better lie under God's chaſtiſement, than be without it. There is nothing of hell it in; and yet it is all the hell a true Chriſtian can ſuffer. Chaſtiſement is not ſo much threatened, as promiſed to a child of God. It is a double honour to be a Chriſtian-ſufferer. By affliction God ſeparates the ſin which he hates, from the ſoul which he loves. And the more we fear ſin, the leſs we will fear trouble. Sin is the poiſon, affliction is the phyſic. If God humble us, let us humble ourſelves. Though his hand be againſt us, his heart is toward us; his providence croſſeth us, but his promiſe bleſſeth us. It is good to bear temporal croſſes, in order that we may wear an eternal crown. Let therefore our troubles ſtir up our graces, as well as our griefs. And let us alway remember, that our enjoyments are greater than our afflictions, and our afflictions much leſs than our ſins deſerve. " What a pitiful crop this long run field hath pro-" duced!" Alas! many profeſſors, the longer they live, they, like the Syrian lioneſs, are the leſs fruitful: Lord, is it I?

" Now the ſun ſets: how quickly hath he finiſh-" ed his race!" How quickly is my time ſpent, and ſo much of me with it! " How broadly looks this " ſetting ſun upon our terreſtrial abodes!" With what triumphant ſmile; with what compaſſion to men, did Jeſus die!—And how agreeable the aſpect of a Chriſtian, courageous in poverty, trouble, and death! " How ſweetly the adjacent clouds are gild-" ed by this ſetting ſun." How pleaſant to ſee the clouds of guilt diſpelled by Jeſus' death! to ſee troubles and ſorrows made comely! and even ſin made the occaſion to illuſtrate the virtue of his blood, and *riches of his grace?* How ſweetly doth the cheerful dying ſaint tincture all around with ſpiritual care to *taſte and ſee that God is good!*—Better then is the day of death than the day of one's birth.

" The ſun being ſet, our ſide of the globe is be-" nighted:—black and deep the night begins to fall; " a ſhade immenſe: all beauty is void; diſtinction " loſt: Now ſtung with hunger, and egged on with " thirſt of blood, the wild beaſts creep forth." Where, O earth, ſhall be thy beauty, thy diſtinctive honours, or enjoyments when I am laid in the grave!—When ſaints die faſt, what darkneſs and confuſion doth it preſage in the church! Then the ſons of violence, impurity, and error, boldly exert themſelves.——When Jeſus hideth himſelf from my ſoul, what darkneſs, danger, and confuſion enſue! no charming beauty appears in word or ordinances; my graces ceaſe from their labour; and wild beaſts of luſt and temptation creep abroad.—But I ſhall ſee him again, and my *heart ſhall rejoice*, and *my joy ſhall no man take from me: I ſhall ſee him* even *now; I ſhall behold him* even *nigh.*

" Gradually the ſtars twinkle forth one after " another, till countleſs numbers pour their glory " from the ſky." So gradually Heaven's inſpired luminaries poured their glory on my heart: firſt, that evening ſtar, that noted promiſe, which I hope is engraven on me " as with a pen of iron, and " point of a diamond." Gradually have I ſince deſcribed new promiſes, new words, new worlds of grace to me.—How much more pleaſant their light, and ſweeter their influence, than thoſe of Pleiades, Arcturus, and Mazzaroth! And what unnumbered new diſcoveries of God ſhall I forever obtain!

" Now I have a diſtant, but dim proſpect of my " friend's houſe, where I intend to lodge: but there " is a deep, a dangerous valley, between me and it." O for clear views of the heavenly manſions, to encourage, and ſupport my heart! and may Jeſus' rod and ſtaff be with me, in the valley of the ſhadow of death. " I am bewildered in this hollow ground. —" I have loſt ſight of my friend's dwelling:—— " I know not whither I go." If doubts compaſs me *in the valley of the ſhadow of death*, while I walk in darkneſs, let me truſt in the name of the Lord, who once ſaid to me, " Fear not, for I am with thee! be not diſmayed, for I am thy God: I will ſtrengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteouſneſs." Hereon I repoſe all my preſent, all my future concerns.

"Now I have got to my lodging." What a mercy is it, that I and this family are alive;—are well! but how much greater, that I hope to meet with Jeſus, and his ſaints, where there is neither ſin nor ſorrow, nor curſe, nor crying, nor pain. "Here the houſe-wife is buſy in leavening her bread." Lord, let no ſouring *leaven of hypocriſy, or malice*, but thy grace infect, and leaven my heart: let no error, but powerful goſpel truth, leaven thy church. "The evening-ſacrifice of family worſhip "hath been offered up; but moſt of the reapers "ſlumbered and ſlept." Better to perform it before ſupper; for wearied bodies, and crammed ſtomachs, diſpoſe to drowſineſs.—Alas! do we tire ourſelves with the ſervice, and cram our heart and belly with the enjoyments of an empty world, till we have neither ſpirit, ſtrength, nor room for God! —O to meet with my friends, where neither drowſy head nor ſleepy heart, ſhall ever mar our ſongs of praiſe! "Prayer and thankſgiving, not games at "cards, prepare for bed here." How ſurpriſing, that any where, men ſhould pleaſe that pitiful recreation! how odd, to have rational ſouls chiefly filled with pictures of ſmall ſquare pieces of painted paper! how mad to neglect buſineſs, diſorder minds, and families for their ſake! how wicked to appeal to God in the ſhuffling thereof! how vile hereby to learn heatheniſh language of *luck*, *chance*, and the like! have heatheniſh affections, and practiſe dependance on theſe imaginary deities!

“ Now I go up to my bed-chamber.” But thrice ſweeter to go up to Jeſus' *bed of love;* to aſcend from a death-bed to his throne; to mount up from a grave *to meet the Lord in the air.* “ The ſervant “ who lighted me up, hath left the candle with me, “ and returned in darkneſs.” How often are miniſters, and private perſons, after aſſiſting and lifting up the ſaints to their heavenly manſions, thruſt down into *utter darkneſs; where there is weeping, wailing, and gnaſhing of teeth!* “ How the tallow “ of the candle boils, burns, and waſtes!” Awful thought! ſo ſhall wicked men decay, *as fat of lambs:* ſo, for ever unwaſting, ſhall they be tormented in hell. “ Here the fooliſh fly plays with the flame “ till ſhe burn herſelf.” Ah! how many ſport with luſts and temptations, ſport with hell and damnation, till they be conſumed!

“ LET me look out at this window. How far “ ſhines yon lamp in this dark night.” So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world. But how ſhines Jeſus' deed of deeds, in loving us, and giving himſelf for us! “ What ſolemn noiſe I hear from yon- “ der city! the guns roar, the fire-works play: it “ is to celebrate the birth, the coronation, or the “ proach of our prince.” Thrice happier day, when the artillery, the fire-works of God, ſhall be played off, to celebrate the birth of eternal glory, the ſecond coming, and public coronation of our Redeemer! At his preſence, creation ſhall be in agony; the luminaries “ of heaven ſhall be ſhaken: the heavens ſhall paſs away with a great noiſe: the elements ſhall melt with fervent heat: the earth and the works therein ſhall be burnt up: a fire ſhall go before him; it ſhall be very tempeſtuous round about him:” awful ſight! being on being wrecked! and world on world! all nature trembles to the throne of God!—O to hear *the joyful ſound!* to ſee the ſolemn ſcene!—In wide eternity I dare be loſt; for the eternal God is my own:—Thrice well found, when loſt in love divine!

"Now I worſhip God by myſelf." Be ſerious and earneſt my ſoul; it is, perhaps, thy laſt ſervice of the kind: whom ſhould I praiſe, but him who gave me a tongue to praiſe! Let my higheſt view of advantage on earth be to praiſe: and let all my heaven be the enjoyment of him: let me, by more than feeble faith, lay hold on the Supreme, and call his rich unfathomable mines my own! let me pour my heart into his boſom, and leave myſelf on him as the Rock of my ſalvation.

"Now I am undreſſed: would I not bluſh to "appear thus in the ſtreet?" Alas! how many are like devils before God, and in ſecret, who are like angels in public! "Could not I go lighter, run "faſter, and work better without clothes?" Curſed then be ſin, which introduced the need of them; that teacheth moſt to deify them; and not a few to to wear them at the expence of the merchant.—When, Lord, ſhall ſin and ſhame bid me a final adieu! and I be *clothed upon with* my robes, my *houſe which is from heaven?*

"My candle is near waſted." What though my candles of earthly comforts, of friends, and of enjoyments, be almoſt waſted; it is near the day-break of eternal glory. "Now extinguiſhed, it goeth "out with a ſtench." Such is the death of the wicked: but may I like a wax taper, leave a ſweet and edifying ſavour of Chriſt behind me.—May Jeſus quickly extinguiſh ſun and moon, theſe perennial lamps of creation, and make his own bright glory *all in all.*

“ I lie down on my bed.” Sure emblem of my ſpeedy entrance into the cold, dark manſion of the grave.—Ever ſince I was conceived, I have been dying; and the things of this world dying from me. ——Ah! how often I have loved, have married my heart to them, while they uttered their expiring groan! but bleſſed be the Lord, who diſſolved theſe marriages, and at laſt fixed my ſoul to his ever-living Self.—O to have an intimacy with death; or rather with him that hath *the keys of hell and death*, that I may as cheerfully welcome the grave, as my weary bones do this eaſy bed!——“ But now, my conſcience, let me examine thee, as in God's ſight, “ *whither I have made* my *road to-day*.” What ſin have I committed, or mortified? What temptations have I reſiſted or conquered? What communion with God have I enjoyed? What graces have I exerciſed? What have I done to the glory of God, or to be profitable to men? From what motive, and to what end, did I perform that which is materially good?——Lord, haſten the day, when ſuch calling of myſelf to account ſhall be no longer neceſſary; but my work be one eternal round of praiſe. “ My travel through the day makes my bed doubly ſweet.” O how ſweet is Jeſus to the ſoul, who finds himſelf wearied with purſuing after other lovers! how ſweet is glory, to thoſe that enter it *through much tribulation!*

“ What odd noiſe is this! I wiſh ſome demon “ do not haunt the place.” No, no; it is but a mouſe, a rat, an owl, a cat, or cur, that diſturbs me: let not me uſe this puny creature's din, as a bell to invite me to the fear, the worſhip of thoſe demons, who ſo haunt my heart.—But is not this ſlaviſh fear an evidence of my guilt?—a token of my Atheiſm and unbelief?—Doth not God ſee me? doth not he watch over and keep me, night and day, leſt any hurt me?—Let then his greatneſs, and nothing elſe, awe my heart. "Fear him, *my ſoul*, who, after he hath killed the body, can caſt ſoul and body into hell-fire; yea, I ſay unto *thee*, Fear him."——O to dwell in the high places of the Lord, where their reſt is never diſturbed with *fear in the night*.

"Now I have fallen off my ſleep." Let me fix on my Saviour: let *my meditation of him be ſweet*; let my ſoul *follow hard after* him, *in the ſecret watches of the night*: and ſo turn them into the dawn of everlaſting day. "Juſt now I dreamed that I was great: "was at a rare banquet."—What, my ſoul, are all outward enjoyments, but the fancies of a dream, that will flee away, as ſoon as conſcience, death, or the laſt trumpet awaken us?—In our embrace, the earthly viſions die: nothing is worth thy joys, nothing lovely or certain, as thy God!—How often have I been deluded concerning things of eternal moment!—Oh! to be where there is *no night*; no illuſions; where endleſs realities ſhall fill my whole heart and mind; where I ſhall know God himſelf, *even as I am known*, and *ſee him as he is! Amen. Even ſo, come Lord Jeſus.*

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WINTER-DAY.

“ WHAT a frightful dream hath awakened “me!” Often through the multitude of idleneſs, and of evil buſineſs, have my dreams been vain, or vile: But I wiſh this of the day of judgment;—of my receiving a ſentence of damnation; and being dragged by devils to the *bottomleſs pit,*—be not a preſage of future reality.—Woes me; how like this dream is the confuſed exerciſe of my ſoul! Convictions of ſin, ſuch as they were, I have had; but receiving and reſting on Jeſus Chriſt alone for ſalvation, as offered to me in the goſpel, I know not.——Oh to have him, *and be found in him!*—to want all, rather than him!---Lord, *give me* Chriſt, *or elſe I die.*

“ THE cock crows.” Beſtir thyſelf, my lazy ſoul: is this animal, who is in no danger of eternal ruin, already awakened? and ſhall I ſleep in more awful hazard, than if *on the top of a maſt,* and in a raging ocean!---Was I made for no higher end, than to ſleep? Yes, yes; I was made for eternity: let the *eternal Spirit* thoroughly awaken and convince me of ſin.

“ Is not this the firſt morning of a new year? is “ it not my birth-day?” Alas! how many years have I already lived?——Ah! not lived, but loſt them!—O dreadful! irrecoverable! though unheeded, loſs of precious time! Doth my entrance on this new year, preſage my ſpeedy exit into the eternal ſtate? let me then be ſerious to day.——My conſcience, I poſe thee, as before God: Have I brought an old heart with me, from the old year, or not? Did I outlive the finiſhed period, in reigning enmity againſt God, or not? Did ever my ſoul ſee a new birth day, or not? Many years am I nearer to eternity, than at my birth: but whether have I approached to heaven, or to hell?—Alas! have not I much more work of preparation for a future ſtate on hand? and yet much leſs time for it?—Was I born to eat, drink, and ſin? Was I in baptiſm, ſworn to lodge and cheriſh indwelling luſts, to forget God, to hate my Maker, and to live in conſtant rebellion againſt him? Lord, how could thy vengeance ſuffer ſuch an ungrateful, perjured wretch to live!—O now, now forgive my crimes, and give me *a new heart* and *a new ſpirit*, that I may begin the year with a new form of life: I tremble at the thought of living another year, month, or day, at the former rate.

" Alas ſevere pains of gout, gravel, and cholic, " have ſeized me; how can I bear this torment!" Be ſtill my ſoul, *Wherefore ſhould a living man complain, a man for the puniſhment of his ſins?* I am indeed a living hoſpital; am tormented: but bleſſed be God, it is not in eternal flames: I have yet drops of water to *cool the tip of my tongue*, which is infinitely more than I deſerve. The calls of his word being deſpiſed, he takes his rod to drive folly far from my heart: may it accompliſh his end: may it, like Aaron's, bud with bleſſings to my ſoul:—if the forward wretch muſt be whipt with *ſcorpions*, let me though too late be driven to Jeſus the phyſician:—though I come too late to him, he cannot come too late to me.—O the wretched caſe of my heart! it is pricked with deep convictions; and yet rageth with enmity againſt a Saviour. Lord, I dare not cry, Remove thy ſtroke from me: but ſtrike, wound, drive and draw me to thyſelf.——

"My pains are abated." God forbid, they ſhould be removed in wrath: Affliction is light enough, and ſhort enough, if it purge away ſin.—O let me never come forth from thy refining furnace, with more droſs than I entered —O ſudden, ſovereign-healer of my body, heal my ſoul for thy name's ſake.—What doth it avail a ſick ſoul, that ſhe lodgeth in a ſound carcaſe? or a condemned ſoul, that her priſon-walls are repaired? what beſide *a time to be born, and a time to die,* is appointed for man? how probable then may my next ailment end my days?—O were I dead to the law, and dead to my luſts; how pleaſant could I look for the death of my body, and at laſt the death of my death!

"THE cock crows again." When he who denied Jeſus heard the ſecond crowing, *he went out and wept bitterly.*——My ſoul, how often have I denied the Saviour! denied him room in my heart! denied him an honourable confeſſion in my life! He that is not with him, is againſt him.—Riſe therefore, from thy lazy couch; go out and weep bitterly: how can I ſleep! how lie at eaſe under the awful weight of ſo much ſin unrepented of!—of ſo much unpardoned guilt! *Ariſe, O ſleeper, call on thy God;* it may be he will think on me, that I periſh not: Lord Jeſus, art not thou a Prince exalted *to give repentance, and remiſſion of ſins?* Why then deny me theſe bleſſings? my ſole hope is, that there are with the degrees of mercy, beyond whatever men made uſe of.—Careſt thou not that thy near kinſman periſh.

"The morning ſtar is riſen." Alas! have I once more ſeen him, without receiving Jeſus, the *bright and morning-ſtar*, into my heart? without having the *day-ſtar* of grace riſen in my ſoul?—Lord, *I cannot; I will not*, want thee any longer: If thine enemy hunger, feed him with thy fleſh; if he thirſt, give him thy blood to drink; ſo ſhalt thou heap heart-melting coals of fire on his head.—Haſt thou not ſaid, that "to us *men*, a child is born, to us a ſon is given; and his name ſhall be called Wonderful, Counſellor, the mighty God, the everlaſting Father, and the Prince of peace?—I believe, Lord, help thou mine unbelief."—Let heaven and earth bear witneſs, that I deſire to accept of thee, as, in the goſpel, made of God to me *wiſdom, righteouſneſs, ſanctification, and redemption.*

"In this family I need expect no private worſhip: "the world ſeems their principal deity; and to her "they muſt pay their early devotion." Let me double my diligence in ſecret worſhip.—If others will ſtarve their immortal ſouls; it is not fit that I ſhould do it for the ſake of company.—Doubtleſs *the curſe of the Lord is in this habitation of the wicked;* let me ſpeed away from it: better dwell with a raging plague, than with a waſting curſe.—O what fools! what mad men are thoſe, who thruſt themſelves, or their ſeed, into wicked worſhipleſs families, for the ſake of a few pence more gain!

"Scarce can I find a place for ſecret prayer: my "bed-fellow is a profane mocker at every thing ſe- "rions;—and no cloſet is to be had." Complain not, my ſoul; *the earth is the Lord's and the fulneſs thereof:* let my heart truly incline prayer; God will find me a place for it.—At Gethſemane, and elſewhere, the ſon of God had but the open air, and cold ground for his cloſet; what a mercy that I, who deſerve to be roaring in hell, may have as good! "I "have now retired from my profane companion." But cannot, ah! *cannot* retire from that more profane companion, my wicked heart: ſhe follows, attends, and goes before me to the mount of duty; where ever I lodge, ſhe lodgteh.—O that death may ſeperate between her and me! "Now I am at ſe-"cret prayer." Be earneſt, my ſoul; plead the promiſes which ſuit thy caſe; refuſe to give over, till the Lord bleſs thee with a confirmation of thy marriage to his Son.

"It is but coarſe and ill-readied proviſion which "I am to have for breakfaſt." Earth is now my ſtepmother; why ſhould I expect delicacies from her hand? it is rather aſtoniſhing, that I am ſo well ſerved: perhaps ſome precious ſaints juſt now ſtarve for want; why then do I, "who am leſs than the leaſt of all ſaints, leſs than the leaſt of *God's* mercies!" complain!——Let me have Jeſus, and I have enough. —Why ſhould I be anxious to nouriſh a dunghill with delicacies? ſhould I not rather admire the mercy, the power and wiſdom of God, in preparing *this* for me? It is but modified duſt: laſt year perhaps, it lay in the dunghill; carried out, it grew up into that which I now eat and incorporate with my body. What is this *huſk* of my ſoul, but modified graſs, duſt and dung? Duſt I am, and unto duſt ſhall I return: Corruption, thou art my mother; ye worms, that wallow amidſt unſufferable ſtench and vileneſs, are my ſiſters and brethern.——Lord, ſhall a ſyſtem of duſt and ſin dare to be proud? ſhall he forbear aſtoniſhment, that the Son of God *loved me, and gave himſelf for me?* "Scarce have I got food to ſatisfy "my craving appetite." Let me eke out the ſpare meal with a plentiful feaſt on the manna which cometh down from heaven: let me live, *not by bread alone,* but by faith on the *words that proceed out of the* *mouth of God;* live on meat which the world knows not of.

"I HAVE got my ſtaff in my hand; but my hard "couch hath wearied and unfitted me for my jour-"ney." Murmur not, my ſoul, what a ſurpriſing mercy is a hard bed to one, who richly deſerved to lie in hell! Had mine been ſoft, perhaps I had now wallowed in wantonneſs, or been drowned in ſloth. O happy hardneſs, that rouzed me to an early prayer, in which I have found that which, I hope, eternity ſhall not make me forget! But, ah! how hath my lying on a bed of ſin unfitted me for a heavenly journey! Lord I am fit for nothing; good for nothing; neither to live nor die: neither to teach nor learn; neither to think nor ſpeak; neither to do nor ſuffer: How I have emproven my time, I am aſhamed to ſpeak; amazed to think. Go through all that I am, within or without, and all that I have done; what am I but vileneſs and abomination? I have run through all the means of knowledge, and yet ſee no truth in her glory; through all afflictions, and yet I am not humbled nor ſerious; through all mercies, and yet I am not thankful: through all means of good, and yet I am evil, only evil, tranſcendantly, evil in the higheſt degree, to this day.—Lord did ever ſuch a deformed ſinner exiſt? did ever ſuch a criminal apply to thee for mercy? was ever ſuch a work done to a poor wretch ſince the creation, as the ſaving of my ſoul muſt be? But O how that ſalvation *to the uttermoſt* melts and ſupports my heart!——My ſoul, haſt thou got the ſtaff of a promiſe into thy hand, to ſupport thee in this winter-journey? O for a meſſage from above, to bear my ſpirits up! Dare not to go forth without this.——Methinks Jeſus whiſpers to my heart. "He ſhall call upon me, and I will anſwer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him:

with long life will I ſatisfy him, and ſhew him my ſalvation.——And even unto old age I am he, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you; I have made, and I will bear, and I will carry, and I will deliver you." ——Let this be my ſtaff to-day: it ſeems to forebode a life of trouble: but "ſurely goodneſs and mercy ſhall follow me all the days of my life." The everlaſting mercy of God ſhall ſupport me under, ſweeten, and ſee all my troubles out:—What ſhould I fear, who have Omnipotence my friend? Pains, loſſes; and diſappointments, may threaten me; but either will not reach me or will do me good: let me wait a while, I ſhall ſee them all in their proper, their lovely figure.---Be thou, JEHOVAH, my God; and the whole world is mine: I ſhall be rich, 'till thou art poor: while thou art Sovereign, I ſhall be ſafe: my ſores, my ſins, ſhall but give Jeſus labour. O how ſweet, how ſafe, to go through floods of tribulation, leaning on a Saviour?---The inconſtancy of human nature might indeed terrify me: whatever I am for the preſent, I might tremble to think what I may become. But my comfort is, that my huſband is *the Lord, who changeth not*, therefore ſhall I not be conſumed.

"THE day is cold; my cloaths thin, and partly "ragged; my ſhoes draw water; let me run the "faſter to keep myſelf in heat." Ah! how many winter-days of wrath have I travelled with nothing covering me before God, but a thin outward profeſſion, a ragged, a wrath-deſerving ſelf-righteouſneſs! —May I now *put on the Lord Jeſus* as my righteouſneſs and ſtrength; be clothed with the *new man*, which is created after his image; be "ſhod with the preparation of the goſpel of peace;" have my mind well inſtructed and eſtabliſhed, and my affections captivated with divine truth: and the more wants I have, let me run the faſter to my heavenly Father's houſe, where there is food and raiment, *enough and to ſpare.*

" How thick the miſt! how groſs the darkneſs!
" were not the way plain, I could not trace it."—
Alas! for the thicker darkneſs which now covers my ſoul! ſuch miſt of ignorance, clouds of guilt and wrath ſurround me, that I have no glimmering of ſenſible comfort: and no wonder, that one full of ſinful luſt, be alſo *full of darkneſs.* Too long you filthy luſts, I have had communion with you; but let not me dare to have it any longer: Now, in Jeſus' ſtrength, I renounce your fellowſhip, and cleave to the God that made me; to *God* who *is light, and in* whom *there is no darkneſs at all.*——O *new and living Way,* if ever I found thee, thou wilt guide me, when I have neither light to ſee thee, nor ſenſe to keep thee: *the way-faring man, though a fool, ſhall not err therein.* O if, while I walk in darkneſs, I could truſt in the Lord, and ſtay myſelf on him, whom, with trembling, I call my God.

" YONDER flies the blazing wild-fire; let not me
" go after it, leſt I be decoyed into danger." Follow not, my ſoul, theſe proud heritics, and renters of the church, who, with a blaze of high pretences to burning ſanctity, charity, or zeal, delude men into error, guilt, and ruin. Beware of the dazzling temptations of Satan, when *transformed into an angel of light.*

" How is this rivulet ſwollen by the late rain!
" often have I ſeen it almoſt dry; now, amidſt ſuch
" darkneſs, I fear it is ſcarce paſſable." How often do we encounter ſwelling trials, when, and where we leaſt expected them! how hard to paſs through *floods* of trouble, temptation, and death, when Jeſus withdraws the light of his countenance! But why ſhould I murmur at hardſhip? Jeſus paſſed through, I hope,

for me paſſed through, ſwollen brooks of unbounded wrath; paſſed through them, while his Father hid his face from him, and was *far from the words of* his *roaring*. “Perhaps to-day this brook hath ſwallowed up ſome traveller, finiſhed his wretched years, or begun more wretched of unceaſing woe.” How many doth trouble this moment overwhelm with grief and pain! how many doth death hurry down into the ocean of eternity! let me not then be unconcerned. “I fear this ſtream take me of my feet.” Remember, my ſoul, where afflictions lie heavy, ſins lie light: ah! how often hath trouble lien heavier on my heart than my ſin, the cauſe of it! Under ſharp trials, how ready am I to cry out, *Was ever ſorrow like unto my ſorrow?* was ever child of God afflicted, deſerted, and tempted as I?---Bluſh at thy ſtupidity and unreaſonableneſs: *Who made me a judge* of ſaints affliction? I know but by mine *own bitterneſs*, while *ſtrangers do not intermeddle with* my *joy*. What tho' my troubles were heavieſt; do I *well to be angry*, that God gives me ſtrong phyſic to purge away my ſin! that he employs many ſtrong ſervants, to work for me *a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?* Why do I *provoke the Lord to jealouſy?* am I *ſtronger* or wiſer *than he?*—Did Jeſus bear my mountainous loads of envenomed-woe? and do I *well to be angry*, that God ſignally conforms me *to the image of his dear Son*, except in the wrathful nature of his bonds?—“Woes me, I have loſt my feet! I am gone! help, help! the water chokes me! Lord, *into thy hand I commit my ſpirit!*——Why am I thus?———Hearing my rueful cry, this friend hath run to my aſſiſtance; at the hazard of his life hath drawn me out; poured forth the gravelly liquid, which had entered my bowels; borne me to his lodgings; warmed and dried me before his fire, 'till I am quite revived, and well.——May the bleſſing of one *ready to periſh come upon* him.” But, O what a melting lecture his kindneſs reads to my heart!——When the *floods* of ſore trouble, of horrid temptations, of raging luſts, and of divine ſentences of condemnation, overwhelmed my ſoul, overturned my hopes, and made me as one giving up the ghoſt, Jeſus came; came without my call; ran at the cry of my need; not merely riſked, but gave his infinitely precious life for me: when I was defiled, dead in treſpaſſes and ſins, he took me into his arms of power and grace, purged my heart of her reigning carnality and filth; carried me to his chamber of preſence; quickened and warmed my ſoul with his love: and clothed me with his righteouſneſs, for change of raiment: Truly, O Lord, thou haſt recovered me; thou haſt *turned back* my *captivity*, while I was like one that dreamed: *let my right hand forget her cunning*, if ever my heart forget thy kindneſs.——But haſt thou alſo ſpoken of me "for a great while to come, *ſaying*, Becauſe I live, ye ſhall alſo?" Let me then never doubt of a ſafe outgate from danger and trouble.

"Now I am again on my journey: there is a "great deal of light:—what havoc hath the late deluging rain made! fields are buried in ſand; trees "rooted up; houſehold furniture carried off; cattle "drowned; and channels of rivers changed." At the reſurrection morn, what havoc made by the *floods* of ſin, and wrath, will appear among angels and men!—What havoc made thereby, appears in the morning of conviction!—What havoc do floods of temptation make in the church, and ſouls of men! how they ſubject them to a carnal mind! root up ſtrong hope, and tall profeſſors! carry off furniture of gifts and graces! drown deſires after God, and attempts toward reformation! drown men in error and deluſion! and when Satan and his agents ceaſ tempting, they are but damming up their water that they may open their ſluices with more violence and ſucceſs; change the courſe of their luſts and ſinful practices!—What havock doth overwhelming death make in our world! flouriſhing perſons, families, and nations are buried in duſt and oblivion: mighty men are caſt down; the apparently fixed are hurried into eternity; multitudes are driven from the ſubſtance of their houſe, and drowned in everlaſting perdition; driven from their God, their all, into eternal flames, where mirth is turned into howling, ſongs into ſhrieks, and pleaſure into pain.——Oh! let me be *rooted and grounded* in Chriſt, dwell high in *the munition of rocks:* and then with cheerfulneſs may I ſing, "The Lord ſits King upon the floods; ſurely when they ſwell to the brim, they ſhall not overwhelm *my* ſoul, nor once come near to *me.*"

"The miſt is returned how it darkens our ſky, "that it is neither day nor night!" How ſhort while is the militant, and eſpecially the New-Teſtament-church, free from the darkening miſt of error and deluſion!—How ſad, that under goſpel-days, we ſhould often live in more darkneſs, with reſpect to our views of God, our intereſt in him, and heart exerciſe towards him, than did theſe under the ceremonial night!—Ah! how often can God alone know, whether it be day or night with my ſoul! or whether my eternity is to be a day of Glory, or a night of wrath! "This miſt, when I have entered among "it, appears much thinner than at a diſtance." How often are my troubles much eaſier than my unbelieving mind preſaged!

"Certainly the ſun is riſen, though I ſee him "not." Sometimes we enjoy a real day of Jeſus' power, a true day of a gracious ſtate, while we have few ſweet frames, and ſcarce any ſenſible views of his glory.—Lord, make me to *live by faith* on thy

Son; and give me ſweet frames, not as the foundation of my faith, but as crutches to prop, and encourage her when ſtaggering. "Now the ſun breaks "from under the cloud." O Jeſus, how ſhould my ſoul be refreſhed, wouldſt thou break through clouds of temptation and trouble, and ſhine and ſmile upon her! O Saviour, come down, ſhine forth, ere my ſoul die! "This lowering aſpect of the ſun forebodes a "ſtorm. How often the frowns in my Redeemer's countenance, and awful reproofs in his mouth, preſage ſtorms of tribulation and anguiſh to my ſoul!

"THIS crowding of the houſehold feathery people; "this chirping of the tenants of the ſky; their aſſembling about the farmers manſion, and hedges, "foretels an angry blaſt." May I *foreſee the evil and avoid* it: may I, may millions of my race, in the view of death, and trouble, mourn bitterly for our ſin, and lodge ourſelves near the deliverer, the *covert from the ſtorm, and from rain.*

"ALREADY the ſun is wrapt in a thick cloud." How like this was my adored Redeemer's late viſit to my ſoul? ſcarce had I ſeen him, when, *for the iniquity of* my *covetouſneſs*, he *was wroth* and hid himſelf, *had withdrawn, and was gone.*—Alas! my pride, ſloth, carnality, and idolizing of the frame in his preſence, provoked him to leave me in great anger: what ſee I now, but clouds of guilt and woe?

"BUT why ſuch travelling of people on this cold "new-year's day? they go to viſit and feaſt with "their friends; or to hire themſelves; or take a "new leaſe of their houſe." Alas! that multitudes better remember this day, or ſome one near it, to keep it *unholy* in idleneſs, carnal feaſting, and drunkenneſs; than they do the *Sabbath to keep it holy!*—That the vain cuſtom of parents and neighbours, weighs more with many, than the ſolemn, the expreſs law of God!—That after near ſixteen hundred years profeſſion of Chriſtianity in the nation, multitudes ſhould begin their year with a relic of heatheniſh idolatry!—Friends, would it not much more become your Chriſtian profeſſion, would it not yield you more ſatisfaction in death and judgment, to begin your years, your months, your days, with God;—in mutual prayer, and admonition of one another;—in viſiting your Maker with fervent ſupplication, and joyful praiſe;—in feaſting with him upon the *fleſh and blood*, the perſon and righteouſneſs of his Son:—in drinking abundantly out of his wells of ſalvation:—and by examining yourſelves, taking hold of the new covenant, and devoting yourſelves to God's ſervice, ſecuring your intereſt in the houſe eternal in the heavens?

“How, amidſt this cold, theſe labourers ſing and “whiſtle at their plough!” Learn, my ſoul, to ſerve Chriſt with cheerfulneſs and joy, even in the winter of temptation and diſtreſs; *rejoice always* in God, through my Lord Jeſus Chriſt, by whom I have *received the atonement*: and *count it all joy when* I *fall into divers temptations*. “How fooliſh and unfaithful “are theſe ditchers! diligence is neceſſary to keep “their bodies in temper; yet ſcarcely hath their “maſter turned his back, when they neglect their “buſineſs, and hide their hands in their boſom.” Alas! how few ſervants believe that God alway ſeeth them! how few pay as much regard to their Maker's eye, as to their maſter's! How little do we profeſſed Chriſtians, *ſet the Lord before* us! how often by ſloth, or improper work, do we put ourſelves out of every degree of proper frame for duty! “How deep among cold water theſe work! They cleanſe the “mill-lead from the gravel run into it by the late “inundation:—Neceſſity hath no law; meal muſt be

“ grinded.” Think, my ſoul, how Jeſus came into *deep waters,* how he ſunk in *deep mire, where there was no ſtanding,* while he opened the channel of his Father's favour to men, which the deluge of ſin had ſtopped !——And never count any thing diſagreeable that ſerves to make the river of life to run into my heart, or to remove the carnality of my practice : *To be carnally minded is death.* “ Yonder people look “ and rake into the ſtream ; they ſearch for ſomething “ valuable carried off, by the late ſwelling rains.” Kind Redeemer, how graciouſly haſt thou ſought out my ſoul from the *pit of corruption !*—Let me ſpare no pains to recover evidences of grace, carried down before the ſwelling floods of temptation and luſt.

“ So intenſe is the cold, that my walking can “ ſcarce keep me in heat ; far leſs could I here employ myſelf in watch-making, embroidery, or any “ fine work.” And when we leave our *firſt love* to Jeſus, fall under the power of indifferency, the curious exerciſes of ſpiritual watchfulneſs, of ſhewing proper patterns of good works, of adding grace to grace, and of adorning our converſation with eminent holineſs and humility, cannot be performed.

“ How quick it freezeth ! how hard is the earth “ in a ſhort time ! how little influence hath the low, “ the diſtant, and ſhort-lived ſun !” Is not this frozen earth a proof of God's ſovereignty, who alone can open and ſeal up the face of nature, at his pleaſure ? Is it not an emblem of my frozen heart, which he alone can thaw ?—But, alas ſo diſtant is the Sun of righteouſneſs ; ſo low his elevation in my ſoul ; ſo ſhort his viſits, that I have ſcarce ſeen his face, or felt his love, when my darkneſs and cold are returned !—O for that long ſummer-day of endleſs glory when his noon-tide brightneſs ſhall dazzle my eyes, and the genial warmth of his love, ſhall melt my ſoul to the centre, and inflame all her powers with love to him!

"Where is now the beauty of ſummer? No graſs, "no corn now ſhoots; no flowers bloſſom; almoſt "every tree is naked and bare." When it is winter with the church; how great is her barrenneſs! how few her converts: how ſcanty the good works of her members!---When Jeſus withdraws from my ſoul, how my graces languiſh and fade! every thing appears withered to, and in, my heart---Ordinances and promiſes, once like the garden of God, are as a dry deſart: the *Tree of life*, ſeems a *root out of dry ground*; and his heavenly paradiſe an *idle tale*, and empty dream. "But amidſt theſe winter horrors, "firs, hollies, cedars, and ſome other vegetables "retain their verdure." O how fat and flouriſhing, even while others fade, are thoſe who *dwell in the courts* of God, and live in habitual fellowſhip with him!

"Where are now the noiſome vermine, which "in the ſummer defiled our pools, ſcoured the air, "crawled on the ground, or clung to the herbs?" And doth not a winter of adverſity and perſecution check the naughty profeſſors? Doth not a winter of ſtrong affliction tend to ſlay our abominable luſts? "Where are now the ſwallows, and many others of "the pinioned tribes? ſome of them ſleep in chinks "of walls, or holes of earth; others have fled to "warmer climates." O thrice dreadful winter of eternal woe! no ſleep, no flight can preſerve the ſinner from thy baleful influence! no diſtant region ſhall admit him! no hill, no mountain, ſhall ſhelter him from almighty wrath!———Let not me, with moſt, ſleep away the winter of adverſity, but flee far hence to the warm regions of the new covenant, and of near fellowſhip with my God; and abide there, 'till every ſad calamity be wholly overpaſt.

"What means this leaping of the flocks and "herds? It foretells the ſtorm." Lord, are theſe pictures of men, who leap, who dance and ſing, when on the very brink of endleſs ruin? or are they reprovers of our madneſs, who think not of, nor prepare for death or judgment?" "How inceſſantly "yonder puny wren, hops from place to place!" Ah! humbling emblem of my heart, which cannot fix a moment on that which is good! Scarce am I begun to meditate on the moſt concerning truth, when ſhe, with the fool's eyes, is in the ends of the earth. "Now red-breaſt, forſaking his fellows of "the wood, hops on the floor; views the ſmiling "family aſkance; pecks and ſtarts, and wonders where "he is." So in the winter of adverſity, let me forſake my father's houſe, and my own people; come boldly to the courts, the habitation of my God: let me with wonder and reverence, view my ſmiling Saviour: let me by faith enter into the houſe eternal in the heavens, and view the happy family above. "Here "a poor ſparrow, purſued by the hungry hawk, flies "into my boſom for ſhelter: ſhall I ſlay, or deliver "up my priſoner? No; humanity forbids." To thee, O Jeſus, I flee to hide me: ſurely thou wilt neither kill me thyſelf; nor deliver me into the hands of the cruel enemy.

"Here the battle of ***** was fought: here the "trenches were digged, and the artillery planted: "here lay the ambuſcade: here chiefly fell the ſlain." My ſoul, art thou as diſtinctly verſed in the circumſtances of Jeſus' conflict on the croſs, and in thy heart? how have my luſts and graces ſtruggled? how did Satan lead on his troops, and cauſe his ambuſhment of unexpected ſnares come behind me? how did he and his agents entrench themſelves within me? how did my grace intrench herſelf under the ſhadow of the Rock of ages? what artillery of promiſes on the one ſide, and of temptations on the other, were pointed and diſcharged? what wounds, what death, what ſlaughter, was made on either! "Here the "ſlain were buried in heaps." You Nebuchadnezzar, Alexander, Cæſar, Oguz, Mahmud, Jengiz, Timurbeg, Lewis the Great, with your fellow ſcourges of nations, Did you conquer? Rather your luſt of pride, your worſe than ſavage thirſt for blood, conquered you: you brutal murderers, how dreadful your account to the Creator, the Preſerver of men! How ſmall a part of our wars on earth amount to any thing elſe, than murder and robbery before God! How little regard is in them paid to that law of God; "Whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do unto you, do ye even ſo unto them!"—When at laſt the earth ſhall caſt forth her dead, how awful the ſight! what horror ſhall ſeize the bloody murderers, while they at Jeſus' bar behold the objects of their guilt!——But, my ſoul, are not moſt of our aſſemblies upon earth, graves of luſt, in which we bury, and are buried, one of another? "Here one lay "ſome hours under the dead bodies, and yet eſcap-"ed." How ſtrangely God preſerveth us in life! how near deſtruction an oppreſſive body of death ſometimes brings our new man; who yet, by God's all-ſufficient help, ſafely eſcapes at laſt! "Here lieth "an unburied carcaſe: how much more noiſome and "abominable than that of any beaſt!" How odious are thoſe profeſſed Chriſtians, who, in the winter of diſtreſs, continue under the reign and rage of luſt; and treſpaſs *more and more againſt the Lord!* they are worſe than death, while they live.

"Now I come to the ſuburbs of this city; how "different theſe two lodgings! the one is extremely "mean; the other is no leſs handſome." Much greater is the difference between a gracious and a graceleſs heart: much greater the difference between the ſaints preſent and their future lodging: much greater difference between the eternal manſion of the bleſſed, and the dungeon of the damned.

“ Here lives my friend: let me aſk how he doth. “ —Ah! what an hoſpital is his houſe! all the family, except the mother, are ſick at once.” What a mercy is it, that whole families ſeldom ſicken together; but gives ſome health to take care of the reſt! “ Here one ſeems dying in a wild rave: how “ he ſings and babbles nonſenſe!” Lord, what need have we to ſecure our intereſt in eternal ſalvation while in health! Not one ſerious thought could this poor creature think, ſuppoſe it could purchaſe him heaven: and who knows but I may depart in the ſame unreaſonable manner?—O our need to avoid idle, frothy, and wicked language, while we have the uſe of reaſon, leaſt God ſuffer us to die *like a troubled ſea: caſting forth* ſuch *mire and dirt.* “ Here one dies in “ the depth of ignorance, and height of ſelf conceit: “ he fancieth that his heart is far from bad; that he “ hath loved Chriſt, and kept all his commandments, “ from his youth up.” Lord, convince him of his miſtakes; otherwiſe the flames of hell will ſoon do it. “ Here lies a third, who enjoys his reaſon, but “ inclines to jeſt as a fool, or talk as in a fair.” Lord, how hard is it to reform men from evils which they have long practiſed? moſt men will die as they lived:—I wiſh the ſtrokes of thy wrath do not quickly make him ſerious. “ Here is a fourth, “ that ſeems dying in Chriſt, but is overwhelmed “ with doubts: he appears very loathſome in his “ own eyes; Jeſus' blood ſeems the only bottom of “ his ſtaggering hope of ſalvation.” Lord, give *power to the faint*; and to him who hath no might increaſe ſtrength; break not the *bruiſed reed,* nor quench the *ſmoaking flax.* “ Here lieth one who “ reckons himſelf the very chief of ſinners; and yet “ boldly claims Jeſus as his own; and firmly expects

" ſalvation, by virtue of the covenant of grace made " with him." May my life, and my laſt end be like his. " How noiſome is the ſmell of this cham- " ber where ſickneſs and death are ſo rampant!" And how infinitely noiſome is the ſmell of my heart, where ſinful ſickneſs and death ſo abound!

" WHAT mean this company, who now viſit " this diſtreſſed family? they belch forth ſo much " carnal chat, and then depart." Are theſe viſitants *beaſts*, that they cannot utter one word about Chriſt, or Eternity, to their dying friends? cannot join to requeſt their ſalvation before they leave them? " Here " comes the miniſter."——What carnal jargon, and common news, hath he talked over! how he flatters the ſick, that their good works will carry them ſafe to heaven, and ſpeaks as if " Wide were the gate, *and* broad the way that leadeth unto life!"—Alas, hath he no compaſſion; no conſcience; that he ſo deludeth immortal ſouls, on the very brink of eternity?—that he uſeth no pains to convince them of their true ſtate and condition; or to lead them to redemption through the blood of Jeſus, according to the riches of his grace?

" HERE is the church; yonder is a meeting-houſe: " no leſs than three or four kinds of profeſſed Preſ- " byterians are in this city." Sadly hath the anger of the Lord divided his people here. No doubt each party extol themſelves as pureſt, and are too ready to wipe their mouth and ſay, We *have done no wickedneſs*; readier to ſpy the mote in their neighbour's eye, than the beam in their own. God indeed chargeth his people to withdraw from them that walk diſorderly; but none of our diviſions ſeem to be managed with due fear and trembling: we rather ſtrive to ſay, than to do more than others: we are too much diſpoſed to love others as they bear our image, and are of our party, rather than as they bear the image of Chriſt in holineſs of life ; as if the ties of faction were ſtronger than thoſe of religion : an itch to be the reverſe of thoſe we do not join with, often leads us into practical blunders.—Amidſt all our conteſts, we ſadly harmonize, in loſing ſpiritual livelineſs, in neglect of an holy and humble converſation ; and of wreſtling with God, till the *Spirit be poured out from on high.* Lord, ſave the fearers of thy name from ignorance, pride, prejudice, and want of brotherly love ; let none of them oppoſe thy Spirit and grace to thy righteouſneſs and truth : what in the controverſies of theſe times, tends to thy honour, or their immortal intereſts, teach thou them ; diſpoſe them to pray and confer together upon ſpiritual things, in which they are agreed, that may come to ſee eye to eye, in the truths in which they differ ; let none of them hazard their ſouls to hear heatheniſh poiſon, or Arminian ſtuff, inſtead of the goſpel of Chriſt ; nor aſſociate with ſuch as privately teach it : let none of them dare to communicate with ſuch perſons as they ſhould be aſhamed to ſit with at a public inn : let none of them dare to acknowledge thoſe for miniſters, who have no proper evidence of concern for ſouls, and no juſt token of a miſſion from Chriſt ; for theſe, however, they may tickle their fancy, and move their paſſions, *ſhall not profit this people at all :* let none of them ſwear ſinful oaths ; nor lawful bonds which they do not underſtand ; and which they make no conſcience to keep, except as a badge and tie to a particular party : let none of them ſeparate from corrupt miniſters without ſtudying to ſeparate from corrupt luſts and practices : let none of them contemn brethren ; and far leſs, in Jeſus' name, deliver precious ſaints or miniſters to Satan, becauſe their head is not of the very ſame ſize with theirs.——Alas ! how often are the leaſt intelligent the hoteſt in a controverſy : theſe who implicitly take up notions, the moſt rigid in requiring others to receive their ſentiments! how often are the moſt noiſy diſputants but very ordinary practiſers! and how often too are perſons very blameleſs in their life, extremely careleſs about the truths relative to the order of Jeſus' church! Woes me, will we rob God upon the one hand or the other, and ſo bring a curſe upon our nation? But, O thrice happy church triumphant, when the redeemed of the Lord, out of every party juſtly called Chriſtian, ſhall for ever ſweetly concur in the celeſtial worſhip, and *prefer one another in love!* O for a *double portion* of their inſight into divine truth; of their ſelf-denial, love to the Lamb, and to one another!

"A CHURCH-judicatory ſits here to-day; let me "go in, and obſerve what they do." Is not this court conſtituted in Jeſus' name, an emblem and prelude of his ſitting on his *great white throne* to judge the world? Watch always, my ſoul, and act as one that muſt give an account: and let no injuries ſink my ſpirit; he ſhall redreſs my wrongs. Methinks perſons, thus ſitting in his name, ſhould act and ſpeak as they have reaſon to think he would do, if in their place. Great fear is due to him in meetings of his ſaints. "Why then this frequent ſmi-"ling? this angry contention about trifles? this re-"petition of that which was better ſaid by another? "this retailing and puſhing of arguments merely "illuſive? this patience of refutation? this miſre-"preſenting and reproaching the ſentiments of ſuch "as differ from them? this management of eccleſi-"aſtical affairs, by carnal policy, and from ſelfiſh "motives and ends? why, at the expence of profa-"ning their maſter's name, have theſe church rulers "an itch to ſhew the audience, *that they can ſpeak;* "and have forgotten that Jeſus ſaid, *My kingdom is* "*not of this world?*"———Lord, the more attentively I view any perſon or thing, but thyſelf, the more imperfection appears in them. But never could I diſcry blemiſhes, but new glories, new excellencies, in thee.

"Here a parent *outrageouſly* corrects, ſhould I "ſay, murders his child." He can neither regard correction as a divine ordinance; nor look up for a bleſſing on it; but only vent his own rage. O how furious are our ſinful paſſions, that can at once trample on God's law, and bear down our natural affection and credit! But bleſſed for ever be my divine Parent, that he corrects me in boundleſs wiſdom and love: he hath ſworn, "I will not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee."

"How rudely yonder *fair* woman abuſeth her "huſband, while he returns her the moſt endearing "language!" Beautiful bodies at beſt are but fair priſons: and, ah! how often temples for Satan, and the moſt unruly luſts! Why then, O Jeſus, ſhould any beauty but thine be prized? why ſhould fair temples of devils have more ſuiters than infinite fairneſs and excellency? But, is not this outrageous woman an emblem of myſelf? Ah! my brawling with my divine huſband! my rude abuſe of him, while he entertained me with gracious words, and ſweet ſmiles, ſufficient to melt a rock, and win the heart of a devil? Times without number "have I ſinned, and perverted that which is right;" but the due reward of my deeds hath never been rendered unto me. The Lord hath requited me with bleſſing for curſing, as at this day.

"Yonder mother's lean cheeks and meagre looks "declare her half-ſtarved; yet how fat and freſh is "her ſuckling child! how kindly ſhe applies him to "her breaſt, and nouriſheth him with the juice of

“ her body!” O what muſt be the kindneſs of God, which infinitely exceeds this tender mother's! Wondrous truth! he *loved me, and gave himſelf for me:* and though a woman ſhould forget her ſucking child, ſo as not to have compaſſion on the fruit of her womb; yet he will not forget me: he hath graven me on his heart and hands; I am continually before him.

“ YONDER children, I ſuppoſe, go about ſeeking “ their new-year's gift.” This memorial of ancient ſuperſtition, I cannot approve: but with pleaſure ſhould I behold all the children of Chriſt uniting in truth, in love, in Chriſtian fellowſhip, of breaking of bread, and of prayers; with pleaſure ſhall I ſee them, at laſt, enter the palace of the King with gladneſs and rejoicing.

“ HERE is the famed ſurgeon's ſhop: no doubt “ his ſhelfs are planted with pots, vials, and boxes, “ full of uſeful medicine.” But where is Jeſus my famed, my unmatched phyſician, who has *power over all plagues,* heals all diſeaſes, freely and tenderly binds up all my painful wounds? what numbers of truths and promiſes, are beautifully arranged in his word, and full of efficacious, of divine medicines *for the healing of the nations?* “ Here ſtands the phyſician “ himſelf, ready to converſe with, or adminiſter “ cure to ſuch as apply.” Lord, did ever I, or any other, find thee unready, when we came with our ſad, our ſhameful maladies? when we called, didſt thou not ſay, *Here am I?*—Nay, how often haſt thou called me in, and ſaid to my ſoul, *Wilt thou not be made whole!* “ No doubt this ſkilful doctor can qua-“ lify, and mingle poiſon itſelf, to render it uſeful; “ and can make painful probing and cutting a mean “ of cure.” And cannot Jeſus make temptations, troubles, and even corruptions, means of proving, humbling and doing me good? let me truſt my all-diſeaſed ſoul wholly to his ſkill. "Yonder is the "ſtamp-office." Lord, let me have the ſtamp of thy blood, thy Spirit, on my heart and life; ſo ſhall my perſon and work be *accepted in* thee, O *beloved.*

"To-DAY is a market in this place; many things "are expoſed to ſale, but ſcarcity of money forbids "me to price any of them." Bleſſed be the Lord, that though *money anſwereth all things* here, yet it can anſwer nothing at the market of free grace: To be poor, wretched, miſerable, blind, naked, loſt, a ſinner, ungodly, unjuſt, rebellious, a crimſon-coloured tranſgreſſior, a wearier of God with iniquity, a blaſphemer, a perſecutor, an injurious perſon, is all the wealth, the qualification which inſures my welcome to Jeſus, as a Saviour, with whom *it is more bleſſed to give than to receive.*——Let me at a diſtance behold this various merchandiſe, and attempt to diſcern ſpiritual things through it: ſo may I make the beſt bargain in the market; and be filled, be laden with good things, *while the rich are ſent empty away.*

"HERE is plenty of cloth well dyed, and I hope "well made; here is fine linen, ſtrong and thoroughly whitened." Sad memorials of our ſin! had not Adam made us naked to our ſhame, we ſhould have no need of this to cover us. "What labour it requires to prepare this cloth for our uſe!" How much more abundant, how far other labour it required, to prepare a robe of righteouſneſs, and grace for our ſoul! the ſervice; the curſe; the ſhame; the ſweat; the pains; the groans; the death of God!—But how many warnings of mortality doth this cloth comprehend? doth not the frailty of every thread; the quick motion of the ſhuttle wherewith it was wrought; the cutting out of the web; the wearing, the rending, or the moth-eating of it, repreſent the frailty and ſhortneſs of life; the certain, the ſudden, and eaſy approach of our diſſolution? Shall the preparers of our cloth, the makers of our apparel, forget daily to aſk their conſcience, Have I buſied myſelf ſo long in preparing raiment for the bodies of others? What have I done to ſecure everlaſting attire to my ſoul? Amidſt memorials of death, ſhall they believe all men mortal, but themſelves? "Were "this cloth wholly mine, how quickly would it be "worn, rotten, or moth-eaten!" Such is my work of righteouſneſs: but Jeſus' *ſalvation is for ever,* and his *righteouſneſs ſhall not be aboliſhed.* Thrice happy I, who muſt for ever wear the unwaſting, the fine linen, the purple, and ſcarlet robes of his imputed atonement!

"WHAT plenty of rings, ribbons, lace, and other "ornaments, are here!" To what purpoſe is our mortal dunghill decked with ſo much fine drapery? what the worſe am I, of wanting money to purchaſe trifles, which can neither feed, ſhelter nor warm me?—*Covet earneſtly,* my ſoul, *the beſt things:* let Jeſus who is better than rubies, and his grace, be my jewels; my ornaments; my ALL: let me have the *ornament of a meek and quiet mind,* which in the ſight of God *is of great price;* and let my faith ſhine brighter than gold that periſheth.

"HERE is a number of veſſels, ſome to honour "and ſome to diſhonour." Striking memorial of God's ſovereign purpoſe, in which he hath predeſtinated ſome angels and men to endleſs honour, and "ſome to everlaſting ſhame and contempt! *Let me be* a veſſel ſanctified, and made meet for the Maſter's uſe;" ſo ſhall I appear to have been a *veſſel of mercy, afore prepared unto glory.* "Were all theſe veſſels "filled from the ocean, its waters would not in the "leaſt ſeem abated." Nor will the ocean of divine goodneſs and love be in the leaſt diminiſhed by the endleſs filling of angels and men.

"HERE is abundance of wright-work; with much "hewing, cutting, and poliſhing, it hath been form- "ed from the rough wood." But with far more hewing, and cutting of conviction and trouble, and with far more poliſhing influences of heaven, hath my ſoul been formed for the ſervice of God.

"WHAT ſieves and riddles lie here!" How like the former are God's judgments, by which he *ſifts the nations*, and often ſeparates the good from the bad! How like the latter is my memory, that loſeth what is ſubſtantial, and retains the chaff of vileneſs and vanity! Lord, make me ſolid grain, that trouble and death may ſeparate me from my ſin, but never from thee. "Were theſe utenſils filled from the "deepeſt ocean, they would no ſooner be out, than "the whole water, except what moiſtened them, "would be gone." Lord, I am ſuch a rent veſſel, that I loſe more of truth and grace than I hold: but let me daily dip myſelf into the ocean of thy bleeding love, that I may retain as much as moiſtens all my powers: and O haſten the happy period, when I ſhall for ever ſink into it, and be for ever *filled with all the fulneſs of God.*

"HERE is the *ſmith that bloweth the coals in the "fire;* much of his work, are hinges, locks, keys, "&c. ſhrewdly hints, that we are thieves and rob- "bers." Alas! are we inclined to rob men? and much more to rob our Maker, our Saviour, of his due honour and regard!——O Jeſus, bind my heart and hands to thee, with ſtronger than bands of iron and braſs; with cords of love, and bands of a man; let not me, like the ſlothful, be as the *door that turn-*

eth upon hinges, without any progreſſive motion; but let thy word be *quick and powerful, ſharper than a two-edged ſword* to pierce my ſoul, as an *hammer* to break the iron and ſteel of my heart: faſhion me according to thy will, on the goſpel-anvil: let him who hath *the keys of hell and death,* ſave me from the wrath to come; him that hath *the key of David* open my heart, and give me the key of faith to open every promiſe, and ſo open every priſon into which I may be ſhut up. "Here is the founder, with his moulded ware." O bleeding Jeſus, melt and purge me in the furnace of thy love: caſt me in the mould of thy word; make me uſeful or ornamental in the houſe of my God.———Have I forgot my Saviour's melted heart: O how warmed with unoriginated? with unmeaſured, and unceaſing love! how encompaſſed! how beſet! how loaden with the fuel of our unnumbered iniquities, which *the Lord laid on him!* how ſeized by the fiery law, the incenſed juſtice of an angry God! how overwhelmed with grief! how broken with the reproach, the contradiction of ſinners againſt himſelf! how ſhocked, how pained with the withdrawment of his Father's gladdening preſence! how tormented amidſt the kindled vengeance, the awakened fury of almighty God! how *amazed and very heavy* his vigorous ſoul! how *exceeding ſorrowful even unto death!* how *troubled,* 'till he knew not what to ſay!—Why, my FAIR ONE; why, my GREAT ALL, was thy *heart melted as the wax amidſt* thy *bowels* of compaſſion; why thy *ſtrength dried like a potſherd!* Was it to vent thy unmatched love; thy ſovereign grace, to hateful, hopeleſs; to rebellious, guilty; to wretched, worthleſs *me!* Was it to obey, to magnify the broken law; to fulfil all righteouſneſs, for an eternal robe to naked *me!* to ſatisfy avenging juſtice for offending *me!*—Was it to enthrone JEHOVAH, as a God of grace, of gifts, of peace, of comfort, and of ſalvation to *me!* Was it to finiſh tranſgreſſion; make an end of ſin: ſubdue Satan; conquer the world; plague death; ſwallow up hell for *me!*—Was it to confirm the new covenant, to furniſh all her promiſes with ſtrong conſolation to ſinful men; to ſinful *me!*—was it to rectify *my* brutal, *my* diſeaſed, *my* deviliſh heart!—Was it to prepare a lofty throne, a lodging in his inmoſt *love;* a ceaſeleſs banquet on *mercy?* an endleſs hymn of *grace* for *me!*—O ſtupendous! was the heart, the ſoul of my God made a troubled ſea; a tormenting hell of woe for me! Oh how my eyes are dazzled with the glory; how my heart is overwhelmed, and my thoughts ſwallowed up with the greatneſs of his love! how pleaſantly I look through the promiſe, thruſt my hands into his ſide, and ſee, and feel, his melted heart; his bleeding love; and am no more faithleſs but believing! how my inward, my infernal rock, melts at the ſight; at the touch!—If I, if any power in my ſoul love not *this* Lord Jeſus Chriſt; let it be *anathema, maranatha;* accurſed at his coming.——O to ſuck the warm breath which ſprings from his melted heart!—O to be filled with—to be for ever plunged in a Redeemer's bleeding love! "No doubt, much of this "beautiful work is framed from old utenſils, melt"ed, and poliſhed anew." What wonderful change to the better do regeneration, ſanctified troubles, and eſpecially death and the reſurrection, make upon the ranſomed! who would not chooſe to be melted down by ten thouſand deaths,—to be made like God by ſeeing him as he is; and to have this vile body made like unto Chriſt's glorious body! "Theſe agents in "the fire have not laboured for very vanity:" As alas! many profeſſed Chriſtians do who daily live in the fire of contention with their neighbours, and with their God.

"YONDER is a large aſſortment of earthen ware." *I alſo am formed out of the clay:* but bleſſed be the

Lord, that we have the goſpel *treaſure in earthen veſſels,* that the excellency of the power may be of God and that in my fleſh I may ſee God. "What confections and ſweet meats are at yonder door! How "often do children deſire thoſe to their hurt!" How often do Satan's ſeed ruin themſelves, by their mad running on the fancied ſweets of carnal profits, pleaſures, or honours! How often would the children of God hurt themſelves by pleaſant frames, and ſenſible manifeſtations of his love, ſhould he always grant their deſire!——But after beſtowing them in their ſpiritual infancy, he often wiſely withdraws theſe delicacies, and teacheth his people, when grown up, to live by faith on his Son. "Here is plenty of ſhoes, for "the warmth, eaſe, and ſafety of our feet." O to have the feet of my affections and converſation well *ſhod* well ſeaſoned, and ſupported with goſpel-principles, and warmed with the faith of God's love to me and the exerciſe of my love to him! ſo ſhould I *walk at liberty; walk and not be weary; run, and not ſtumble* in the path of holineſs: "How large is the corn-"market to-day! It is good that there ſhould be the "greateſt quantity of that which is moſt neceſſary." O when ſhall I *eat of the old corn of Canaan* above, and feed on the everlaſting God as my *all in all?* "Yonder is a variety of toys." Alas! how many ſpend their whole life, in making and adoring the toys of ſelf-righteouſneſs, and of outward enjoyments! "How publicly theſe merchants exhibit "their wares, that paſſengers may be invited by the "view! how they call and encourage to a bargain "ſuch as come near." How ſweetly doth Jeſus exhibit his bleſſings in the goſpel! how kindly he invites us to come, and *buy without money, and without price!* how powerfully did his voice allure me to receive them into my heart! "No body here offers "himſelf to ſale." But Jeſus himſelf is the principal, the ſubſtance of all my merchandiſe with heaven: he *is all, and in all.*

"But are there not here more ſpectators than "buyers? and how many appreciate goods who do "not ſeem truly inclined to purchaſe them?" Alas! how many *ſtand all the day idle* at the market of God's free grace! and with mere gazing on what is offered, and pricing what they have no heart to buy, trouble the glorious merchant! How long was this the practice of my ſoul! "But why doth the buyer al- "moſt conſtantly offer leſs than is demanded; and make "a buſtle of words to cheapen the price?" Vile *cheapening*, thou child of covetouſneſs; thou parent of fraud and falſehood; how ſhocking to ſee thee more abound with profeſſed Chriſtians, than with many Infidels! But how much more ſhocking, to ſee men prig up the price of that which Jeſus Chriſt offers them freely; and becauſe he will not heighten it, they will have *none of him!*—Times without number, hath my ſoul dealt in this curſed work.

"Here one changes a bank note."—I have none ſuch to change; but bleſſed be the Lord, I have far better.—All the promiſe, the bank-bills of Heaven, are mine; payable to me *according to need:* let my conſtant buſineſs be, by prayer of faith, to preſent and proteſt them at the throne of grace; what wealth of communion with, and conformity to God, may I thus enjoy on the earth! what fulneſs of glory hereafter in heaven!

"How many here buy goods on truſt!—I wiſh "they truly intend to pay according to promiſe: "that they do not forget, or ſhift the day of ac- "count; and that their preſent ſeeming regard for "the creditor turn not into hatred, and into ſhunning "to trade with him when they have ready money." Alas! to how many profeſſed Chriſtians is this divine law OWE NO MAN ANY THING *but to love one another*, as ſalt which hath loſt its ſavour; good for nothing, but to be caſt out to the dunghill, and trodden under foot of men! And is it not more heinous theft, deliberately to live beyond our ability, or to buy, on truſt, goods which we have no probable view of paying; than to rob our neighbour's fold, when we are pinched with hunger!——Woes me! how lying under unpardoned guilt, influenced me to hate God my creditor: ſhift dealing with him; forget and abhor the day of account! And doth not delay render me the more averſe to perform my vows? "Often theſe merchants give packing to the "bargain, if needful." And in receiving Jeſus, and his fulneſs, I obtain alſo every neceſſary outward enoyment, as coming in a new-covenant channel—"Here the buyer boaſts of that which juſt before, "while buying it, he decried as *naught, naught*."—Deceitful man! art thou not abhorred of God?—Wicked diſſembler! how canſt thou eſcape the damnation of hell?—Alas! before I *received Jeſus Chriſt the Lord:* ignorantly, and in unbelief, I called him *naught, naught:* but ſince I knew him, I did, and ſhall for ever boaſt of his excellency: worthy is he to be praiſed; let us exalt his name together. Contemned for ever be that heart that durſt, theſe men who dare, contemn my Chriſt, my God, my ALL.

"How neceſſary are diſtinct accounts, for ſuch 'as deal deep in merchandiſe." Carefully remember, O my ſoul, what thou oweſt to thy Lord; and what paſſeth between thee and him: for, if once thy accounts run into diſorder, thou art in a fair way to fearful ruin. "But what ſhall the merchants here "do, whoſe day's gain will not bear their expence?" What can they do better, than balance a bad market, by receiving into their heart the all-enriching Mediator; and wait for another more gainful opportunity?——When ordinances do not anſwer my wiſhes, let me go the little further, to Jeſus himſelf; and carefully attend every after-mean of grace; never can I wait ſo much for him, as he hath waited to be gracious to me.

"YONDER the hue and cry are raiſed againſt a "thief, caught *in the very act*:—perhaps, to cover "his guilt, himſelf, as loudly as any, cries, *Hold the* "*thief*." How often do untender profeſſors loudly bawl againſt the ſins of others, while themſelves practiſe the like, or worſe!—Wonder, my ſoul, that, amidſt pinching poverty, God hath reſtrained my hands from theft: let him ever keep me from this, which is no where in ſcripture repreſented as the ſpot of his children.—Admire, that times without number he hath caught me in the very act of robbing him of his honour and ſervice; cauſed me with ſhame lay down my ſtolen goods; and yet never made me a public example of wrath: nay, when through fear and confuſion I have run to hide myſelf, he hath purſued, overtaken, and ſaid to my ſoul, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy tranſgreſſions:—Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee."

"Now the unhappy felon is caught, and carried "to priſon." So ſhall the Lord apprehend his impenitent foes, and ſhut them up in the infernal lake.—But, O marvellous, he hath caught me in my ſin, and ſhut me up in his boſom of redeeming love! "Is this the manner of men, O Lord?"—"Let me fol-"low the wretch into his confinement; that I may "receive a little inſtruction." Now think, O my ſoul, how thou haſt engaged to ſerve thy God unto bonds, impriſonment, and death: how wouldſt thou reliſh *this* ſervice! Lord, a priſon with thy preſence would do well enough; it might be a cabinet to lock me up from temptation, wandering, and danger; while my ſoul ſhould walk at liberty with God and his angels: except the world be better than when the "luſt of the fleſh, the luſt of the eye, and the pride of life," were the whole furniture thereof, it is ſmall loſs to be ſeparated from her ſociety.—To ſuffer contempt for Jeſus, would be high honour:—did I in patience poſſeſs my God and my ſoul, no want could hurt me;—nor could my impriſonment be long, when death would ſet me at liberty; nor durſt my perſecutors ſlay me, *except it were given them from above:* nor would my heavenly Father ſign my death-warrant, till he deſired me where he is, to behold his glory.—And, how many deaths could I cheerfully undergo, to get thither! My ſoul languiſheth for the habitations of the Moſt High.

"But what confinement, what filthineſs, what "ill favour; what cold, what darkneſs, and uneaſi-"neſs; what ſhort allowance, what want of liberty, "and deprivation of beloved ſociety; what infamy "and uncertainty, as to the iſſue, attend our earthly "impriſonments!" Is not this an emblem of our preſent world? we are conceived in the priſon of the womb; bring forth the priſon of a frail body upon our back; and come into a dungeon of darkneſs, ignorance, ſpiritual coldneſs, filthineſs, ſlavery, trouble, infamy, diſtance from God, and from the bleſſed ſpirits of juſt men made perfect.——Lord, though I deſire not to fret at my impriſonment in life, leſt with the Thracians I ſhould break my teeth gnawing my chains; yet, allow me, with the *captive exile,* to *haſten to be looſed.* O diſpatch thy meſſenger, death, with my writ of liberty; Jeſus bails my appearance before the high court of the laſt judgment. ——Is not this priſon a picture of our ſinful ſtate? In what cold, in what pollution, in what darkneſs, in what poverty, in what hunger, in what nakedneſs, in what infamy, in what reſtraint, in what ſlavery and ſolitarineſs, without Chriſt, without God, and without hope in the world, do we lie there?—Alas! how many are there, who know not, who feel not their wretchedneſs! this is a bedlam indeed, where men pity not themſelves.—May he that, by the blood of the covenant, brought me out the pit, in which there is no water, pity them; and bring their ſoul out of priſon, that they may glorify his name.—Is not this priſon a figure of the condition of a ſaint, when God hides, when Satan tempts, troubles ſurround, and luſts prevail? How often have I lain here, as one *free among the dead;* and been ſhut up, that there was no evaſion for me!—Forget not, my ſoul, the unſpeakably wretched priſon of the damned.—Flee, flee, *ye priſoners of hope,* flee from this wrath to come; flee to Jeſus' atonement, for the remiſſion of your ſins: If you reliſh not an earthly priſon; how can you abide with devouring fire? how *dwell with everlaſting burnings?*

"In yonder chamber the criminals are cited be-"fore the judge; are tried, condemned, or abſolv-"ed, as the proof turns out." Solemn preſage of Jeſus ſitting on his cloudy throne; gathering the nations to his bar; trying and acquitting the righteous; but condemning the wicked. "How ſhock-"ing are our executions on earth!" But ten thouſand-fold more dreadful is Jeſus' driving millions of devils and men from his judgment-ſeat, *into everlaſting puniſhment.*—Happy you who can ſing Hallelujahs, becauſe the ſmoke of their torment aſcendeth up for ever and ever.

"Here rageth and ſtaggers the drunken man." Ah! how wicked! he profanes the creatures of his Maker; murders his body; damns his ſoul; beggars his family; ſhames his nature; extinguiſheth his reaſon; cuts the throat of his conſcience; and ſhipwrecks his chaſtity!——How beaſtly! Is not here the throat of a fiſh; the belly of a ſwine; and the head of an aſs? Hath any ſin more curſes, more woes, divinely denounced againſt it? doth any one more inſure, and ripen for eternal fire? Woe then *to thoſe that tarry long at the wine*, and who *are men of might to mingle ſtrong drink*.

“HERE comes * * * * the Seceder, ſtaggering “through drink.——He vomits it up, while his “companions make ſport of him.” Alas! contrary to his Bible;—contrary to his profeſſion, his vows, and reſolutions:—contrary to the admonitions of his miniſter and friends;—contrary to the rebukes of providence;—contrary to the repeated challenges of his own conſcience, he hath long, too much haunted the company of graceleſs perſons, at their diverſions, their occaſional feaſts, and in the tavern; often, by this means, he hath neglected to attend a praying ſociety, and even the regular performances of evening-worſhip in his family; and now God is expoſing him to public ignominy by his graceleſs companions. What can a profeſſed witneſs for Chriſt, and mourner over the ſins of the land, mean to reliſh company, in which profane oaths, ſcoffing at religion, or uſeleſs chat, are almoſt all that he hears! What can he mean, thus to diſhonour God, ruin his family, in at leaſt their ſpiritual concerns, and deſtroy himſelf!—By ſo many repeated returns to his wickedneſs, he is grown ſo hardened in it, that I fear it will ſoon bring him to a wretched and infamous death;—a ſudden ſtumble into the depths of hell!—How will he reliſh his bottle, his wonted chat, his wicked companions there! God forbid, that I ſhould ever ſeem to love the company of ſuch as I would not wiſh to live with for ever: and that, by a ſillineſs in compliance with the faſhions of this world, I ſhould harden my conſcience, and damn myſelf, and my family

"Now I am exceeding hungry; and have but "little to buy food." *Bleſſed are they that hunger and thirſt after righteouſneſs, for they ſhall be filled.*—Quickly ſhall I get beyond the reach of hunger, when perhaps thoſe, who to-day riot in luxury, and fill their tables with vomit, ſhall periſh therewith. "I have entered this inn; but am no welcome gueſt: "I am ſtared at; and what I aſk, is, in their preſent "hurry, hardly brought me." It is not grace, but money, grandeur, gluttony, and drunkenneſs, that recommend a man here.——"My baſhful viſage, "and mean apparel tempt the very ſervants to con-"temn me:—though in Chriſt I be far greater than "Philopœmen, lord of Greece; yet here I muſt pay "for my ill looks."——Rejoice, my ſoul; this is but my conformation to the image of God's Son. ——But, bleſſed Jeſus, thy thoughts are not mens thoughts, nor thy ways as their ways. How often, in the vileſt rags of my corruption, haſt thou embraced me, carried me to thine inner-chamber of raviſhing nearneſs to thyſelf! fed me with the bread which thou haſt prepared, and with the wine which thou haſt mingled?—And therefore, ſince thou, earth, deſpiſeſt me, I ſhall repay thee in thy own coin: when many ſay, *Who will ſhew us any good?* my heart ſhall count all but loſs and dung to win Chriſt; and cry, "Lord there is none upon earth whom I deſire beſides thee: lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon me; *ſo ſhalt thou* put more gladneſs into my heart, than when corn and wine abound."

"WHAT a fine lodging is this inn!" Yet Adam, under the ſhadow of a tree, Abraham in his tent, was happier, than, I ſuppoſe, any that dwell here. Outward advantages are but Heaven's crumbs, of which the dogs have often the largeſt ſhare, *a man's life* and happineſs *conſiſt not in the abundance of what he poſ-*

ſeſſeth. Though I have no ſuch manſions, yet am I not poorer then Jeſus, who had *not where to lay his head:* Contentment can lodge in little room; why then ſhould we rack the inventions of art, and exhauſt the materials of nature, to build houſes rather *priſons*, for ourſelves upon earth? How Heaven, with laughter, ſurveys our vain toil; and buries madmen in the heaps of houſes, and of wealth and honour, which they raiſe! How often do mortals exhauſt more time, more labour and care to build their own, than to build the houſe of the Lord! How often the houſe rather dwells in her maſter than he in her! It is the maſter who ſhould dignify the houſe; not the houſe him: but, alas! how many ſtately houſes are but owls neſts, habitations of devils, and cages of every unclean and hateful bird!—Men therein live chiefly to laugh, ſwear, game, whore, eat, drink, and ſpue; ſtrive to have every thing in the houſe good but themſelves.——Is Satan landlord here? hath this houſeholder given him *his power and authority?* and do the reſt of the family approve of the maſter's deed? are all content to be the willing ſlaves of luſt?—Let me look for a "houſe not made with hands eternal in the heavens:" let me haſte away from this: ſhe is *polluted* and mortal, as well as her maſter: no habitation is pure, and ſure, but God himſelf: let him be my *dwelling-place in all generations.*

"WHAT fine pictures are in yonder gallery." Rather, how coarſe draughts are they, in reſpect of God's works of nature and grace; and eſpecially his adequate, his *expreſs image* in his Son? On this, Lord, may I with unceaſing wonder, for ever gaze!—What is our world, but a large room hung round with pictures? how many painted fanciful ſhadows and images of felicity, not felicity itſelf, ſee we here! What numbers of men are partly pictures of peacocks, goats, aſſes, dogs, or ſwine, and partly images of the old ſerpent! how many are painted ſepulchres, partly of ſaints, and partly of Satan! but how few are living pictures of Jeſus, the mighty God, the Prince of peace! O let me be ſuch: let my heart and life abound with true, not painted Chriſtianity; that when I awake from the grave, I *may behold thy face in righteouſneſs, and be ſatisfied with thy likeneſs.*—“Why do yonder pictures ſeem conſtantly to caſt their eyes on me?” Thrice more bleſſed, that all JEHOVAH's words of grace ever ſuit my changing, my diverſified condition: On them let me hope, and to them let me look, in every time of need.

“IN yonder room the muſic plays: how marvellous the influence of melody! ſhe ſtills the roaring child; calms the furious paſſion; encourageth the timorous heart; and cures the tarantula's poiſonous bite!” Lord, how effectually hath the melody of thy voice in the goſpel ſtilled my roaring complaints; calmed my raging paſſions; animated my ſinking ſpirits; and healed my painful wounds!—and how pleaſant and refreſhing is the voice of praiſe in dwellings of the righteous! “What ſkill it requires to tune and perform this muſic! yet how eaſily might the breaking or ſlipping of a ſtring, or the ſlopping of a fret, mar it!” O what ſkill, what care is neceſſary to fit our heart for ſacred joy and praiſe! and when attained, how eaſily may it, as well as outward delights, be marred!—Lord, fit me for that place, which, as it is ſaid of Chriſtian Bethlehem, hath hallelujahs and hoſannas for her mirth, and all her labour praiſe.

“YONDER is a parrot in a cage: how far hath ſhe been fetched for the ſake of her feathers.” Alas! how far will immortal ſouls go; how low they will ſtoop for *very vanity!* How often are feathers, not real excellency, the object of our love! how many are eſteemed only for their ſhining face, their ſmooth tongue, and their beautiful apparel! "Poor animal, "how have thy pinions brought thee to a foreign "priſon and perhaps confined thy maſter's heart "along with thee." Ah! how often do external ſhadows of excellency prove hurtful to ourſelves and others! how often do they encourage pride, flattery; and curſed dependence on man!—Bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul, for the liberty which I enjoy; but let it not prove my ſnare: the more of it I have, let me be the more devoted to, and active in thy ſervice. "This parrot can ſpeak till ſhe is fully enraged, and "then ſhe reſumes her natural note." And how many, with ſeeming ſweetneſs, ſpeak and hear of divine things, and flatter the Moſt High with goodly words, while he ſmiles on, and proſpers them; who are ready to curſe him to his face, if he but touch them with a ſtroke of trouble!

"Now I have paid my reckoning, and have no-"thing over: Alas! What ſhall I do, if ſtopped on my "journey?" How Jeſus' word raviſheth my heart! I AM; *be not afraid.* Doth not this I AM, leave a blank, which I may fill up with whatever good I pleaſe? Is it not JEHOVAH's ſaying to my ſoul, Art thou weak? I AM ſtrength: art thou poor? I AM riches: art thou deſpiſed? I AM honour: art thou in trouble? I AM comfort: art thou ſick? I AM health: art thou dying? I am life: haſt thou nothing? I AM all things: juſtice, wiſdom, power, mercy, goodneſs, holineſs, truth, beauty, glory, and excellency. I AM: perfection, all-ſufficiency, infinity, eternity, I AM: whatever is ſuited to thy nature or caſe, I AM: whatſoever is amiable in itſelf, or deſirable to thee, I AM: whatſoever is pure, holy, pleaſant, great, or good, I AM: I AM JEHOVAH thy God.—Be therefore content, my ſoul thy God, thine ALL, remains to thee: how can there be room for other things in thy heart, while it is thoroughly penetrated and filled with this great *I am; my God;* and *mine all?*

" Now let me proceed on my journey." So let me make inns, not habitations, of outward enjoyments, divine ordinances, and gracious frames: let me leave them behind, and puſh forward unto everlaſting reſt.

" Here is a nobleman's burial: ſofter was his bed; " more delicate his proviſion; richer his apparel; " warmer his chamber; leſs his toil; more youthful " his age; yet, lo, I live, and am healthy, while " he is dead! how quickly hath his faſt living " brought him to his grave!" Ah! how laboured is the way of moſt to ruin! Ah! how they toil! how they trouble and pain themſelves to haſten forward, and be fit for everlaſting miſery! how many are ſaved with leſs than half the labour!—Lord, how vain is earthly happineſs! the rich and gay convince me moſt of human miſery: but how true is thy promiſe, that as my days, ſo ſhould my ſtrength be!—How little worſe is my body, and how much better my ſoul, of the numerous troubles of my life! " In what " expenſive coffin enriched with plates, with handles " of gold, lieth this great man! how adorned his " hearſe! how ſplendid the retinue which attend his " funeral!" But will any, or all of theſe, recommend him to his Maker? or render his ſoul happier in the future ſtate?—Will not a Redeemer's arms about my dead body; his angels attending my ſoul to glory: be more magnificent than all this?—Learn, my ſoul, the vanity of earthly enjoyments: what is great mens power to do good, without the will, but an enormous crime! what their company, but an hinderance of converſe with themſelves? what moſt of their adviſers, but obſtructions of the ſincere and advantageous counſels of conſcience? what their pleaſure, but an awful unperceived loſs of time? what their wealth, but a miſerable change from poverty to pain; from hope to fear; where avarice or luxury renders them wretched amidſt plenty? And what parents, like ſpunges, ſuck in with care and covetouſneſs, their children often prodigally ſqueeze out with pleaſure.

"Here on the other hand, the farmers come from "a rich feaſt, which their new lord prepared for "them." You ranſomed, what a rich bankrupt-feaſt has our *new Lord*, Jeſus, the *heir of all things*, provided for us in the houſe eternal in the heavens! how often, even here, have I ſat with the King at his table, and been filled with the fatneſs of his houſe! how often have I had meat to eat which the world knew not of! "Here a ſign informs me of the way to ſuch "a place: and another ſhews me how far I have "travelled." Emblems thoſe of ſuch miniſters as point out the way of life to others, but do not walk therein themſelves; emblems of my gracious attainments, which aſſure me that I walk, and make progreſs in God's way.

"Now the ſtorm gathers: now darkneſs frowns, "and horror lowers: but neceſſity obligeth me to "proceed on my journey." Think, my ſoul, how often the rolling clouds of vengeance ſtand as doubtful to obey Heaven's dread mandate, while Jeſus' mounting prayers uphold the falling blow. Let therefore no appearance of temptation or trouble cauſe thee to draw back: if thou doſt, God ſhall have no pleaſure in thee: *Remember Lot's wife.* Puſh forward to Jeſus' throne: the more I live on high, the leſs ſhall ſtorms of tribulation annoy me; for, *If he give quietneſs, who can make trouble?* "Now

" riſe the winds: now falls the hail and ſnow: " around me night reſiſtleſs cloſeth faſt: tempeſts " come howling over my head." He that regards windy troubles, ſhall not ſow to the Spirit; and he that regards the clouds of adverſity, ſhall not reap everlaſting life.—Through much tribulation it is determined, I muſt enter into the kingdom of my God: let me never wiſh the everlaſting mountains of divine purpoſes, and of unchangeable truths, overturned for me.——O how far other ſtorm do leſs guilty ſinners now ſuffer in hell? How far other ſtorm did Jeſus ſuffer for me, that amidſt worldly tribulation, in him I might have peace; have my crimſon-crimes made white as wool! in his blood let him waſh me, then ſhall I be clean; *I ſhall be whiter than ſnow.*

" The bleating ſheep, now ſad diſperſed, dig for " the withered graſs, through heaps of mingled hail: " ye ſhepherds, lodge them well below the ſtorm: " and watch them ſtrict." Lord, how are thy flock beſtormed and ſcattered! how many of them have but withered graſs, empty diſcourſes, for the food of their ſouls! be thou their guide, their hiding place from the ſtorm, that none of them be loſt.—Rejoice, you good diſtreſſed; you noble few: rejoice, my ſoul; the ſtorms of wintery time will quickly paſs, and one unbounded, one eternal ſpring encircle all. " Here " the careleſs ſhepherd flees to the covert, while the " ſtorm drives his ſcattered charge." Ah! how many ſuch hireling paſtors are in the church of Chriſt, who chiefly mind their own eaſe and gain! who have no divine neceſſity laid upon them, as all hazard, *to preach the goſpel!* who make miniſterial work as curt and eaſy as poſſible: *count gain godlineſs;* and a large benefice, an agreeable charge!—Lord *turn the heart of* our zealous *fathers to their children; leſt* thou *come and ſmite the earth with a curſe.* " Yonder ſhepherd, "having, with inconceiving ſtruggles, ſafely ſta-"tioned his flock, covers a naked member with his "mantle." Great Shepherd of God's ſheep, what ſtorms of divine wrath, of perſecution, and temptation, haſt thou ſuffered, in order ſafely to ſtation thy *flock of ſlaughter*, that none of them might periſh: nor any of them might be plucked out of thy hand! how didſt thou ſtrip thyſelf of thy glorious robes, to cover our ſoul with thy righteouſneſs, and preſerve our life from danger! "Now he hounds his cur to "bring back ſuch as wander from their ſhelter." How often doth Jeſus, by devils and wicked men, wiſely hound back his ſtraying ſaints to their proper reſt in himſelf!

"How furiouſly the drift flies! I ſee not where I "am! nor whither I go! I have loſt my way!—I "ſink in deep mire!—Muſt I die here?—Why, fore-"ſeeing the ſtorm, did I venture into this deſart?" How often hath my ſinful raſhneſs brought me into deſarts and depths of adverſity?——But thrice-bleſſed Redeemer, who foreſaw, and yet left his Father's boſom, to endure far heavier ſtorms of wrath for me, he ſunk in deep mire, *where there* was *no ſtanding*.—My ſoul, improve every trouble, to make me flee to him, from the wrath to come. "Do not "I hear the voice of one calling me back, and warn-"ing me of unavoidable danger if I proceed?" And, after I dangerouſly wandered from the way, how often haſt thou, Lord, ſought me out, and cauſed me to hear a voice behind me, ſaying, *This is the way, walk ye in it?* And while I have refuſed to obey the heavenly viſion, how often haſt thou laid *violent*, rather *infinitely merciful*, hands on me, and carried me out of danger.

"WRESTLING againſt the tempeſt, ſtruggling "through the heaps of ſnow, I am out of breath.—

“ Alas! I know not where to flee.” When all refuges fail, cry, my ſoul, to my God, *Lord, thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.* “ I have fled to this old houſe; but the drift pene- “ trates, the wind threatens to overthrow it.” How like this crazy cottage is my naughty heart! Through the ſlothfulneſs of *my* hands, *it* droppeth through: my roof and walls of ſelf-righteouſneſs ſerve for nothing but to draw down vengeance on my head. “ My wretched refuge gives the final crack: let me “ eſcape for my life.” So when convictions *ſweep away* my *refuges of lies;* when providence overturns the outward things whereon I truſted; let me eſcape to Jeſus, *the Rock higher than I.*

“ HERE is a petty inn, where I might find ſhelter: “ but I have nothing to ſpend; and ſo cannot be “ welcome.” How often, my ſoul, haſt thou ſo thought and ſpoken concerning Jeſus my ſaviour? and yet dareſt thou ſay, that he ever did in any wiſe caſt thee out! “ Neceſſity forced me in: how kindly “ have the innkeeper and his family uſed a poor “ ſtranger.” Lord, reward them, by ſhewing them mercy at that day.—Kind, I hope, Chriſtian friends, “ ſilver and gold have I none; but ſuch as I have, I give you.” Seriouſly I beſeech you to truſt Jeſus with your everlaſting ſalvation; receive, walk in, and live on the altogether lovely, the all-enriching Chriſt.

“ I AM again on my journey: here ſome paſs me, “ riding in cloſe machines: what advantage have “ thoſe above me, in this ſtorm!” But it is more fancied than real: for even now I ride with Chriſt in the new-covenant chariot, the midſt whereof is “ paved with love for the daughters of Jeruſalem;” a ſeat in which I would not exchange for all the machines on earth.——And were I once in heaven, this winter-journey will be forgotten; or will rather ſweeten my everlaſting bleſſedneſs.

"Now it is quite fair, calm, and clear." "His anger endureth but a moment; in *his* favour is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "How white! how cold! and yet "earth-warming and fructifying that ſnow! and how "refreſhful and purifying its water." How pure, comely, heart-purifying, warming, refreſhing, and fructifying are the words, the providences, the pardons, the conſolations of God: may I never leave that *ſnow of Lebanon,* which cometh from the rock Chriſt. How pure and comely the ſaints, being waſhed in Jeſus' blood, and filled with his grace! and how refreſhful, purifying, warming, and fructifying, their influence, where many of them live! But Lord forbid, that I ſhould waſh myſelf in the fancied *ſnow-water* of my legal duties, in order to recommend myſelf to thee. If I do, thou wilt plunge me in the ditch, and my own cloaths ſhall abhor me. "The "ſun ſets, while I have far to go." Ah! how is human life dwindled down to nought, and finiſhed ere it is well begun!—Upon how many doth their ſun go down at noon! death overtakes them before they ſeriouſly begin to prepare for a future ſtate.—But rejoice, my ſoul, I cannot lie out of my beſt lodging to-night: "The Moſt High *is my* habitation, *my* dwelling-place in all generations." "The ſun "ſets in red; it will be a better day to-morrow." Jeſus, my Sun of righteouſneſs, ſet in bloody ſuffering and death.—Hope, my ſoul, for a far better day of everlaſting joy; of unbounded felicity. "In this "twilight the ſun favours us with the reflection of "his rays, that darkneſs may not ſurpriſe us una-"wares." What a mercy are divine warnings of death! If ſickneſs ſeize us unripe for our change, what a mercy to be allowed to die gradually!

" Now the moon and ſtars begin to ſhine: but
" were ten thouſand torches alſo lighted, they could
" not all make, nor retain the day." Nothing but thy preſence, thy ſmiles, O Jeſus, can give day to my ſoul; nothing elſe can enlighten my mind, or warm my heart.—But, Oh! when ſhall twilight, and momentary blinks of thy countenance, give place to noon-tide, to unceaſing viſion? " How ſhort is our winter-day!" How ſhort is time in reſpect of eternity! how ſhort in reſpect of the work which we are called to do in it! And will you, ſons of men, by unneceſſary ſleep, idleneſs, or ſinful waſting of it, ſhorten it ſtill further? Ah! how will your miſpent moments ſting you at laſt; bite like ſerpents, and ſting like adders!

" Here on every ſide the furze abound: how high
" amidſt this barren ſoil! how green amidſt this
" winter-ſtorm! how often hurtful to the lips of the
" friſking lamb! how often the lodging of robbers!
" how apt to be taken for evil ſpirits, or their reſi-
" dence, by the timorous, nightly traveller! what
" excellent fence againſt the encroaching river."—Ah! how many corruptions abound, and flouriſh in my weak and fooliſh heart! amidſt what ſtorms of trouble do theſe curſed ever-greens retain their freſhneſs and vigour! how their garniſhed and blooming appearances hurt my tender graces; my faith, my love, my ſpiritual deſire! what ſources, what means, of awful robbery committed on my God, my ſoul, my neighbour; what reſidence, nay, what curſed progeny, of devils, are theſe hurtful luſts!——What fearful hindrances of the River of life's breaking into my heart! " The beſt way of deſtroying theſe furze
" is to burn them, and dig them out by the root;
" were this done, what tender paſture for the flock
" might ariſe in their ſtead!" Lord, inflame my heart with thy love: let it burn within me: let thy word

pierce to the centre of my ſoul: ſo ſhall the *deeds of the body* be mortified, and tender graces grow up in their ſtead.

“ Alas! I am entangled among forſaken coalpits! “ ——I am gone!—I am fallen into one of them! —Ah! how I am bruiſed!—How marvellous that “ there is ſo little water here!——Muſt I die? let “ me cry for relief:”—Perhaps God, my former deliverer, will direct ſomebody to hear my voice, and draw me out.—Chiefly, let me commit my ſoul to Jeſus, my Almighty Saviour.————“ Do “ not yonder ſtars ſhine with unuſual brightneſs?” The more lovely, the deeper ſunk in trouble I have been, the clearer have been my views of heaven. I have had as pleaſant diſcoveries of Chriſt in the deepeſt afflictions, as in the moſt ſpiritual ordinances.—Beware, my ſoul, of being more ſenſible of thy grief, than of thy pleaſure. Hath not God ſaid, that he would dwell in the thick darkneſs? O happy retirement, where he is preſent! happy priſon, where he is my companion! happy baniſhment, where he is my attendant! happy poverty, where he is my inexhauſtible portion! happy malady, where he is my medicine, my phyſician! happy mire, where underneath me are his everlaſting arms! happy wants, where he is my Father, and my friend! happy any thing, where he is my *all in all!*—He is all *eye*, to ſee mine affliction: all *ear*, to attend my cry; all *arm*, to help and careſs me: he is all *wiſdom*, to know when, and how to deliver me; all *love*, all *bowels*, of compaſſion to pity me, and to move him to help me; all *grace* and *mercy*, to forgive my ſins, and ſupply my wants; all *power*, to vanquiſh my foes, and redeem my ſoul: he is all *holineſs*, to ſanctify me; all *favour*, to compaſs me about as with a ſhield; all *equity*, to juſtify me freely through his grace, and render tribulation to them that trouble me; all *faithfulneſs* to make his exceeding great and precious promiſes, yea, and amen, to my ſoul: He is all *care,* to keep me night and day; all *robes,* to cover my nakedneſs; all *proviſion,* to content and ſatiate me; all *cordials,* to refreſh and delight me; all *wealth,* to enrich me; all *light,* to pleaſe and inſtruct me, and render me a ſhining ſtar in the kingdom of the Father; all *glory,* to reward and crown me for ever.—How royally I live on hopes of full reverſion! how my whole being is bleſſed! amply while I live! ampleſt when I die! In a little, little while, the child of grief ſhall hide his care-ſick head in the dark corner and on the eaſy pillow of a grave: in a little, little while, the ranſomed worm ſhall leave his blackened mire, and mount an angel's, mount his Jeſus' throne: the brand half burning, plucked from hell, ſhall be raiſed to endleſs crowns.

"How ſuddenly is relief come!—Here deſcends a rope, attended with a lanthorn.—Let me fix myſelf in the former, that my friend may draw me from this rueful dungeon.—I am out!—Friends, may the God of Iſrael reward your kindneſs; gladly ſhould I accept your offered lodging to-night, did not neceſſity oblige me to go home."—There is but a ſtep between me and death; ſtrive, my ſoul, to finiſh thy work in its ſeaſon: "There is no knowledge, nor device, nor work in the grave whither I go."—How ſtupendous hath the kindneſs of God to me always been! how often hath he brought me into ſore troubles, that he might load me with the moſt ſweet deliverance! how often hath he drawn me from the confines of hell, with the cords of his enlightening and attracting Spirit and promiſe!—How often hath he reſcued my ſoul from the gates of death!—O his gracious; his wonderful preſervation of me juſt now! "I find I muſt go halting; but affliction from the hand of God, "ſhould not bear the name." Lord, by the ſinful falls which thou knoweſt, my ſoul is ſo bruiſed, that I muſt go halting to my grave; but let me rejoice, that beyond it the *lame man ſhall leap as an hart*, and the *tongue of the dumb ſhall ſing*; death and the grave, or rather the glory of God, ſhall cure all my complaints.

"Now the generous friends, who drew me out, "are gone." But, bleſſed Redeemer, neither my Gaderene entreaties, nor my horrid abuſe of thee, can make thee leave me, or forſake me.——Thrice-ſweet love, that unchangeably glueth and fixeth thy heart to me; and mine to thee: Thrice-bleſſed covenant and oath of God, *Never to turn away from me to do me good!* "Here my wonted friend haughtily rides by, without vouchſafing me one look; "though his horſe could have carried us both home. "I may die here for him." How many friends, like flies, couch beneath the winter-ſhower! But when *Jeſus* the HIGH AND LOFTY ONE, who diſdainfully rides by a king, an emperor, a ſultan, or a czar, and laughs at the worms that riſe ſo high, paſſeth by me, he beſtows the kindeſt looks; and often, often hath he given me his hand, and cauſed me to ride with him in his goſpel-chariot:—therefore poor and deſpiſed as I am; Lord, *I will never forget thy ſtatutes*, nor the *word upon which thou haſt cauſed me to hope.* "How, amidſt the dark, his horſe-heel "ſtrikes fire from the ſtone!" In my night of adverſity, let convictions of worldly vanity, views of Jeſus' glory, and ſparks of divine truth, otherwiſe unobſerved, ſhine forth: let patience and reſignation, unexerciſed in proſperity, clearly diſcover themſelves. "What a mercy, for weak and halt "me, that the way is here pathed." O the tranſcendent mercy, that Jeſus the forerunner hath pathed my way to glory! that I ſee the print of his ſteps before me, in every trouble! he was in all points tempted like as I am, yet without ſin; and in all my affliction, he is afflicted.

"I CAN go no further, till I breath a while: the "air exceedingly chills my body: let me warm my "heart at the celeſtial fires above. Now reigns "half-orbed the moon; now ſhe *walketh in bright-"neſs.*" Juſt emblem of our preſent world: how unſettled her ſtate! ſhe receiveth all her luſtre from Jeſus the Sun of righteouſneſs; but never ſhines, to our apprehenſion, but when we are far from him. ———Lord, no created comfort of nature or grace ſhines, but with thy brightneſs: all are nothing in compariſon of thee: when I enjoy thy preſence, my ſoul counts them but loſs and dung, for the excellency of the knowledge of thee: then all my powers cry out, "Whom have I in heaven but thee! and there is none upon earth that I deſire beſides thee." "This moon is very uſeful to the late traveller; and "ſhadowy ſets off the face of things: but is a lamp "fit only for the night, and bluſheth at her own "dimneſs before the riſing ſun." What dark and ſhadowy views of divine things do we obtain in inſtituted ordinances! But, O Jeſus, haſten that eternal day when the *moon* of our preſent world, the *moon* of preſent ordinances, of paſſing frames, and imperfect grace, ſhall be for ever aſhamed to appear. "Doth not yonder moon rule the tides of the ſpa-"cious deep?" How ſadly doth the influence of a preſent world make the tides of ſin and hell to flow within my heart!—And ſhall not thoſe who have her for their portion, have the loweſt hell for their everlaſting poſſeſſion? "What but the interpoſing "moon eclipſeth the ſun's bright glory from our "view? what but the earth interpoſing between her "and him, turns her, when full orbed, into dark-"neſs?" Do not created comforts interpoſing between Jeſus and my ſoul, veil his countenance from me? What but an earthly heart, interpoſing between him and ordinances, graces, or outward enjoyments, makes them loſe their true, their uſeful luſtre?——Ought not I always to appear *fair as the moon?* If ſinful practices eclipſe my glory, what multitudes muſt witneſs my ſhame!—Let me then have grace to walk like her in brightneſs, till glory place me beyond her, in *the inheritance of the ſaints in light.*

"How rich this ſtarry firmament!" Thrice noble paſture of the mind! O garden of the Deity! paradiſe unloſt, where I meet my God in every view! Ye ſtars, ſhall I call you full blown lillies? or lamps, hung in golden chains of will divine? or nightly ſparks,—glowing embers on heaven's broad hearth? —Even you ſtars, whoſe beams ſet out at Nature's birth, are ſcarce arrived on our coaſts;—what hand behind the ſcene, what arm almighty put your wheeling globes in motion, launcheth you through the illimitable void, or winds up your vaſt machines! You globes of heavenly fire, my Father's pupils, the channels of his benign influence to men,—how far you ſhine, and ſing my Saviour's praiſe? with what raviſhment you warm my fainting heart, that weak beſpattered I, amidſt countleſs angels and men redeemed, ſhall for ever ſhine as a ſtar in the unſeen expanſion of the kingdom of the Father!

"Yonder ſtalks the blazing comet." Stupendous wanderer! long unſeen, what diſtant regions of creation haſt thou viſited theſe numerous ſeaſons! Rather, my blazing Jeſus, where art thou, theſe near two thouſand years? *Why tarry the wheels of thy chariots? why* art thou *ſo long a coming?* when wilt thou return to our ſkies, that the earth, and works therein, may be burnt up? "Now dance the "lightnings of the north: the blazing meteors

“ ſhoot: the whole firmament courſeth in a maze of “ light.” O how the glances of my God run through the globes, rule the bright worlds, and move their frame! broad ſheets of light compoſe his robes; his guards are living fire.—Rejoice, my ſoul, thy God ſhall come, and “ ſhall no more keep ſilence: *a* fiery ſtream *ſhall* iſſue from before him;” *ten thouſand* angelic frames ſhall miniſter unto him: then, then will I go to God's arms; to God mine exceeding joy.

“ AZURE fields of ſky; rich curtains of my Fa- “ ther's reſt; vails of his throne;” When will you rend “ aſunder from the top to the bottom,” that Jeſus with his ranſomed may enter? when will you give way to the “ new heavens, and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteouſneſs?” “ Unſeen hea- “ vens, how glorious within! how amazing your “ extent! Vaſt concave! ample dome! were mine “ eye capable to take in thy whole dimenſions, per- “ haps our ſun, as inſignificant, ſhould eſcape my “ notice.” But what is thy glory, thy extent, but a mean, a narrow nothing *for my God* of love? when ſhall I viſit thy bliſsful regions?——O JEHOVAH, when ſhall I come to thee? when ſhall I ſee thee as thou art? when ſhall I baſk in the unceaſing rays of redeeming Godhead; and melt amidſt thy noon-tide love? When ſhall I drink my fill of that *fulneſs of joy,* and of thoſe rivers of pleaſure, which are at thy right hand for evermore?——If views of thy ſovereignty, wiſdom, power, holineſs, juſtice, faithfulneſs, unbounded goodneſs, and love, ſo now ſweeten my bittereſt trials, what muſt it be to enjoy thee as thou art, where there is neither ſin, nor ſorrow, nor death, nor pain!—to live, to be loſt for ever in redeeming love! O how the thought of being for ever with my Chriſt, and having a three-one God, mine everlaſting all in all, raviſheth my ſoul, and almoſt plucks her from this mortal frame!——O how my enraptured heart is over-charged with bliſs!——Wild waſte, ſhall I call thee *Peniel?* Cold night, ſhall I call thee *the flames of* JEHOVAH'S *love?*——Did ever I think that muſing could have kindled ſuch burning in my breaſt? did ever I ſuppoſe that ſo much of God could be enjoyed on earth!—Perhaps it is Chriſt's anointing me for my burial.

"LET me now riſe and proceed on my journey." Let neither the ſhrieks of the owl, nor the fear of demons, overwhelm me with dread: my God, who neither ſlumbers nor ſleeps, keeps and watcheth over me: his angels compaſs me about: quickly ſhall his attending mercy finiſh my trouble; and his everlaſting arms more than refreſh me from wearineſs.——"The clock ſtrikes ten." Sweet knell of my departing hours! when ſhall the laſt ſtrike! when ſhall the mighty Angel ſwear that *time ſhall be no longer?* ETERNITY, ETERNITY, the ETERNAL GOD is all my joy: I have got length of days unto my mind, let me now ſee thy ſalvation: if life be meaſured by the implement thereof, hath not God done more for me than for thoſe of an *hundred years old?* was ever ſuch a debtor to redeeming grace? It is enough that my Jeſus liveth: let me go ſee him when I die.

"Now I travel through a burying place: here the "ardent glories of the ſparkling eye are eclipſed; "the charming tongue hath forgot her cunning: the "nervous arm is unſtrung; my once comely friends "are turned into unſufferable lothſomeneſs." Lord Jeſus, there is nothing altogether, nothing ever comely, but thyſelf: I look to thee, and am lightened: I believe, and look with triumph on the tomb.——*Eternity* is written on my heart: how ſhe kindleth into rapture at the thought of departing, and being *with Chriſt!* at the thought of being *for ever with the Lord!* "How many amidſt the nocturnal glooms, "are affrighted at a grave!" Why not at the inſpired terrors of God? why unthoughtful of entrance into a world of ſpirits?

"Yonder is my home, but how ſhall I paſs this rapid, this ſwelling? amidſt my raptures, have I "forgot the new bridge, which leads ſtraight to "my father's houſe?" O what bridge God built over the floods of death and hell, by loving me, and giving his Son for me! Strange bridge! founded in the death of God; built up with blood, and paved with love divine! how ſhall I, the *ranſomed of the Lord,* paſs over *with everlaſting joy on* mine *head?* "I ſhall obtain joy and gladneſs, and ſorrow and ſighing ſhall flee away:" according to my faith, ſo ſhall it be unto me: "thy rod and thy ſtaff *ſhall* comfort me;" when I walk "in darkneſs, the Lord will be a light unto me."

Strangely do my heart and fleſh begin to fail." My ſoul, O thou of little faith, why doſt thou doubt? —*Fear not, only believe;* do thou now believe, and thou ſhalt ſee the glory of God.—Is this dying work? Alas! how thoſe curſed ſpies of unbelief and carnal fear have miſrepreſented it! the comforter is come that ſhould relieve my ſoul: he is returned to me "with loving-kindneſs and tender mercies: my terrors are quite gone; my outward pains are abſorbed in divine joys: I know and am perſuaded of everlaſting fellowſhip with theſe divine perſons, with whom I have had often communion on earth; and who, I am ſure, apprehended me; not I them: Hail, hail, you bleſſed promiſes, which powerfully crowd into, and aſſure my heart.—Lately I was left alone, as a captive toſſed to and fro; ſweeter than angels, ſweet meſſages of Jeſus' love, where had you been? O plain, plain, plain, and pleaſant promiſes to my ſoul!

"Now comes a light from my father's houſe, "but my ſight fails." O the dazzling beams, the tides of glory from above, which burſt into my inner man! how Jeſus, my everlaſting Sun, enlightens my ſoul! how he leads me to his bleeding mercy, that quiet ſea of infinite ſweetneſs, for faith to drink of, and bathe in, till I become without ſpot or wrinkle, or any ſuch thing! how he guides me into the *green paſtures* of his comforting word!—Thrice happy proſpect of the blind! no more can I read the letters of the precious, precious book of God, but I feel it written on my heart: no more can I ſee outward things; but I ſee Jeſus formed in my ſoul; I ſee my name written, and myſelf lying in his heart; I ſee the things within the vail, whither the Forerunner is for me entered.——I rend the curtain of time, and look into eternity.—I give up with all creatures, life, heart, fleſh, eyes, and all, that I may have all in God.——O to appear before, and be near enough him! O to be unearthed, unſelfed, that I may be like him! that my ſoul may be in perpetual aſcenſion to him! my love going forth in everlaſting raptures after him!

"Now my Father's ſervant carries in the poor "prodigal!" How much more delightful! angels wait to carry the firſt-rate rebel *againſt* God *into Abraham's boſom.* "Now I enter my Father's houſe." Rather, I ſtep into him, whom my ſoul loveth;—to him "who loved me, and gave himſelf for me." I draw near the centre of everlaſting reſt; and while I approach, with what amazing power do the warming beams of the Sun of righteouſneſs dart into my ſoul! I am full of the conſolations of the Holy Ghoſt: "Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace;

for mine eyes have ſeen thy ſalvation." Now the days of my mourning are ended.—In a trice I ſhall be where Jeſus is, there to behold his glory; in a trice I ſhall be in the immediate, the everlaſting embraces of redeeming Godhead; I ſhall enter *into the joy of* my *Lord.* Is this DEATH? no; it is BIRTH, whereby "I enter into life," and "go to God mine exceeding joy." Adieu friends; I die; may God "ſurely viſit you," and his withered, rent, and broken church.——O give Jeſus your heart; O taſte and ſee that God is good." I cannot now ſpeak particularly of what he hath done for my ſoul; but truly the motto of all my lot, of all my days, is, *Grace reigned:—Where ſin abounded, grace did much more abound.* And now God lays on the cope-ſtone of everlaſting glory with *ſhoutings of grace, grace unto it.* Where ſin reigned unto death, grace reigns through righteouſneſs unto eternal life, by Jeſus Chriſt my Lord. My life in following him hath been very poor and afflicted; yet would I not exchange it, for that of the happieſt monarch on earth; nay, not for ten thouſand worlds.—For what then, would I exchange my being *for ever with the Lord;* and being eternally *filled with all the fulneſs of God?* Farewell, you filthy luſts, and winter blaſts of woe; I ſhall ſee you no more. Happily hath my Father made you drive me to my joyful home. Adieu, ſweet pages of inſpiration, amiable tabernacles of the Moſt High, in which I have often found him, whom my ſoul loveth.——Welcome undying glory.—Welcome angels, and ſpirits of juſt men made perfect: and chiefly, Welcome, O welcome, welcome, my unparalleled, my divine THREE, *my God,* and *my all; my God,* and *my all,* for evermore. Amen.

THE CHRISTIAN JOURNAL OF A SABBATH-DAY.

"I HAVE awaked, but too late for the day: this "world hath ſix parts of our time allowed her "by God, yet ſtill cries, GIVE, GIVE: how violently hath ſhe urged me to encroach on the Sabbath, "by ſitting too late the night before, or riſing too "early on the day after?" Alas, my ſoul, is this world ſix times more precious than Jeſus, than JEHOVAH, that I ſhould rob him of his ſeventh part of my time for her ſake?——Bleſſed Redeemer, come up higher in my heart; and ye world's concerns, get you down, and ſit below his footſtool. "When "yeſternight I retired to ſleep, my mind was buſied "with ten thouſand earthly cares; and to-day I have "waked with vain and carnal thoughts unnumbered, "crowding in my heart." Lord, why ſhould theſe trouble me, but eſpecially on thy day? vain thoughts are ſin's advocates, and thy adverſaries: O forgive their wickedneſs; and, as fire melts wax away, ſo let them periſh at the rebuke of thy countenance.—How long ſhall vain, ſhall vile thoughts lodge within me? how long ſhall the auguſt, the everlaſting ſtate of things, be to my ſoul as a dark ſhadow, as the image of a dream?——On this ſacred morning, why do not I live as if juſt entering into eternity? as if beholding the glorious appearance of the great God my Saviour:—Are not eternal things as certain now as they will be hereafter? Why then live I not alway in the believing view, and under the deep impreſſion of the heavens vaniſhing; the elements melting; the earth flaming; the angels every where diſperſed, to gather the elect from the four winds of heaven; and of their aſcending to meet the Lord in the air, and be for ever with the Lord?——What a trifle will the pleaſures, honour, or wealth of this world,—nay, of ten thouſand words, be to me then?

"But what divine authority have I, for the peculiar ſanctification of this day?" Reaſon herſelf informs me, that men being made for eternity, their time ſhould be partly ſequeſtrated to the contemplation of eternal things; that, being of a ſocial nature, they ought to aſſociate in their principal buſineſs, the worſhip of their God; and that, to avoid diſtraction, it is proper that there ſhould be one fixed ſeaſon of public devotion, common to all.——In the well known precept, which, to mark its perpetuity, and moral obſervation, was written by God himſelf, on a table of ſtone; and was inſerted in the very centre of that univerſal, that permanent rule of righteouſneſs, divinely publiſhed from Sinai's top, and into which ceremony never entered,—is not the ſeventh part of our time, peremptorily challenged for the religious ſervice of God?—Is not the divine mandate there eſtabliſhed, on the moral, the extenſive grounds of Gods own example, and his bleſſing the Sabbath-day*.—Was not this ſacred ſeaſon inſtituted in paradiſe, *made for man,* while no typical ceremony had yet commenced?—In ſix days the heavens, and the earth, and all their hoſts, were finiſhed: on the *ſeventh*, God reſted from all his work; he bleſſed the Sabbath-day, and ſanctified it: How?—he ſet it apart for his eſpecial ſervice; and for the beſtowing of his peculiar favours on men[*].—When redemption was publiſhed, was the privilege of the Sabbath revoked? was the duty of obſerving it ſuperceded? Surely no: On that day, the patriarchal ſons of God jointly preſented themſelves before the Moſt High[†]. Nor had the thunders of Horeb uttered their voice, when the Hebrew lawgiver ſpoke of the obſervation of the Sabbath as a well known cuſtom; and to honour it, the manna was divinely reſtrained and preſerved[‡]. Of the Jewiſh religion, how great a part the obſervance of the Sabbath was, the law and the prophets do clearly ſhew.—What veſtiges of the ſeventh-day Sabbath, for many ages, remained with the ancient Heathens, their hiſtories ſtill mark.—Derived they this obſervance from the Jews, whom they ſo heartily deſpiſed and abhorred? Surely not; but from their own moſt ancient progenetors. The outward obſerval was partly remembered; the true deſign was forgotten.—Was not the obſervation of the Sabbath among the nations, when ceremonies ſhould be no more, plainly foretold[§]? Is it not devinely demonſtrated that *there remaineth a Sabbatiſm*, a keeping of Sabbath, *for the* New-Teſtament *people of God*[||]? Had not Jeſus, the Lord of the Sabbath, a power to change the ſeaſon thereof, at his pleaſure?——Did not his reſurection, his reſting from the laborious purchaſe of our ſalvation, more richly deſerve a weekly memorial, than his reſt from creation did?——Was it not proper that the time of the New-Teſtament Sabbath, ſacred to the memory of a finiſhed redemption, ſhould ſuggeſt that we Chriſtians are not to labour for life, and then inherit our reſtful reward; but our privilege precedes our duty, and our labour of goſpel-holineſs follows.

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* *Exod.* xx. 8,—11. *Deut.* x. 4.

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[*] *Gen.* ii. 2. 3.

[†] i. 6. and ii. 1.

[‡] *Exod.* xvi 23. 30.

[§] *Iſ.* lxvi. 23.

[||] *Heb.* iv. 9.

our entrance into a ſtate of new covenant reſt?—Was it not divinely predicted, that the *eighth* day, the day immediately ſucceeding the Jewiſh Sabbath, ſhould, with Chriſtians, be the ſtated ſeaſon of public devotion*?—Did not Jeſus' glorious reſurrection; his repeated viſits to his aſſembled diſciples; his noted effuſion of the Holy Ghoſt at Pentecoſt, on the firſt day of the week; conſecrate the ſame to the honour of his *finiſhed* work†? and, for this reaſon, is it not, by inſpiration, honourably termed, *the Lord's day*‡?—On it, did not the inſpired apoſtles, and their followers, for our example, ordinarily aſſemble for hearing the word; for ſacramental breaking of bread, and for public prayer§?—On it, were not the Chriſtian churches divinely commanded to collect for their poor‖? And where is now the profeſſor, who, contemning the obſervance of the Sabbath, any while retains the leaſt ſhadow of a Chriſtian practice?——Bleſſed queen of days, on thee may I be always *in the Spirit:* may count thee my *delight*, *the holy of the Lord, honourable.* Be ſhut, my heart, to every vain thought; let no idle, no evil communication proceed from my lips; let me reſt from my ſervile, reſt from my ſinful, my legal works.

"WHAT a mercy for man is the Sabbath!" What weary pilgrims, wandering in pathleſs deſarts, were we, but for this pledge of immortality, whereon, from inexhauſted ſtores, God pours down his ſpiritual bleſſings on us; and whereon we ſit baſking in the rays of his countenance, forget things below, and, with angels and ſaints, converſe with him, are warmed with love to him, live on him, and in him; and expreſs our joy in ſongs of grateful praiſe! But how tranſcendant their felicity, who celebrated the everlaſting Sabbath above! who being far removed from wearineſs and pain, and rid of every vile, every impertinent thought, enjoy God and the Lamb, to the utmoſt ſtretch of their boundleſs wiſhes.

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* *Ezek.* xlii. 27. † *Mark* xvi. 1. 2. 9.
‡ *John* xx. 19. 26. *Acts* ii. *Rev.* i. 10.
§ *Acts* xx. 7. ‖ 1 *Cor.* xvi. 1. 2.

" Awake, my ſoul, the wings of the morning " have begun their rapid courſe; the early ſun, the " warbling birds, ſing their Creator's praiſe." Almighty Father, all things thy name reſound, thou eternal Cauſe, Supporter, End of all. Wake up, my ſoul, and join the choir: thy Maker's praiſe proclaim.—But ſoft! a Maker's praiſe is not the half thou oweſt: praiſe thy Redeemer; praiſe:—On this bleſſed day, thy Jeſus roſe; roſe early, for thy good.—Up, ſleeper, from thy bed: at earlieſt hour, from ſadder bed, for thee the Saviour roſe.—On this great day he finiſhed the purchaſe of my bliſs; then early burſt the bonds of death;—early forſook the manſions of the dead: and ſhall the bands of ſloth, of ſin, or ſleep, forbid my early feaſting on his love? —prevent my early triumphs in his praiſe?—Wake, wake, my ſoul, praiſe thy righteous, thy riſen, thy exalted Lord; at the loved name awake.——" But " why may not I, with others ſleep till eight or nine " o'clock? What others, my ſoul, are thoſe? canſt thou believe them Chriſtians, who riſe early on their labouring days, and loiter on the Sabbath? Art thou willing to hazard an eternity with them?—For a few hours of reſt to thy body, a few delicious hours of ſloth, wilt thou rob thy Maker, and run the riſk of taking thy bed for ever in hell, where they have no reſt, day, nor night, but are tormented in the preſence of the holy angels, and of the Lamb?—Am I a candid expectant of everlaſting fellowſhip with God if I curtail, if I weary of that one day in ſeven, which is the amiable pledge of it?—Can I long for unceaſing glory, if I do not long, and watch for the weekly Sabbath, more than they that watch for the morning?

“ Let me eſſay ſolemn worſhipping of God by “ myſelf: dare not, my ſoul, to appear at public “ worſhip, without having performed ſecret devo- “ tion.” How dead is my heart! how diſtracted my thoughts, in the entrance on this duty!——But how delightful! how ſuited to my caſe, is the divine oracle which I now read! how her myſteries tranſport me into pleaſing wonder! how her promiſes melt my ſoul; animate my faith; encourage my hope and enflame my love! “ Let me pour out my “ heart to God in prayer.” *With ſtrong cries and tears* Jeſus prayed; let not my requeſts merely flow from, nor freeze between my lips.—Think, my ſoul, of the ſacred nature of the day: *put off thy ſhoes* of carnal affections; “ for the place where thou ſtandeſt is holy ground.”—I am ſick of this world and her toys:—O to be where Jeſus, lovely Jeſus dwells!—This naughty heart is like a clock with broken wheels: Lord, refit me.—I can bear thy abſence no longer; *make no tarrying, O my God.*—Vile wandering heart, *the range of the mountains* of vanity is thy *paſture*,—thou traverſeſt the whole earth in a moment: Ah! true child of him who goeth to and fro, through its ample bounds, to devour;—to do miſchief! Ah! “ wild aſs, uſed to the wilderneſs, ſnuffing up the wind at her pleaſure!——Fixed with much pains and labour, how often haſt thou ſuddenly broken my bands, and caſt my cords from thee!—O Jeſus, arreſt her by thy love.——Ah! how heavy, how hard, how cold and dull, is this heart of ſtone! how ſin ſits triumphant! and every grace lieth buried under its weight! How ſhe prevents my elevation to God; my taſting of the heavenly joys! how ſhe enervates my inward powers; pulls back my faith; and chills my love! how ſhe tramples on ſmiling mercy! laughs at awful frowns! Was ever heart like mine? Lord Jeſus, bathe her in thy blood: nought elſe can melt this flint away.—O when ſhall theſe years of ſin, and months of woe, come to an end; and ever-dying holineſs and glory fill their room? When ſhall I fix my reſt in Jeſus' arms? When ſhall I leave my ſin; and drown my ſorrow in the river of his endleſs joy? "But why ſo much "prayer to-day!" Alas! my ſoul, is prayer, the eldeſt ſiſter, the mother of exalted praiſe, ſo uneſteemed, ſo undeſired by thee! How ineſtimable the mercy of this privilege: how ſweet the true exerciſe! how encouraging the hopes of a gracious anſwer! how ſublime the honour, to converſe with God! Can ſons of earth, unwearied, ſpend whole days in uſeleſs chat, in laboured folly? and ſhall one who hopes himſelf heaven-born, account his prayers his toil?——Lord Jeſus, I come to thee, a monſter vile; a monſter born! Ah! ſevenfold worſe by ſinning, ſince my birth! a tranſcendent ſinner! O let thy breath, thy blood, thy mercy, plead for me! O to ſee, to feel thee, a brother born for adverſity! Spare, ſpare thy brother, the malefactor who flees to thy refuge!——I am aſhamed; I bluſh to lift up my guilty head, or to ſhew my polluted viſage: I dread that my prayer awake the thunders of thy wrath; and kindle thy juſt, but flaming rage againſt me.—— But where can a *ſinner*, but to a Saviour flee? Here at thy croſs, beneath thy bleeding love, I lay my non-ſuch,—ah! my wicked, worthleſs, wretched ſelf.—O let unmatched mercy grant my life! I cannot, I dare not, I will not, let thee alone, till I ſhare thy forgiving grace. Becauſe I am a ſtiff-necked rebel, go up with me to thine ordinances, and *pardon mine iniquity for thy name's ſake, for it is very great*. Except *thy preſence go up with us* in our arduous, our awful work, *carry us not up hence*. Let me ſee the goings of my God and my King in the ſanctuary. Lord, *my ſoul thirſteth as dry land for thee*; thirſteth to "ſee thy power and thy glory, as I have ſeen thee in the holy place: Hide not thyſelf; my ſpirit fails."

"LET me now think of his loving-kindneſs."—How aſtoniſhing, that a Saviour is provided for men, while ſinning angels are left to periſh in their crimes! that we peaceably enjoy Sabbaths, and other divine ordinances, while many nations are without them: or obtain them amidſt the diſtracting alarms of perſecution and war! O what a matchleſs Redeemer! what great and everlaſting ſalvation! what precious oracles and inſtitutions God hath provided for us! Wonder riſe and endleſs praiſes flow.

"FAMILY-worſhip being over, let us ſit down to "breakfaſt." Sweet emblem of that feaſt which God, in the mount of goſpel-ordinances, hath prepared for all people.—Emblem of the feaſt, the everlaſting feaſt of the redeemed in heaven.——Can I be a Chriſtian, and not ſeaſon my meals, chiefly theſe on the Lord's day, with thoughts of Chriſt! Can I behave as one, if I ſeaſon them not with pious conference concerning him, as I have opportunity?—How often, by ſharing a Sabbath-meal with profeſſors, whoſe converſe might have tempted one to ſuſpect, they had not ſo much as ever heard whether there be a Chriſt,—hath my ſoul been quite defiled, deadened, and unfitted for holy duties! How often have my ears been dunned with the unedifying recital of common news! the prating about trifles! or ſhocked with the murderous reproach of a neighbour! How often have I retired from them, as raviſhed Tamar from her brother's inceſtuous couch! how covered with ſhame! overwhelmed with grief! trembling with fear! and, alas! infected with ſtupidity and guilt! when vexed a while with their ungodly, their trifling diſcourſe, how often have my inward corruptions ſuddenly checked my concern! how quickly varniſhed the crime, and induced my lips to take part in the carnal communication! Deceitful heart, polluted tongue, let me never forgive you. Did Jeſus die to purchaſe our Sabbath; and dare you proſtitute it to ſo baſe a purpoſe!———Carnal profeſſors of the Chriſtian name, what hurt hath my ſoul ſuffered from occaſional fellowſhip with you! May God henceforth, on every ſacred occaſion, keep me far from the door of your houſe. It is the way to death, and your gueſts are in the depths of hell. Infamous thieves, will ye, for no end, jointly combine to rob the Moſt High, "of whom ye ſay, that he is your God?" Ye grovelling, ye loathſome vermine, who even amidſt ſacred time, crawl on the earth, and wallow in the ſtench and putrefaction of your neighbour's torn character; have you forgotten that *to be carnally minded is death?* and that God hath charged us to *ſpeak evil of no man?* What have you to do in the *way of Cain?* in the *error of Balaam?* Why will you *periſh in the gainſaying of Kora?* Know you nothing of your inward caſe; nothing of Jeſus, and his love, to furniſh you talk?

"Now I have dreſſed and examined myſelf in the "glaſs." Let me thus go to the houſe of the Lord, in ſimple, grave, and decent apparel. There, let no gaudy appearance evince, that dreſs is my DEITY: or tempt my neighbour to ſuſpect that I, with the unchriſtian crowd, ſpend more of the ſacred morning in dreſſing my body, than in preparing my heart. Dare not, my ſoul, for the gay decking of this mortal body, to forego ſo much as the *firſt moment* of the public worſhip of the living God. Dare not to make God the patron, the reſet of thy theft, by bringing in to his houſe, trumpery of apparel, worn at the expence of the merchant, who *unduly lieth out of his* *price.* Dare not to go thither, without the robes of a Redeemer's grace, as the ſure pledge, that thou ſhalt quickly put on the royal attire of immortal bliſs. Dare not to go thither, without a ſerious examination of thy ſtate, thy ſins, thy graces, thy wants, and thy mercies. Without knowledge of thy ſtate, how canſt thou know what is the portion allotted thee by God! how canſt thou preſume to eat his childrens bread? Without diſcerning thy ſins, how canſt thou apply reproofs, pour forth acknowledgments, or feel thy need of a Saviour? Without knowing thy graces, how canſt thou order thy ſpiritual exerciſe! Without diſcerning thy wants, how canſt thou offer up thy deſires, or receive Jeſus' tendered fulneſs? Without obſerving thy mercies, how canſt thou give God thanks, admire his love, or come boldly to his throne of grace? Survey thyſelf in the mirror of his word; nor, inattentive to the diſcovery, do thou ſtraightway forget what manner of man thou art.

"Now I go forth to my journey." And renouncing my wiſdom, my righteouſneſs, and ſtrength, let me go forth to Jeſus my ALL IN ALL; let all the powers of my ſoul go out to meet my glorious Bridegroom.—"Comes yonder barber from ſhaving his "cuſtomer? hath yonder ſervant been purchaſing "goods in the adjacent ſhop? or brings he them "from the neighbouring carrier's houſe?" Ah me! have the people here no Bible, no fear of God? have they forgotten the Almighty's ſolemn charge, to *remember the Sabbath to keep it holy, and to do no work* thereon, neither maſter, nor child, nor ſervant? Know they not how merchandiſe, and other carnal employs on Sabbath, have brought God's deſolating vengeance on families and nations*? Dare the conſcience of theſe criminals pretend what they do, to be either a work of neceſſity or of mercy; how eaſily could it have been performed yeſternight, or delayed till to-morrow?—Friends, how abſurd, for this puny convenience, this pitiful gain, to offend your Maker! to ruin eternally your ſoul! God forbid, that by unſeaſonably ſmoothing my face, I ſhould entail on my whole man the everlaſting fire of his wrath!—that by robbing my God of the honour of his ſacred day, I ſhould bring his curſe on my property! "Perhaps ſome within, poſt their ac-"counts, write their letters of trade, or tranſact a "thouſand unneceſſary points of the work of the "houſe." But doth not the Omniſcient above, and their conſcience within them, mark their iniquity, that it may be brought forth in the day of the Lord?

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* *Neh.* xiii. 18. *Jer.* xvii. 27.

"How delightful this manſion, ſouthward of theſe "rugged rocks! how amiable it is rendered by the "reflected rays of the ſun!" O when ſhall Jeſus' church appear as *a city* towards *the ſouth*, enlightened and warmed with the rays of his countenance!—O to have my ſoul fixed in preſence of the Moſt High! to ſee his face; walk in the light thereof; and be thereby changed into the ſame image from glory to glory!—to have my whole life a continued journey towards the ſouth-land of everlaſting reſt!—a clear reflection of the all-illucidating and attracting lovelineſs of Chriſt. "But do not theſe lofty mountains ſtrike "me with ſolemn awe? do not theſe rugged *pillars* "*of heaven*, exhibit the majeſty of their Creator?" My God, thou art great, and I know thee not; by reaſon of thine highneſs, I cannot endure; great fear is due unto thee, in the meeting of thy ſaints; and thou art to be had in reverence of all that are round about thee.——Nor is thy mercy inferior to thy greatneſs. High and lofty One, who inhabiteſt eternity, and dwelleſt in the high and holy place, it is thine to dwell *in Chriſt;* and with him alſo that is "poor, and of a contrite ſpirit, to revive the heart of the humble, and the ſpirit of the contrite ones!"—O to have my *haughtineſs bowed down,* and my *loftineſs made low;* and the Lord alone exalted *this* day!—Bear me witneſs, omniſcient God, that even now, I caſt my idols to the moles and to the bats, to go into the holes of rocks, and the clifts of the ragged rocks, for fear of *thee,* and for the glory of thy Majeſty. "How am I indebted to the mercy of God, "that my way to his houſe is not over theſe ſteep "aſcents! and that I am not forced to go from moun-"tain to hill, to ſeek the way of the Lord!" But how aſtoniſhing, that Jeſus made mountains of wrath, and of every thing dreadful, his way to me, that my way to God might be a plain! O a plain, plain, pleaſant Redeemer! This, my ſoul, is the way, walk thou in it: he that hath mercy on me, ſhall lead me, and unto ſprings of living water ſhall he guide me.

"Here I overtake ſome who go to the ſame ſo-"lemnity with me: On what do they ſo warmly con-"verſe? It is concerning the miniſters who are to "aſſiſt in diſpenſing the feaſt; or upon ſome unedi-"fying, and almoſt unintelligible diſpute."—O when will profeſſed Chriſtians grow wiſe! With the boldneſs, but meekneſs of a follower of Jeſus Chriſt, let me check them, and not hate them in my heart, by ſuffering ſin upon them.—Friends, felt you ever your pride, your legality, your unbelief, and other indwelling corruptions, mortified and weakened by any ſuch converſe? Was ever your love to Jeſus inflamed? or your bands of ſpiritual ignorance, hardneſs, and ſtupidity looſed by it? If not, what have you to do with it, on ſo awful, ſo ſerious an occaſion?—Rather, changing the ſubject to things more important, think, *How long ſhall vain thoughts lodge within* you? *Where are you,* in reſpect of your ſpiritual ſtate and caſe? Is your *heart right with God?* Are you *born from above?* Are *old things paſſed away*, and *all things became new?* Whence have you come? and whither will you go? *What is the cauſe* wherefore you come? *What do you here? What think ye of Chriſt? What would you that he ſhould do unto you?* Doth your *heart burn within* you, while he talks with you by the way? *What think* ye, will the great miniſter of the ſanctuary come to the feaſt? What know ye of his being truly invited? What token have you of his gracious deſign to come up? Hath he given you any eager deſire, or freedom in wreſtling for his preſence? Hath he whiſpered into your ſoul any promiſe of his coming down to deliver us?—of his going up with us, and giving us reſt?—of his going before us into Gallilee, that there we may ſee him?—of his doing better to us than at the beginning,—making the ſhowers to come down in their ſeaſon, even ſhowers of bleſſing, and making this the *beginning of months* to us?—What hath God done for your ſoul?—Is it one of us, who to-day ſhall betray the Son of God?—Lord is it I? ——By ſuch ſearching and inſtructive conference are not our hearts warmed? do they not burn within us while we talk of the deceaſe, the aſtoniſhing deceaſe *he* accompliſhed at Jeruſalem.

" HERE we meet ſome riding about their civil bu-" ſineſs." Strange! why will not magiſtrates, inveſted with authority, like pious Nehemiah, repreſs ſuch ſhocking enormities? Why not rather riſk the diſpleaſure of the great, than diſhonour their Sovereign, their God? Why ſo readily ſeize thieves and robbers of men, and ſo apt to overlook the open robbery of their Maker? " Here others drive the bleating flocks to an " approaching market." Alas! muſt theſe ungodly drivers ſubject the poor innocents *to the bondage of corruption*, and render them unwilling inſtruments of diſhonouring their Maker?—Since we cannot ſtop this, let us bewail it in ſecret places; and be as earneſt in the ſervice of our God, as theſe men are in the ſervice of their maſter, the devil, and the worſhip of their *Deity*, this preſent world. Ah! how many more privately profane the Sabbath, by unneceſſary preparation of food, cleanſing of houſes, and the like: Are ſuch multitudes ignorant that God hath ſaid, " Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy?—in it thou ſhalt not do ANY work, thou, nor thy ſon, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-ſervant, nor thy maid-ſervant, nor thy cattle, nor the ſtranger that is within thy gates." " To-day " ſome ride from this place, as if they reckoned " goſpel ordinances, and chiefly the Lord's Sup- " per, a dangerous plague."——Will they alſo ride off from death and hell? How lately I knew one of theſe fugitives from the grace of God overtaken by death, perhaps by damnation, before night! —Ah! how like theſe wicked men is my heart! how ſhe flies from the preſence of the Lord, becauſe he is merciful and gracious! how often, while I have been hearing his moſt precious truths, been praying to, praiſing him, or feeding on the ſymbols of his fleſh and blood, hath ſhe burſt through every let, every band! and haſted to eſcape away!

" THE laſt bell begins to ring." Friends, is not this inviting ſound a reſemblance of Jeſus' crying, " Whoſoever will, let him come unto me and drink: Ho, every one that thirſteſt, come ye to the waters; come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price: Whoſoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely: Come with me from Lebanon; my ſpouſe, with me from Lebanon; look from the top of Amana, Shenir, and Hermon, from the lions dens, from the mountains of the leopards. —Ariſe, my love, my fair one, and come away: I am come into thy garden, my ſiſter, my ſpouſe: Eat, O friends: drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!" If we be Chriſtians indeed, let us be glad and rejoice! quickly we ſhall hear the trumpet of God proclaim, "Let my ſaints be gathered unto me, thoſe that have made a covenant with me by ſacrifice." "However, let us quicken our pace, "that we may aſſemble at public worſhip in due "time." If we hope to ſing the ſongs of the bleſſed in heaven, let us with the utmoſt care, avoid giving diſturbance to the worſhip of God on earth, by having to enter, and take our ſeat, in the midſt of it. Let our practice declare that the very beginnings of his praiſe are ſweet to our ſoul.

"HERE I muſt give my collection." This is God's treaſury; according to my ability let me caſt into it, and by all means, give current coin: *God ſeeth me.* "It is but little, that I can give." Let me give it the more heartily, from love to Jeſus Chriſt, *who loved me, and gave himſelf for me.* "This "poor ſervant caſts in more than his rich maſter, "who will cheerfully laviſh away conſiderable ſums "at a licentious ball, or riotous club:—here one, "coarſely attired, caſts in pretty largely: while "another, apparelled in ſilks and gay clothing, "gives almoſt nothing." How void of conſcience are the moſt! how many will rather GIVE a pound to the king of the children of pride, than LEND a penny to the *Father of mercies,* who made and preſerves them! "Here a perſon rich and gaily attired "gives nothing at all." Surprizing! hath God freely given him ſo much? and will he publicly refuſe that he *oweth,* or will *lend* him one farthing?—Let me never rob God, or his poor factors. Better my liberality ſhould cauſe me dreſs in a meaner attire, and take a ſcantier meal, than that Jeſus ſhould publicly condemn me to hell for with-holding more than is meet. Mean while, let me never give to be ſeen of men.

" Now I approach the church-door; but for the " greed of my penny, the keeper refuſeth me en- " trance." How unlike to the Lord Jeſus, who ſaith, *Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wiſe caſt out!* " The pſalm is raiſed." Let me ſing with underſtanding, and make melody in my heart to this Lord. " O! how my ſoul melts while I ſing the " line! Already my ſweet frame is fled. I ſcarce " attend the ſenſe of what my lips utter:—ſtanding " in this crowd, I am weary of ſinging. Baſe heart, hath a few minutes of heavenly muſic fatigued thy powers, and exhauſted thy patience! Lord, pity me, for " I am carnal, ſold under ſin. The good that I would, I do not; but the evil that I would not, that do I."

" I HAVE got preſſed in." Rejoice, my ſoul, thy entrance into heaven ſhall be much more abundant: and now that I am in the houſe of God, let me deſire nothing but God himſelf. " What mean this people to gaze on a poor ſtranger!" Is there no awe, no fear of God in their heart, that ſo inſignificant a ſpectacle draws off their mind and eyes from their ſacred work? hath Satan power to wind about theſe gazers necks, and lift up their eyes at his pleaſure? Alas! how often do the moſt common and trifling incidents, the cry of a child, the barking of a dog, or the braying of an aſs, decoy multitudes from attendance to the voice of the eternal JEHOVAH?—— and times without number, have the verieſt trifles decoyed my heart from Jeſus and his word. " A- " round me there is room enough, and to ſpare: " yet I, and other ſtrangers meanly apparelled, muſt " ſtand, perhaps till we faint in the entries." With the people here, who have ſeats, before God, avow their *reſpect of perſons*, and hazard his vengeance, by giving place to the great, not to the poor*? With many, wealth is the all-comprehending excellency; poverty, the great defect, and the worſt crime. But rejoice, my ſoul; when I enter the temple above, none ſhall queſtion my ſitting down with Jeſus on his throne: *With God there is no reſpect of perſons.* " In the time of praiſe, why obſerved I ſome gayly " attired preſs up to the moſt honourable ſeat?" Is it not criminal ceremony, and ſinful preſumption, thus to diſturb the worſhip of God, for the ſake of imaginary honour?

" PRAYER begins." Let my ſoul be lifted up to God therein. Stand aloof, every wandering thought, every carnal care, while I worſhip my God. Baſe adulterers, will ye force me to vanity, to vileneſs, in the preſence of Jeſus Chriſt my huſband?

" SERMON begins." How ſuitable this ſubject! how it pierceth my conſcience, melts my heart, and drops into it as honey from the honey-comb: Surprizing! how knows this preacher my caſe, that he ſpeaks ſo pointed, and repreſents it more exactly than I could! Every ſentence is directed to me, as if none elſe were preſent. Surely, " it is the voice of God, and not of a man."—Lord, thou haſt raviſhed and captivated my heart. " Yonder people " yawn, ſlumber and ſleep." O the ſovereignty of God, who now breathes on my ſoul, not on theirs! O his patience, to bear ſuch open affronts, and not diſpatch the criminals quick to hell! O our ſtupidity, our wickedneſs, to ſlumber when God ſpeaks, when he offers ſalvation to us in the moſt engaging manner! I dread Jeſus, at laſt, ſpeak a word to ſome of theſe ſleepers, that will for ever keep them awake in hell. " Here the preacher hits " my neighbour's caſe and fault: here his periods " are ill turned; his language coarſe; his voice " grating; his expreſſion ungenteel." Deceitful heart, who taught thee to hear for my neighbour? Is any crime with him which is not in thee? Came I here, to judge how men affect mine ear? or to *hear what God the Lord* ſhall *ſpeak?* What ſpiritual leanneſs ſhall ſuch trifling in holy things bring on my ſoul? how ſhall I anſwer for it at Jeſus' bar?—Rate not the preacher by the ear, his phraſe or accent: To truth thy reverence pay; not to her dreſs. NICE taſte of dreſs is but the childiſh judgment of ill-humoured pride. Bleſſed Jeſus, to me let never the preacher talk alone; elſe I am at beſt but tempted to admire the worm, extol his order, or his mode: but thy voice, when heard, fires all my ſoul with love to thee; arms all my powers with rage againſt my inward luſts. " Treacherous heart, " where art thou now? haſt thou left me as a corpſe " before God? and are gone home to my houſe, " my ſhop, my field, my flock, *&c.?* Lord, rebuke the evil, the carnal ſpirit, which hath taken poſſeſſion of my ſoul. Ah! *how long ſhall vain thoughts lodge within me?* " Now with pleaſure I " think on ſpiritual things, but ſuch as do not " belong to the preſent purpoſe." Into how many ſhapes will a heart deceitful above all things, and deſperately wicked, turn herſelf, to ſhun that which is good! Lord, ſeize and bind her, with thy Almighty love? " My heart again begins to glow." O kindle her into a vehement flame. Let this ſweet, this ſeaſonable promiſe, ſink to her centre: let it be engraven on her as with *a pen of iron,* and *point of a diamond.* " Sermon is finiſhed." May God ſignally bleſs it to the hearers: what of it touched my heart, let it ever abide there; let the Holy Ghoſt bring to my remembrance whatever Jeſes hath ſaid unto me.

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* *James* ii. 1.—11.

"Babtism is adminiſtered." Attend, my ſoul, with care. Here God diſplays our dreadful filth; our damning guilt to waſh from that, and reſcue from this, nought avails, but blood divine. Here, how ſhines the Saviour's love! For us he ſhed his blood! he died! At the door of the womb, he, with his bleeding laver, waits to waſh our ſoul, as ſhe enters the world. "Is this infant, and was I, baptized in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt?" How ſweet the view! all the divine THREE equally concerned for; intereſted in; working out; and honoured by, our ſalvation.—Let therefore this infant; let me and mine, be waſhed in the blood, renewed by the Spirit, and devoted to the ſervice of Chriſt. Let what I am, and have, be equally devoted to Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt: let Jehovah be my Father; Jeſus my Saviour; the Holy Spirit my ſanctifier: all in one, my God and portion.——Let me examine myſelf. Have I received the baptiſm of the Holy Ghoſt in my inner man? Am I ingrafted into, and united with Chriſt? Am I ſharer of the benefits of the new-covenant? Am I born again, juſtified, adopted, ſanctified, and intitled to eternal life? Doth my heart even now conſent to accept theſe privileges? But let me remember my faults to-day: In baptiſm was not I ſolemnly ſworn to be wholly and only the Lord's? but, alas! how have "other lords had dominion over me!"——Ah! what room they have had in my heart! what ſervice they have obtained in my life? With what millions unnumbered of vain and vile thoughts, words, and deeds, am I chargeable! How highly are all aggravated, as done againſt a ſolemn oath, and God of love!

"Now we are to be feaſted with the ſupper of our "Lord; feaſted on his fleſh and blood." Let a knife be put to my throat, if I be not *a man given to* *appetite* after Jeſus Chriſt, and nothing beſides. "Now the paſtor debars the unworthy from the ſacred banquet." Liſten, my conſcience, if thy name be found in this black roll: ponder, how far in heart, or in practice, I am chargeable with theſe bloody crimes: faithfully charge home my guilt.—Ah! how each of theſe characters ſting me to the quick! not one of theſe abominations, but I find lurking in myſelf.—Lord, iniquities prevail againſt me; but as for my tranſgreſſions, thou ſhalt purge them away." In thy all-cleanſing blood, O *cleanſe the blood* which thou haſt *not cleanſed.* "Now follows the ſacred invitation to the feaſt." Liſten, my ſoul, ponder, if thou haſt but one ſcripture-mark of theſe friends of Chriſt.——Lord, methinks I *know the plagues of my own heart;* and look on myſelf as the chief of ſinners:—but ah! what a dwarf in religion! how withered a Chriſtian muſt I be, that I can claim no other!

"How is my ſoul out of frame? but in obedience to thy dying command, *Do this in remembrance of me;* and depending on thy grace to ſupply all my wants, I come forward to thy table." "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief. Open *my* mouth wide, and fill it." Cauſe me "hunger and thirſt after righteouſneſs, that I may be *filled.—Innumerable* fears and *evils encompaſs me about:* but let me break through them all, rather than ſee Jeſus diſhonoured by the long emptineſs of his ſacred table. Should we flee from him, becauſe we know, that he is a God *gracious and merciful?* did he die in our ſtead, to make this rich proviſion for us; and dare we requite him, by openly reproaching him, and his feaſt, in ſtriving to be among the laſt to come to it! Should we love ſeats, and depend on frames, more than God our Saviour? Let me *waſh my* heart and *hands in his innocency,* his righteouſneſs, "and ſo compaſs thine altar, O Lord. O ſend forth thy light and thy truth:

let them lead me; let them bring me to thine holy hill. Then will I go to God's altar; to God mine exceeding joy."—Encouraged by my promiſe, "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor, and of a contrite ſpirit, and that trembleth at my word: the hungry he filleth with good things, while the rich are ſent empty away." "I ſit down at this "table." A worthleſs gueſt indeed! but, Lord, make me perfect through thy *comelineſs*, put upon me, as my wedding garment: O my King, ſit thou with me, *that my ſpikenard* of grace *may ſend forth the* fragrant *ſmell thereof.* Now, that I am ſet down to eat this goſpel paſſover, curſed be all the *leaven* of corruption, known or unknown, which cleaveth to my ſoul: Lord Jeſus, "perſecute and deſtroy *it*, from under theſe heavens: thy curſe unto it." Didſt thou not die, to transfer the divine curſe from my perſon to my ſin? Didſt thou not leave this, thy once worn robe, in legacy to thy executioners, my ſins: quickly let them feel its influence; and, like the accurſed *fig-tree, wither away.*

"The bread and wine are taken, and *ſanctified* "*by the word, and by prayer.* In *this word,* I ſee the divine warrant, the deſign, and the manner of receiving this feaſt. May theſe outward elements effectually repreſent, ſeal, and apply Chriſt and his benefits, to all his children, who partake to-day. May they, by faith, diſtinctly diſcern, feed upon, and apply to themſelves his perſon, righteouſneſs, and bleſſings, thereby repreſented. And may no ſcandalous or groſsly ignorant perſon, preſume to eat of the childrens bread. Lord, pity theſe aſſemblies where ſuch, perhaps without the leaſt trial, are chearfully admitted to *eat and drink damnation* to themſelves. Awful thought! perhaps juſt now thouſands ſuch, with their miniſters allowance, crucify the Son of God afreſh. Tremble, ye people, whoſe unnatural paſtors, contrary to their ſolemn vows, to pleaſe your pride, open for you the gates towards hell, leading down to the chambers of death: who readily give you TOKENS of acceſs, by prophane communicating, to ſeal up, and confirm your eternal ruin.

BUT in the *taking* and *bleſſing* of theſe elements, methinks I ſee my adored Redeemer, from everlaſting *choſen out of the people.* I view him anointed, and duly furniſhed, with every ſpiritual gift of grace, for his arduous work. Bleſſed be the Lord, who "laid help upon one that is mighty: *hath* called him in righteouſneſs, *and* given *him* to be a covenant of the people; a light to lighten the Gentiles; *and his* ſalvation to all the ends of the heart:—that the Spirit of the Lord God is upon *him, and* hath anointed *him* to preach liberty to the captives, and the opening of the priſon-doors to them that are bound; to bind up the broken hearted, to comfort all that mourn." ——Bleſſed for ever be the generous Son of God, who, that fatherleſs ſtrangers, rebellious ſinners, might ſhare of his endleſs felicity, undertook our debt, aſſumed our debaſed nature, fulfilled our bond ſervice, and bore our awful curſe; rejoiced in the habitable parts of the earth, and his "delights were with the ſons of men."—Bleſſed be he, for all the harbingers of his coming to ſave, the ancient types, preludes, promiſes, and prophecies: every one of which proclaim his alacrity therein.——O how my heart admires his kindneſs! heaves with deſire after, and burns with love to HIM, who firſt "loved me and gave himſelf for me!" how ſhe hungers and thirſts, to be filled with his righteouſneſs, his grace and glory! and to *ſhew forth*, before angels and men, that I truſt in nothing; glory in nothing; rejoice in nothing; but in *the Croſs of Chriſt,* and God reconciled in him! *Stay me with flagons* of Heaven's new wine: *comfort me with apples* of bleſſings, growing on the tree of life; *for I am ſick of love.*—O for the broad ſeal of heaven, to every promiſe of the new covenant, to me this day.

"The ſacred bread is broken; the wine is poured out." What meaneth this ſervice? It is, that God, in my nature, was broken and bruiſed for me; his blood ſqueezed forth, his ſoul poured out unto death, by the weight of mine iniquities imputed to him, and the load of his Father's wrath due to me, executed upon him. Conſider, my ſoul, the *apoſtle* and *high-prieſt* of thy profeſſion. Behold the great God, *glorious in holineſs*, born of a ſinful virgin! born in *the likeneſs of ſinful fleſh!* born under ſin! caſt out from the womb into a ſtable! *laid in a manger*, to the loathing of his perſon! Behold the *Lord of all*, early perſecuted! as a *fugitive and vagabond*, driven from the promiſed land! forced to hide himſelf in the *land of graven images!* Behold the *high and lofty One*, who inhabiteth eternity; who dwells in the high and holy place,—in light to which no man can approach, obſcurely ſojourning in Nazareth, whence *nothing good* was expected! Behold the *King of kings*, debaſed to be a ſervant of ſervants,—to ſinful men! the heir of all things laboriouſly earning his bread with the ſweat of his brow! Behold him whoſe name alone is JEHOVAH, the "moſt high over all the earth," reproached as a glutton, a drunkard, a deceiver, poſſeſſed of, and in compact with Satan! Behold him whom archangels, with the profoundeſt adoration, confeſs and adore, "betrayed into the hands of ſinners!" ſold for thirty pieces of ſilver, the price of a ſlave!—forſaken of all his diſciples!—by one denied with curſes and oaths!—reviled, buffeted, ſpitted upon, crowned with thorns! condemned, and crucified between thieves!——On theſe, let my faith not my fancy work; and my ſpiritual knowledge, not my imagination, be ſtrong.—Let me enter within the vail, to contemplate, what HIS ſoul ſuffered, when "amazed and very heavy; ſorrowful even unto death; troubled *till he cried,* What ſhall I ſay? My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me? and why art thou ſo far from the words of my roaring?" troubled till, being in agony, he did ſweat great drops of blood! O what tenfold torments! what overwhelming billows! what boundleſs deeps of divine wrath!—Aſtoniſhing thought! the *mighty God* in our nature, *troubled in ſoul,* till he knew not what to ſay! ſighing, ſweating, roaring, groaning, dying under the weight of his Father's fury, due to men! Still more endearing;—due to *me!*

"THE elements, the external ſymbols of the cru-"cified Saviour, are delivered into my hands," ſweetened with his gracious words, "Take, eat: this is my body given for you; broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. This Cup is the New Teſtament in my blood, ſhed for remiſſion of ſins unto many: drink ye all of it. Do this in remembrance of me."—O God-like!—love-like language!--ſweeter than honey to my taſte!"—how powerfully it penetrates, melts, and raviſheth every corner of my heart! Infinitely ſtupendous! Hath JEHOVAH a body? was his body broken? his blood ſhed? was all *for me?* Can I, for overwhelming joy, believe? yet, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."—And in the faith hereof, I take you, angels and men, and chiefly thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, to witneſs, that I receive this bread and wine, as means inſtituted by JEHOVAH to feed my ſoul up to eternal life, as pledges of his giving, and of my accepting Jeſus' perſon, righteouſneſs, and fulneſs, as my ALL IN ALL: that I accept of his perſon as my *Huſband,* to dwell with me; as my *Redeemer,* to bring me from the loathſome priſon, and reſcue me from the galling yoke; as my *Mediator,* to procure endleſs peace between God and my ſoul; as my *Prophet*, to ſhew me the Father, and teach me his will; my *Prieſt*, to atone for my guilt, and intercede for my bleſſedneſs; my *King*, to ſubdue my heart, direct my path, keep me in ſafety, and deſtroy my foes; and my *Maſter* and *Lord*, to be confeſſed and ſerved, in face of danger, and defiance of death; my *Friend*, to ſupport and comfort me in every adverſity, and into whoſe boſom I may commit all my ſecret concerns; my *Shepherd*, to ſeek me out, to recover me when ſtrayed, to keep me from want, to reſtore my ſoul, to cauſe me *lye down in green paſtures*, to feed me, and for ever lead me unto fountains of living waters. His *righteouſneſs* I accept, as the ſole price of my happineſs, the foundation of my pardon and peace, the matter of my boaſting, and my everlaſting *garment of ſalvation.* His *power* and *grace*, I accept as the ſource of my holy obedience, performing all things in and for me: his *Spirit* as my *ſtrengthener*, *comforter*, and *guide*: his promiſe, as the charter of my happineſs, and the channel of my gracious ſupply from his fulneſs; his law, as my rule; his *croſs*, as my *ornament* and *crown*. Jeſus Chriſt, and all that is his, are mine; and I, and all that I have, are his, from henceforth and for ever. Let this be *written in my record on high*, and for ever *graven as with a pen of iron in the rock* of my heart.

While I uſed this ſacred proviſion, hearing of men is not my proper work; the buſineſs is between Jeſus Chriſt and my ſoul. Let me ponder his delightful words, "Take, eat; this is my body broken for you. This cup is the New Teſtament in my blood, ſhed for remiſſion of ſins unto many." Let me roll them as a ſweet morſel, as honey and milk, under my tongue; let my meditation thereon be ſweet.— Was Jeſus' body broken, and his blood ſhed for *me!* for *me*, vanity! for *me*, lighter than vanity! for *me*, a worm wallowing amidſt ſtench and corruption!

for *me,* a ſtupid outrageous beaſt before him! for *me,* an uſeleſs wretch; a polluted ſinner; a perverſe child of diſobedience! for *me,* who times without number refuſed the Redeemer, trampled his blood under foot, and made the God of truth a liar: My whole heart is moved, is melted, and raviſhed at the entrance of this word.—*What is this!*—Was JEHOVAH's body broken, and his blood ſhed for ſuch a *dog,* ſuch a *child of the devil,* an *enemy of all righteouſneſs,* as I am? Was ever work; ever love like this! Why was it done? he *loved me, and gave himſelf for me. He loved* ME, ſo mean! ſo poor! ſo deformed! ſo froward! ſo infamous! ſo loathſome! ſo abominable! *He loved* ME, who hated, loathed, and abhorred, and murdered him! Thrice-pleaſant! tranſporting wonder! the *Son of God loved me, and gave himſelf for* ME! What can I more ſay! Is this the manner of men, O Lord?

BUT for what end did he love ME, and give his body to be broken, and his blood to be ſhed for ME? Was it that I ſhould "not periſh, but have everlaſting life?" that he might "love my ſoul from the pit of corruption?" that he might enter into the ſtable of my heart; and make it "an habitation of God through the Spirit?" Was it, that he might deliver and preſerve ME from idols; and from the grievous ſervitude of corruption? that he might recall ME, a guilty fugitive and vagabond, from an endleſs, a wrathful exile from my God? Was it, that he might make obſcure and wretched ME, in whom no good dwells, a ſhining *pillar* in the temple of his God; give ME a *new name,* better than of ſons and daughters; and beſtow upon ME everlaſting fulneſs, riches, and reſt? Was not his body broken and his blood ſhed for ME, that divine juſtice might withhold her overwhelming floods of deſerved vengeance from ME? might deliver ME into the hands of unbounded mercy, to enliven, cheriſh, and bleſs ME! to acquit, and, amidſt unfallen angels, and ranſomed men, crown *me* with endleſs glory, life, and righteouſneſs? to overwhelm *me* with bliſs, till I be for ever enraptured, amazed, and nonpluſſed, what to think, or ſay of his GRACE?

BUT who are the guilty perſecutors, betrayers, and murderers of him, who ſo loved *me*, and gave himſelf for *me*?—Ah! my ſins:——he bare our ſins in his own body on the tree. Bloody cannibals! was it not enough for you to murder my ſoul; but have you murdered my God, my Saviour too! Oh! if mine head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for your bloody crimes!—Ah! the curſed deeds, the horrid acts, my ſins have done! what murderous things they be! Riſe, riſe my heart, proclaim eternal war with every darling luſt; raiſe revenge; ſlay the murderers: ſpare none: O earth, cover thou not their blood, let their cry have no place. Almighty God, unto whom vengeance belongeth, ſhew thyſelf; heap tenfold fury on their head: when thou makeſt inquiſition for blood, remember them: the violence done to me, and to my Saviour, be on this wicked heart; our blood be on the curſed inhabitants thereof: Theſe foxes, theſe mother's children, I cannot take or ſlay; but, in thy dreadful name, I turn and curſe them: do thou ſeize; do thou tear them in pieces, while there is none to deliver them. Curſed be every inclination of my ſoul, every act of my life *that doth the work of the Lord deceitfully, and keepeth back his ſword from their blood.* Vile miſcreants, let me ſerve you as you did my Saviour, my God. In his firſt infancy, did you inhoſpitably exclude him from the inn? Be gone for ever from my heart; let your place there be no more found. Did you early ſeek his life? Through his grace, I vow to take your firſt motions, your *tender little ones*, and daſh them to pieces againſt his croſs. Did you baniſh him from the holy land? Over his ſhed blood I ſwear to purſue you through every corner of my heart, my life, or my influence on earth, that you may find no reſt.—Huddled you him up in baſe, in abandoned Nazareth, and made him earn his bread with *ſore travel?* Deſpicable, *dung* ſhall I account you, and every thing tainted with you, "that I may win Chriſt, and be found in him;" and uneaſy and ſtruggling ſhall be your life in my heart;—my houſe. Covered ye his bleſſed name with the vileſt reproach? To believe,—to ſpread your execrable fame,—to load you with your juſt, but odious character, ſhall be the buſineſs of my life.—Allowed you him *no where to lay his head?* Eagerly ſhall I ſtrive, earneſtly ſhall I pray, that you may find no room in me, or about me; nor room in the church, or in the earth; that "the kingdoms of this world may become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Chriſt; *and* the whole earth be filled with his glory." Stirred ye up multitudes againſt him? Let me ſtir up ALL *againſt the kingdom of* ſin. Ye powers of my ſoul, "crucify the fleſh, with her affections and luſts; reſiſt unto blood ſtriving againſt *ſin:*" Ye ſons of men, "hate evil; hate every falſe and wicked way; abhor it; abſtrain from *every approach to it,* and appearance of *it:* Awake, O Lord, to the judgment which thou haſt commanded; ſubdue our iniquities, *and* caſt *our* ſins into the depths of the ſea."—Abominations infernal, did you excite one diſciple to betray, another to deny, and the reſt to forſake him and flee? Now do I, ah! too long your unhappy diſciple, covenant to give you up,—to give the moſt beloved of you up, into the hand of Jeſus, my great *Elder* and *High Prieſt,* who *ſeeketh* your life; and "was manifeſted to deſtroy the works of the devil;" In his ſtrength, I vow to deny all ungodlineſs and worldly luſt; and to live ſoberly, righteouſly, and godly, in this preſent world; to flee youthful luſts; to forſake the evil, and chuſe the good.—Did you inſtigate his foes to ſpit on, ſet at nought, ſcourge, condemn, and crucify him? Through his grace, I purpoſe to oppoſe, to abominate, and condemn you; and, by a conſtant application of his death, for ſanctifying me, and for weakening and killing you, to nail you to his croſs.——Feeble reſolves! Of myſelf, I can do nothing but ſin: It is thine, Lord, and on thee I depend to *work all* my *work in* me; and "perform all things for me."

BUT why is this cup called the *New Teſtament in his blood?* Is it not becauſe the whole covenant of grace, with all her bleſſings, as purchaſed by his blood; and all her promiſes, as ratified in it, is *therewith* divinely made over to me, and ſolemnly confirmed to me, by my reception and drinking thereof? O how highly favoured of the Lord am I! the "everlaſting covenant is made with me; and this is all my ſalvation and all my deſire." What cluſters of tranſcendent bleſſings, and of "exceeding great and precious promiſes," are here!—If I am guilty; the immutable God hath engaged to *blot out* my *tranſgreſſion as a thick cloud:* if defiled; to *ſprinkle clean water* on me, and *cleanſe* me *from all* my *filthineſs:* if hard-hearted; to *take away* my *heart of ſtone, and give* me *an heart of fleſh:* If carnal, and earthly-minded; to *put his Spirit* within me; if perverſe and plagued, to *ſee* my *ways, and heal them:* if grieved; to "reſtore comforts to me, and to my mourners:" if deſerted; to *ſee* me *again:* if tempted; to make his grace ſufficient for me: if bent to backſliding; to "bring *me* again from Baſhan-hill, and the ſeas devouring deeps; to *heal* my *backſliding and love* me *freely;* never to *turn away from* me *to do* me good; and to *put* his *fear in* my *heart,* that I may *not turn away from* him: if I am in doubt with reſpect to my duty; he hath engaged to *teach* me, a *ſinner,* his *way:* if my faith fails; he hath promiſed, that in Jeſus' "name ſhall the Gentiles truſt:" if I am under the prevalence of obdurate impenitency; he hath bound himſelf, that I "ſhall look on him whom I have pierced, and mourn:" if my love chills; he is deep ſworn to "circumciſe *my* heart to love the Lord:" If I am given to Atheiſm; he teſtifieth againſt me, that he is "God, even my God:" If I am in trouble, and like to be terrified with mine adverſities, and enemies; he ſaith, "I will be with him in trouble: When thou paſſeſt through the waters, I will be with thee: fear not, I am with thee; be not diſmayed, I am thy God:" if, in ſoul or body, I am poor and needy,—am preſaging ſad wants; he aſſures me, that "bread ſhall be given *me*, *and my* water be ſure; *that my* God will ſupply all my need, according to his riches in glory by Chriſt Jeſus:" if I am concerned for the ſpiritual welfare of my poſterity: he engageth to pour out his *Spirit on* my *ſeed*, and his *bleſſings on* mine *offspring*.—Do I tremble for the caſe of Zion? he hath engaged to *build* her up; to make her, "as though ſhe had not been caſt off;" to enlarge her peace; "give *her* paſtors according to his own heart, to feed his people with knowledge and underſtanding; *to be as* the dew to Iſrael, *make him* revive as the corn, grow as the lily, *and caſt* forth his roots as Lebanon." Am I wearied of an evil world? he hath pledged his truth, that I "ſhall go up to *the mount* Zion *above*, with everlaſting joy *on mine head;* enter into the palace of the King; *be made* a pillar in the temple of my God, and go no more out." Engraven as in leaves of braſs,—deep marked with Jeſus' blood, theſe mighty promiſes ſhine: they continue, "like mount Zion, which ſhall never be removed." Mountains may depart, and hills be removed; but God's loving-kindneſs will he not take from me, nor ſuffer the ſworn, the blood-ratified covenant of his peace to be broken. Here, in ſome humble place, let my name for ever ſtand, below the WORTHY LAMB.—O for a ſtrong, a laſting faith, to credit the Almighty's word: to embrace the promiſe of his Chriſt; and call the joys of heaven my own!

BUT why do I partake of theſe ſymbols? It is to "ſhew forth the Lord's death till he come." It is *in remembrance* of Jeſus, as my finiſhed ſacrifice, and my abſent friend, who returns quickly to receive me to himſelf; that where he is, I may be with him, to behold his glory; and be like him, by ſeeing him as he is. Lord, who would not remember THEE, by the ſuffering of torment and death? how much more by eating the *bread of life*, and drinking the *cup of ſalvation?* Let my right hand forget her cunning, if I forget thee; if I forget to love, to ſerve, and to long for thee; if I prefer any advantage on earth, to thy ſervice; if the enjoyment of thee be not the chief, the ſole quinteſſence of that heavenly happineſs which I wiſh, or expect.—O when ſhall I be feaſted, *with all the fulneſs of God!* when ſhall faint, twilight, momentary, views of thy countenace, give place to bright, meridian, endleſs viſion! "Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace; for mine eyes have ſeen thy ſalvation. I deſire to depart, and be with Chriſt, which is far better." But ſuppoſe my days on earth be prolonged, I hope to carry about with me the reliſh, the impreſſion of this divine viſit, till I die. Never, I hope, ſhall corruptions, doubts, or darkneſs, prevail againſt me, as heretofore: "My mountain ſtands ſtrong; I ſhall never be moved."——

"MY ſweet raviſhment is already gone: Jeſus "hideth his face, and I am troubled." Let me truſt in the name, in the promiſe of the Lord, which doth not ebb and flow with my frames.——Carnal heart, where art thou now?——Not one thought upon divine things can I command: Ah! my curſed pride, and dependence on my frame, on my wiſdom and ſtrength, have brought me to this!—After ſo clear and delightful views of my *God, my Saviour*, muſt I leave this table as a ſtupid, a carnal, careleſs beaſt!—What if all was a mere deluſion?—Few moments ago, I hoped to riſe full of the Holy Ghoſt, and in the firm aſſurance of a ſpeedy interview with Chriſt, in his Father's kingdom: but now, were it not, that I cannot, I dare not, give up my claim to that promiſe, which I thought the Rock of Iſrael ſpoke to me at ****, I behoved to conclude the manner of my preſent removal from this table, an awful preſage of Jeſus' ſhortly driving me from his judgment-ſeat, with a tremendous, “I know you not; depart from me, you worker of iniquity.”——“Now, being come from the table, had I any ſecret place, I would retire a little, and pour out my complaints unto God.”——Sometimes, deeply impreſſed with a Redeemer's dying command, have I, through floods of fear, of luſt, of temptation, and of divine hidings, ſtruggled forward to his ſacred feaſt, and have come away rejoicing in God through him.——Sometimes I have gone up, continued at, and come away like a ſerpent, which feedeth on duſt and aſhes.—But never, immediately after ſo raviſhing a frame, was my ſoul altogether ſwallowed up of corruption.

“Now I look on, while others partake.” When I think what a miracle of redeeming love it is, to ſee theſe ſinful men feaſting with God upon the fleſh and blood of his only begotten Son: when I hear Jeſus repeat theſe affecting words, “Take, eat; this is my body broken for you: this is my blood of the New-Teſtament, which is ſhed for many: which is ſhed for you:”——when I hear his ſufferings exhibited, his promiſes declared, agreeable to the various and unnumbered caſes of his children, my heart begins to glow; Lord, kindle it into a “vehement flame.——Now is come ſalvation and ſtrength:” the Lord gives me a ſealed pardon of all my ſins, a clear view of my King in his beauty, and of the heavenly land afar off: now he ſaith to my ſoul, "Come let us reaſon together: though your ſins be as ſcarlet, they ſhall be white as ſnow; and though they be as crimſon, they ſhall be as wool. Thou ſhalt be as though thou hadſt not been caſt off."—Lord, ſhould death now ſeize me in thine arms, ſcarce would his terror make me afraid; ſcarcely could I feel his cold embrace. While I believe, while I ſee thy love in dying for me, how earneſtly I covet death, that I may be with thee,—may perfectly reſemble my Father who is in heaven! —I was not formed for earth and ſin; nor can I live on things ſo vile:—how I tremble to think of relapſing into my luſts!—how the view of thy death hath made the world dead to me; and me to it! May I rather die a thouſand deaths than lack thy preſence. Since here I cannot enjoy thee to my wiſh; let me die, that I may *know* thee, *even as I am known*. How my breaſt burns with the view of that *Eternity*, whoſe beginnings I feel in my ſoul! O when ſhall death put on my clay pale ſilks for marriage-robes, in which, rather from which, I ſhall go to *God mine exceeding joy*.—What dreadful aſſaults from Satan hath my ſoul ſuſtained! but now, as if he had loſt all his darts, I feel nothing but inexpreſſible tranquility and peace with God, through my Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

"The communicants come and go from the table, with the high praiſes of God in their mouth." When I meet with Jeſus on earth, how it tunes my heart to praiſe him! When I retire from this world to the celeſtial banquet, what high ſongs ſhall be in my lips! what everlaſting joy on my head! When we, ranſomed millions, retire from the judgment-ſeat, to the palace of the King, how all along the paſſage ſhall we ſhout the Redeemer! For ever, with what melody ſhall we cry, “Salvation to our God that ſitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb!” “How hath the diſcourſe at this table warmed my “heart! how pertinently hath my caſe been ſpoken “to! what encouraging promiſes have I heard!” Now I ſee, and am perſuaded, that nothing can ſeparate me from the love of Chriſt, or turn away his mercy from me: now can I with pleaſure, kiſs croſſes, or comforts, ſmiling goodneſs, or afflicting juſtice: I can do all things through Chriſt ſtrengthening me; I have learned in whatſoever ſtate I am, therewith to be content:—Only SIN I will not, I cannot endure.—When I can read my title clear to manſions in the heavens,—I bid my griefs and fears depart; I wipe my weeping eyes. “The table is drawn.” But bleſſed JEHOVAH, the goſpel-table is not drawn, the fulneſs of God is not exhauſted; the feaſt in glory ſhall never be finiſhed.——O to drink of the *new* wine with Chriſt in his Father's kingdom! O to receive my next communion in the immediate preſence of God! Ordinances of the Moſt High; precious means of my fellowſhip with Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt; how gladly would I exchange you for God himſelf as my ALL IN ALL! Ciſterns, how willingly would I part with you, for the infinite *fountain of living waters!* Houſe of God, in which a day hath often been better than a thouſand; how cheerfully would my ſoul exchange thee for the *houſe eternal in the heavens!* To it ſwift be my paſſage, ſhort my road; may I but ſhut my eyes, and ſee my God.

“Now prayer is to begin; what a roll of diſtreſſed perſons are here recommended to our ſympathy!” My ſoul, I charge thee, now and afterward, to carry their caſe before God; weep with them that weep; in all their affliction be thou afflicted, as if it were thyſelf, being yet in the body.—

Let me, with the congregation, thank the Lord for what of his goodneſs he cauſed to paſs before us. Let us bewail our unworthy carriage in his preſence. Let us beg that he may fix on our heart what we have heard, ſeen, felt, and taſted "of the word of life. *Let us* ſtrive together in *our* prayers *for Zion, till her* righteouſneſs go forth as brightneſs, *and* her ſalvation as a lamp that burneth." Let us now ſing pſalms with grace." "My heart is fixed, my heart is fixed, "I will ſing and give praiſe."—Sweet lines!—the joy; the delight of my ſoul! let no officious impertinent thought intrude on my mind, while I join to ſing them.

"Now the paſtor proceeds to bleſs us in the name "of the Lord." Why this buſtle among the people to get out before, or during the pronunciation of this ſolemn bleſſing? Are theſe hurrying profeſſors in compact with Satan? Have they ſworn to him, that they ſhall never willingly hear it? Are they tired out with the delightful work of the day? Have they no manners toward their Maker, that they will not wait a decent *farewell?* Or, reckon they his bleſſing unworthy of a moment's patience? I wiſh this *ſcandalous* flying off, be not the prelude of their diſmiſſion from Jeſus' bar, loaded with a grievous, an eternal curſe! Lord how heartily my ſoul ſays *amen* to this ſweet benediction! By this *grace of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt*, this *love of the Father*, and *communion of the Holy Ghoſt*, do men live; and herein is the life of my ſoul.

"My friends and I go to a refreſhment." May none of us, by improper converſation, deaden and defile; but quicken and *edify one another in love!* As iron ſharpeneth iron, may each of us "provoke one another unto love and good works." "Perhaps "ſome *better* than we, have nothing to refreſh them-

“ ſelves with.” However, abſtinence is often the beſt of medicine. O how much good God hath done to me, by denying me what I deſired! Is there any thing, next to Jeſus and his grace, that I am more beholden to, than to wants and trouble?—Thrice bleſſed wants, which lead to a full, a liberal Saviour! Pray, Sirs, “ while we refreſh our body with Jeſus’ “ external bounty,” let us refreſh our inner-man with a review of our buſineſs to-day; let us talk of the excellent things which he hath done for and to us? let us compare notes; and why not hearts and frames: —*How went the matter* with your ſoul *to-day?* “ Saw ye him whom my ſoul loveth?” Did “ he put in his hand by the hole of the door;” move your bowels, and refreſh your heart? Did he bring you *into his banquetting-houſe;* and direct the banner of love over you? Was the *King held in the galleries* of ordinances? Did he ſit at his table, and cauſe your *ſpikenard* to ſend forth the ſmell thereof? Did *ſomebody* here *touch* him, till virtue proceeded from him to heal every plague? According to this ſolemn occaſion may it be ſaid, “ What hath the Lord done? What hath the Lord wrought?”

“ Now we go to evening-exerciſe.” May God come down, and do *things which we look not* for: let the *mountains flow down at* his *preſence.* Jeſus, my King, come down; according to all that thy ſoul deſireth, come down, and my part ſhall be to deliver my luſts into thy hand, for the deſtruction thereof.—The more of Chriſt I enjoy, the more my deſire after him is enlarged; my heart, like the daughters of the horſe-leech, ſtill crieth, GIVE, GIVE. O to be in heaven, where I will have more than heart can wiſh of him, and his fulneſs, and get my whole ſoul poured forth in everlaſting raptures and flames of love to him!” I may call the name of this diſcourſe, “ *The Lord is there.*” “ Have I alſo here looked after him who *liveth and ſeeth me?*" But, ſhocking thought, how quickly ſhall this multitude be diſmiſſed from Jeſus' bar, perhaps moſtly, in the *very ſame ſtate* as now!

"TO-DAY have I been entertained with the preaching the goſpel of Chriſt?" Yes: the preachers were regularly called to their office; and plainly ſhew themſelves, not the ſervants of men, both of Jeſus Chriſt, for our ſake; preachers not of themſelves, but of Chriſt Jeſus the Lord.—No trifling or angry diſpute hath larded their diſcourſe.—The ſum of all that I have heard is, "that, as ſin reigned unto death *ſo* grace," the free favour of God, "reigns through *imputed* righteouſneſs unto eternal life," begun in grace and perfected in glory, "by Jeſus Chriſt our Lord." How clearly hath the difference of the law, which requires all obedience from me; and of the *goſpel ſtrictly* taken, which freely offers, brings near, preſents, and gives, all privileges to me; and their bleſſed harmony, and mutual ſubſerviency in Chriſt, been ſtated and illuſtrated.—How have the rigid precepts, and the tremendous curſes of the broken law, and my own guilt, corruption, and weakneſs, been thundered into my ears? Not that I ſhould attempt to keep the law, for recommending me to the favour of God; but, that, as a diſtinguiſhed, and unparalleled ſinner, I pricked to the heart, might flee from it, to Jeſus, as the "end of the law for righteouſneſs, to every one that believeth;" and, ſafe under his ſhadow, his ſprinkling of blood, might admire what he undertook: what he fulfilled for me.—Hath not my ſoul been charmed with the glad tidings of great joy, which are to *all people,* that to us SINNERS was born; to us AS SINNERS, is divinely given *a* SAVIOUR, "which is Chriſt the Lord!"——That HE, in whom dwells all the fulneſs of GOD; HE, in whom all the promiſes are YEA and AMEN, hath fulfilled all righteouſneſs, and received all gifts for men, yea, for the REBELLIOUS, that God the Lord might dwell among them?—That unto men, brutiſh, guilty, polluted, loſt, and enſlaved, HE *is given* in the goſpel offer, is “ made of God wiſdom, righteouſneſs, ſanctification, and redemption?”——That, in the moſt gracious and free promiſes, in the moſt unnumbered invitations, HE lifteth up his heart-melting voice, and ſtretcheth out his arms of mercy, to ſave ſinners, even the chief?—O “ faithful ſaying, and worthy of all acceptation!”—How warmly have I been exhorted, that being united to Jeſus, “ as the Lord my righteouſneſs,” redeemed by his blood out of the hand of my ſpiritual enemies, bleſſed with the free remiſſion of my ſins, acceptance into the favour of God, and full and irrevocable claim to endleſs felicity, according to the riches of his righteouſneſs and grace;—united to HIM, “ as my quickening and ſtrengthening head *I ſhould* ſerve him in holineſs and righteouſneſs before him all the days of *my* life; denying ungodlineſs, and worldly luſts, *and* walking ſoberly, righteouſly, and godly in this preſent world!—*being* perfect, even as my Father which is in heaven is perfect!”——How ſweetly hath the “ perfecting of holineſs in the fear of the Lord” been ſet before me, as my GREAT PRIVILEGE, purchaſed with a Saviour's blood; given in his promiſe; ſecured by the imputation of his all-cleanſing righteouſneſs! and effected by his Spirit!—as my honourable and comprehenſive DUTY, which I am commanded by his law: conſtrained toward by his love; directed to by his pattern; and aſſiſted in by his grace!—as my uſeful BUSINESS, whereby I at once honour my God; truly profit my neighbour; and bring into myſelf, a preſent, an everlaſting, but gracious reward.—By divine truth, in this order, do men live; and therein is the life of my ſoul.

IT is the proper connecting of the heavenly oracles, that makes a ſermon reliſh as *true goſpel* with me. Ah! how many ſermons are a mere chaos of confuſion, nay, an antichriſtian overturning of the goſpel of God; not ſo much becauſe they are larded with error, as that divine truths are not therein exhibited in their true connection with JEHOVAH's redeeming grace, and with Jeſus' perſon, and imputed righteouſneſs, as their centre! How abſurdly doth the preacher deſcant concerning the divine perfections, if he ſhew me not God "as in Chriſt, well pleaſed," not with my legal ſervice, but "for his righteouſneſs ſake:" and ſo "reconciling the world to himſelf," in giving to them his Son, and in giving them himſelf, as their "God merciful and gracious, abundant in goodneſs and truth, forgiving iniquity, tranſgreſſion, and ſin."——Without THIS, every ſplendid harangue of increated excellencies, can only be conſidered by me, as a celebration of that which I cannot obtain; nay, of my greateſt foe; and ſo cannot fail to work wrath in my heart againſt him.——How cruel mockery, to entertain me, a SINNER, with deſcants of the heavenly glory, if it be not repreſented as a *better country*, to which Jeſus, the Saviour from ſin, is the ſole, the *new*, the, *living*, the *free*, the *patent way*;—as a *poſſeſſion, purchaſed* with his blood, and *given* in his gracious promiſe;——and as a felicity, conſiſting in the endleſs beholding of HIS glory, and the enjoying of oGd in HIM!——To diſcourſe to me, a rich deſervant of wrath, concerning the tremendous nature, the juſtneſs, and the perpetual duration of hell-fire, without reminding me, how Jeſus the Redeemer "bore our griefs, and carried our ſorrows, *was* made a curſe for us," that he might ſave us from the wrath to come, and obtain eternal redemption for us,—is but to act the fiend, and to torment me before the time.

To acquaint me with the multitude, the filth, the abſurdity, of my vices, and my luſts: and with the charms, the profit, the pleaſure, the honour, the duty of virtue; and to call me off, from the one to the other, how *Heatheniſh*, if he ſet not before me, Jeſus "as ſent to ſave men from ſin," to *ſanctify the people* with his own blood; Jeſus as having "finiſhed tranſgreſſion, made an end of *ſin, and* brought in an everlaſting righteouſneſs," through which imputed, we became *dead to*, and are *delivered from*, the broken law of works, which is the *ſtrength of ſin;* have our inward enmity ſlain by his bleeding love, and Almighty Spirit; that being *married* to, and created a-new in Chriſt Jeſus," and having him *dwelling in our heart*, we, in his ſtrength, may bring forth "fruit unto God, *and* walk in newneſs of life!"

How warmly may the preacher harangue concerning the new birth, its nature, its neceſſity and excellency; concerning the indwelling of the divine Spirit in our ſoul; concerning mortification of ſin, repentance towards God, and fellowſhip with him, without preaching the goſpel of Chriſt! how often doth the blaſphemous Quaker ſo entertain his, or her, audience!—If theſe are not repreſented as the purchaſe of Jeſus' obedience; as the abſolutely free and promiſed gift of God to us; as the fruit of union to Jeſus, as the Lord our righteouſneſs and ſtrength; where is the *goſpel*, the glad tidings to me, who am "dead in treſpaſſes and ſins." Without this quickening *prophecy* how can my *dead bones live?* Without this *hearing of faith*, how can I receive the Holy Ghoſt? Untouched by redeeming love, how can I, who am by nature *enmity againſt God*, forſake or crucify my luſts, or turn to him, as my Maſter and joy? how can I walk with him, *except* through the blood of his Son, *we be agreed*, and have him for our WAY?

To no more purpoſe, harangues he to me, concerning Jeſus' ſufferings and merits, and my duty to believe on him; if he ſhew me not, how this Jeſus was divinely "made under the law:—made ſin for us;" had our ſins charged and puniſhed on him;—"died for the ungodly:—ſuffered the juſt for the unjuſt, that he might bring us *ſinners* to God, *and make us* the righteouſneſs of God," perfectly righteous before God as a judge, IN HIM:—if he do not exhibit the record of God, that, in his crucified Son, *there is eternal life* for ſinners, even the chief; and that he, as my Almighty, my only Saviour, my gracious huſband, my everlaſting righteouſneſs, unfailing ſtrength, and ſatisfying portion, is, in the evangelic promiſe and oath of God, given to me, as one "ſtout-hearted, and far from righteouſneſs." Without ſuch repreſentation, ſuch exhibition of Chriſt, amidſt ten thouſand deſcants of a Saviour, and of faith in him, I am but told, that he merited life for me, if I, who "cannot ceaſe from ſin," do, by my own good works, and ſincere intentions, recommend myſelf to his favour; or, that he merited, that I might merit for myſelf.—What is this, more than a Jeſuit doth teach?—Without ſuch exhibition of Chriſt, the faith to which I am exhorted is but an airy fancy, without a foundation; a wandering into a wilderneſs, in which there is no way; a preſumptuous robbery of God, pretending to take hold of his Son, without eyeing his GIVING PROMISE as my warrant.

DETESTED too, be the preacher, who warmly deſcants concerning Jeſus' imputed righteouſneſs, and his Father's free GIFT of him for men, as their ſurety and ranſom, and to them, as their huſband and portion; but neglects to point him forth as a Saviour *from* the power and pollution of "ſin,—manifeſted to deſtroy the works of the devil" in my heart and life, and fill their place with implanted habits of grace in my heart, and exerciſes of true holineſs in my life;—a Redeemer "from all iniquity, *who* comes to turn away ungodlineſs from Jacob;" a purchaſer of "a peculiar people, zealous of good works:"—ſhews me not, how Jeſus' redeeming love conſtrains to "hate every falſe way;" how his juſtifying ſentence aſcertains and promotes ſpiritual life of conformity to God; how his dwelling in my heart by faith, infallibly determineth to, and powerfully effectuateth "holineſs in all manner of converſation."—Deteſted be the preacher, who preſents not SIN as the *greateſt miſery*, as well as the *only crime* of rational creatures; and HOLINESS as the very quinteſſence of true and endleſs felicity; who repreſents not my HOLINESS in nature and in life, as the glorious end of all the gracious purpoſes, precious promiſes, holy laws, kind providences, free and ineſtimable gifts of God.

"Now we go home from public worſhip: but "what crowds yonder recreate themſelves!" Is there no fear of God in this place? Is there no miniſter or magiſtrate, who may check this ſhameful and wicked practice! Should God ſit judge upon the inhabitants of this corner, as on the man who gathered ſticks on the Sabbath, how few would eſcape *public ſtoning!* But though he bear long, he will revenge them ſpeedily: their judgment lingereth not; their damnation ſlumbereth not. Ah! curſed recreation, that ends in eternal torment! Do not the people of this country know that they have immortal ſouls, that they cannot deviſe, how to ſpend a ſeventh day, in concern about their ſpiritual and eternal happineſs. "What numbers of children play on the ſtreet!" Ah! are their parents deſirous to witneſs theſe, now ſportive babes, doomed to everlaſting deſtruction; and to hear them eternally curſe them, for not warning them of their ſin and danger, and reſtraining them from it?

"By the ſhutting of their doors and windows, "what numbers ſeem already in bed!" Poor ſouls, hath a part of a Sabbath wearied them out? how then could they endure an eternity in heaven? What killing work to them would be the unceaſing praiſes of God and the Lamb? But it is hell for which they ſeem ripening:——how will they reliſh "everlaſting burnings, *where* they ſhall have no reſt day nor night;" where, for every ſleep procured by robbing God "ſo much torment and ſorrow ſhall be given them!"

"Yonder profeſſors come, I ſuppoſe, from a tea-"viſit." Alas! when will they grow wiſe? Is not this contrary to God's command, to do their own ways, and find their own pleaſures? Is it not to expoſe themſelves to carnal converſe? to divert their friends from the proper buſineſs of the day? Doth not their example tempt the openly wicked to crowd together on it, for their carnal chat, their unneceſſary drinking, or civil employ? And is it not affecting, that ſo few profeſſors, on other days, have their private meetings for prayer and ſpiritual converſe? Would not ſuch a courſe tend to the revival of religion? to rekindling of Chriſtian love! Would it not promote mutual watchfulneſs, and brotherly reproof; and ſo prevent manifold ſcandals? Would it not increaſe religious knowledge; improve the practice of prayer; and tend to bring bleſſings on the land? for the joint "effectual fervent prayer of righteous men availeth much."

"Goeth yonder *** miniſter, with his looſe "companion, to the tavern? or goeth he to his friend "****'s houſe, to enjoy his cups? perhaps to play "at his darling cards." O the ſurpriſing patience of God, which ſuffers ſuch criminals to live!——Contrary to their vows, their credit, their character, how many leaders of this people cauſe them to err; and they that are led of them, are deſtroyed? Is it not ſufficient that too many unfaithful paſtors of this age, ſhould, on the Sabbath, chat concerning carnal buſineſs as farmers do in a market? but muſt they alſo thereon eat and drink with the drunken? How can I ſafely acknowledge any ſuch as ambaſſadors of Jeſus Chriſt? Need I wonder, that their hearers ſhould boldly curſe and ſwear in their preſence? ſhould, by idle walking, profane the Sabbath in their view? ſhould avowedly neglect the private and ſecret worſhip of their Maker? Alas! how many miniſters are at pains, in their practice, to teach their people, that Chriſtianity is all a farce! and themſelves mere diſſemblers in the pulpit?

"When the converſation among thoſe with whom "I walk, turned upon trifling circumſtances, as, "whom they ſaw to-day? who preached? how proper his method? how eaſy and flowing his language? how finely turned his periods? and the "like; they ſpoke with great readineſs and pleaſure, "enamoured with the ſubject: but being checked "for ſuch proſtitution of ſacred time, and a ſpiritual "topic of converſe introduced, they are moſtly ſtruck "as ſpeechleſs, as if a dumb ſpirit had entered into "them." Is it not truly ſhocking for profeſſed Chriſtians, juſt after ſo ſolemn work, to plunge themſelves into the curſe of Korah and his company? to give themſelves to be ſwallowed up alive in the earth? Can any thing tend more effectually to carry out of their head and heart, every impreſſion of that which they have been about?—How often hath my conſcience upbraided me for this criminal conduct? How often have I bewailed my guilt before God, and yet, on the firſt temptation, relapſed into it! Lord, "for thy name's ſake pardon mine iniquity: for it is *very* great."

"Having got ſafely home, let each of us firſt go "alone, and cry to God for a bleſſing on the ordi"nances of this day." God forbid, that we ſhould prefer our body to our ſoul. Carnal feaſting, as well as carnal company, juſt after ſolemn work, hath no ſmall tendency to rot the ſpiritual ſeed. "We are now at ſupper." Let there be a ſavour of Chriſt at our table, that it may not become a trap to us. Let us talk of the ſupper of the Lord, wherewith we have been feaſted to-day: and of the *ſupper of the Lamb*, wherewith we hope to be feaſted for ever. "How "unruly, and full of idle chat, are theſe children! "worſe on Sabbath than on other occaſions." Ah! how like our hearts! Did not common prudence, pride, fear of men, awe of a natural conſcience, and the like, reſtrain many, would they not give as ſad diſcoveries of the carnality and folly of their hearts, as theſe babes do? "We have got family worſhip; "but this man who, in prayer, hath been our mouth "to God, hath ſadly proſtituted the ordinance, by "the tireſome length of it; and by intermingling "doubtful diſputes, and inſtructive hints, as if he in-"tended to *teach the Almighty knowledge*." Never on ſuch occaſions, do I reliſh long prayers in company with others: and never worſe, than when they are uſed by thoſe, who, to their ſhame, are often exceeding curt and hurried, or, contrary to reaſon, noiſy and loud, in their ſecret devotion.

"LET me now retire by myſelf, and ſeriouſly re-"view the favours of God, and my carriage towards "him to-day.——Let me ſolemnly confeſs my ſins; "offer thankſgiving for my mercies: and beg the "ſupply of my wants." May this night witneſs a Peniel communion betwixt God and my ſoul. May her ſilent watches atteſt the unutterable groans of my heart, and the ſongs of my praiſe unto the God of my life. Let not me "give ſleep to mine eyes, *or* ſlumber to mine eye-lids, till I find a place for the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob," in my heart, my family, my country, and the whole earth. Let me pray over the work of the day; and ſolemnly devote myſelf, my friends, and neighbours, to him "who loved me, and gave himſelf for me." Let me earneſtly plead his various promiſes, as they reſpect our diverſified caſe. Let me apprehend him, hold him, and refuſe *to let him go, till I* bring him *to my mother's houſe, to the chambers*, the aſſemblies and ordinances *of* the church *that conceived me.* "Scarcely begun to pray, my heart hath forſaken me." Was ever heart ſo deceitful, ſo carnal, ſo wicked! Was ever ſuch a changeling in religious exerciſes as I? Ah! I am *almoſt in the midſt of all evil!* Luſts prevail; Satan aſſails me with redoubled fury, buffets me with his *fiery darts:* he ſuggeſts the moſt atheiſtical, blaſphemous, and abominable thoughts; he tempts me to the vileſt enormities. My fleſh ſhudders to think of my caſe! What ſhall I do?—Pray I cannot: forbear I dare not.—Dare not, my ſoul, to finiſh a day, and eſpecially a Sabbath, without ſome ſpecial fellowſhip with God.—"Where, *Lord,* is the ſounding of thy bowels, and thy tender mercies toward me? are they reſtrained?" I cannot, I dare not, let thee alone, till thou deliver me. I dare not ſleep with a heart in this caſe. Rather will I wreſtle till the day break, than leave the duty without finding thee. Alas! wreſtle I cannot; but will ſigh and groan, till thou return and reſcue me from my ſpiritual enemies.—Compaſſionate Samaritan, haſten thine aid to a poor ſoul, *fallen among thieves* indeed; a ſoul that lieth bleeding at thine altar,—lieth a murdering by Satan and his own luſts! Canſt thou ſuffer ſuch indignity to be done to thy darling ordinances of prayer?—to be done to a poor *brother,* but newly devoted to thy ſervice? Can thy pity forbear flying to the relief of thine own,—of thy deſtitute *kinſman?*

"Now I have found him whom my ſoul loveth." Thrice precious truth, that he never ſaid to the ſeed of Jacob, *Seek ye me in vain.* Come, my boloved, let us go into the field ; let us lodge in the villages ; there will I give thee my loves. Come, let us take our fill of divine love until the morning : let us ſolace ourſelves with redeeming love.—What bleſſed moments theſe,—while I lie, all inflamed, all heart-melted, with a Saviour's bleeding love ; and am overwhelmed with the lights, the raptures of heaven !—O how my heart is tranſported, is raviſhed with the view of what my adored Jeſus hath *done for me,* in the purchaſe of my redemption ; and *doth to me,* in the *everlaſting application* of it to my ſoul ! THERE, JEHOVAH *found him out,* and laid my help on him that is mighty ; HERE, he is *found of* me *that ſought him not.* THERE, he ſtruck my name from the debt-bond, the broken covenant ; ſure charter to infinite woe ! and inſerted his own ; HERE, he cauſeth me to enter *into the bond* of his new covenant ; makes with me an " everlaſting covenant, even the ſure mercies of David." THERE, he ſerved himſelf heir to my deſerved threatnings of his Father's indignation : HERE, he bequeathes, he gives to me his *exceeding great and precious promiſes* of eternal life. THERE to be more firmly connected with my guilt, my woe, he was *made prieſt with an* OATH : HERE, that I might have ſtrong conſolation, he ſwears that he hath " no pleaſure in the death of the wicked ;" and that *ſurely bleſſing* he *will bleſs* me. THERE, he, who was in the form of God, and thought it no robbery to be equal with God, emptied himſelf of his glory : HERE, he confers on me, an *exceeding and eternal weight of glory ?* the Lord is my *everlaſting light,* and my God my *glory.*

THERE, in the purchaſe of redemption, he was *found in faſhion as a man,* a ſon of man : HERE, in the application of it he makes me a ſon, an heir of God, and joint heir with Chriſt. THERE, he was ſent forth " in the likeneſs of ſinful fleſh :" HERE he makes me a *partaker of divine nature,* and changeth me into the divine *image from glory to glory.* THERE, he became " a worm, and no man :" HERE, he renders me *equal to the angels of God in heaven.* THERE, he, the Son of his Father's love, was an outcaſt, an exile : HERE, I, a hateful, diſtant foe, am, through his blood brought near to God, even to his ſeat. THERE he, " bore our infirmities," was weary and weak-handed : HERE, he hath a fellow-feeling of our infirmities, is afflicted in all our affliction, and perfects his ſtrength in my weakneſs. THERE he " made himſelf of no reputation," was a reproach of men, and deſpiſed of the people : HERE, he gives me a *new name,* which the mouth of the Lord doth name ; " the ranſomed of the Lord ; the holy one ſought out : and not forſaken." THERE, he took on him the yoke of the broken law ; the yoke of my tranſgreſſions was wreathed about his neck : HERE, he brings me into the glorious liberty of the ſons of God ; puts on me his *yoke, which is eaſy ;* and his *burden, which is light.* THERE, he " bare the ſins of many ; was made ſin for us : HERE, he makes me righteous, the " righteouſneſs of God in him." THERE, he was condemned, was *made* a *curſe* for us : HERE, he is a Prince and Saviour, exalted to give repentance and remiſſion of ſins : ſent to bleſs me, in turning me from mine iniquities ; ſet up to be *bleſſings* for evermore. THERE, he was joined with thieves ; was *numbered with tranſgreſſors :* HERE, he puts me " among the children ;" joins me with " thrones and dominions ;" nay, truly my " fellowſhip is with the Father, and with his Son Jeſus Chriſt."

THERE, in the *purchaſe of redemption,* he was oppreſſed with ignominious poverty ; had not " where to lay his head :" HERE, is *the application* of it,

“ through his poverty, I became rich;” he gives me his *unſearchable* riches, the “ goodly heritage of the hoſts of nations;” fills me with *all the fullneſs* of God; gives me the Moſt High for my habitation, my dwelling-place in all generations. THERE, for hunger and thirſt, his ſoul fainted in him: HERE, he *ſatiates* my *ſoul with goodneſs;* gives me his fleſh, which is *meat indeed,* and his blood, which is *drink indeed;* gives me *bread of life, living water,* an overflowing *cup of ſalvation.* THERE, he “ hid not *his* face from ſhame and ſpitting: had his viſage more marred than any man, and his form more than the ſons of men: HERE, he makes me *lift up* my *face without ſpot unto God;* makes me ſhine as the Sun in the kingdom of my father. THERE, he was divinely deſerted; his Father forſook him, and was far from the words of his roaring: HERE, he lifts on me the light of JEHOVAH's countenance, and ſhall make me like him, by ſeeing him as he is; for *ſo ſhall* I *be for ever with the Lord.* THERE, he *gave his back to the ſmiters,* and his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; was wounded for our tranſgreſſions: HERE, he is the *Lord* my *God that healeth* me, that healeth all my diſeaſes, and binds up my painful wounds; by his ſtripes am I healed. THERE, on the croſs he would not come down and ſave himſelf: HERE, on the throne, he comes down, to take me from the pit of corruption, draw me out of many waters, turn me from ungodlineſs, and ſave me from the loweſt hell. THERE, he wore a *crown of thorns:* HERE, he gives me a *crown of life,* makes me a *royal diadem* in the hand of my God. THERE, he drank the baneful cup of infinite wrath: HERE, he gives me the *fountain of life,* rivers of pleaſure; and makes me drink “ water out of the wells of ſalvation.” THERE, he was *amazed,* and *very heavy, exceeding ſorrowful,* even unto death: HERE, he makes me *obtain joy and gladneſs,* go to God *mine exceeding joy*, and *enter into the joy of* my Lord. There, he *poureth out his ſoul unto death*, travailed in pain, till he knew not what to ſay: here, he is formed in my heart, the *hope of glory*, ſees in me the *travail of his ſoul, and is ſatisfied*. There, he ſhed his blood for me: here, he loveth me, and waſheth me from my ſins in his blood; and makes me a king and prieſt unto God, even the Father. There, he *died for the ungodly:* here, he hath *quickened* me, who was *dead in treſpaſſes* and ſins; becauſe he lives, I ſhall live alſo; my "life is hid with Chriſt in God," and when he appears, I "ſhall alſo appear with him in glory." There, he was buried, deſcended into the lower parts of the earth: here, *raiſed up*, and *alive for evermore;* he raiſeth me up together, and makes me ſit together with him in heavenly places. —What melting views are theſe! how my heart heaves with joy! flames with love! would burſt in praiſe, if wonder did allow!—All lovely Jeſus, who and what art thou? my huſband! my friend! my brother! my boaſt! my bliſs! my riches! my honour! my health! my teacher! my king! my prieſt! my altar! my ſacrifice! my God! my all!——— Lord, how thy glory dazzleth mine eye! thy ſweetneſs enraptures my heart! how my ſoul is ſatisfied as with marrow, and with fatneſs! Thy love *is better than life:* therefore ſhall my lips praiſe thee. *O when ſhall I come, and appear before God!——O living God for thee!——I beſeech thee, ſhew me thy glory.——Make haſte* flee away, *my Beloved, and be thou like to a roe, or a young hart, upon the* heavenly *mountain of ſpices*.

THE END.

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